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Vol. 54  
No. 1

# The Granchville

October  
1940



# EXTRA DISTANCE IN HIS DRIVES— EXTRAS IN HIS CIGARETTE

YES, LARRUPING  
LAWSON LITTLE—NATIONAL  
OPEN CHAMPION—PREFERS  
THE CIGARETTE THAT GIVES  
THE "EXTRAS"—  
SLOWER-BURNING CAMELS



I TURNED TO CAMELS  
FOR  
EXTRA MILDNESS  
AND FOUND SEVERAL  
OTHER SWELL EXTRAS, TOO,  
INCLUDING EXTRA SMOKING.  
SLOWER BURNING  
SURE IS THE TICKET  
FOR  
STEADY SMOKING

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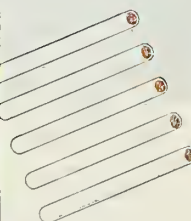
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PER PACK!**



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THE CIGARETTE OF COSTLIER TOBACCOS

# The Archive

OCTOBER, 1940

VOLUME LIV

NUMBER ONE

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The Best Story

A prize of two dollars for

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to be judged by

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West Campus

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# The White Piano

(Archive Prize Story)

BEHIND HIS spacious desk E. V. Rhinewald, of E. V. Rhinewald, Inc., Theatrical Producers, chewed on his cigar and fanned himself. He was a large, baldheaded man with a round, shining face. It was a warm afternoon and E. V. was in his shirt sleeves. He stared idly out the window at the neighboring buildings. From the outer office could be heard the faint melancholy notes of a piano. When the door opened E. V. looked up at Miss Stimson, coming in with the afternoon mail.

Miss Stimson crossed the room and placed the letters on the desk in a neat little pile.

"Our playwright friend is outside again," she said. "He's been waiting there all morning."

"Again!" E. V. sighed. "Well, send him in. We might as well get rid of him once and for all."

E. V. watched Miss Stimson as she walked to the door. "Right this way, please," she called.

An emaciated young man with pale skin and bright eyes entered. He wore a dull grey suit and carried a portfolio under his arm. He looked about him in an embarrassed manner and waited by the door.

"Sit down, please," E. V. ordered.

The young man pulled the chair closer to the desk and Miss Stimson started to go out.

"Miss Stimson, just a moment. Will you please stay here. I may need your opinion in this matter." E. V. winked at her and chuckled.

"Now young man, you are a writer I understand."

"Yes. I am a writer of plays. I am also a poet, but mostly I write plays."

"I see. And have any of your plays ever been produced?"

The young man hesitated and looked at E. V. pathetically. He squirmed on his chair.

"No, they haven't," he said. "I don't know why it

should be, but they haven't been produced. And they are such good plays too. Perhaps it is that I have never been able to compress my message into a single work, as I have here."

He pointed to the portfolio which he had placed on the desk.

"Yes, yes, go on," E. V. nodded. "What is this play about?"

"It is a play about Man. It is about myself, and at the same time it is about everybody. It is universal in its scope. It is like a piece of poetry. In a way it *is* poetry."

"Ah, that is what the theatre needs. More poetry." E. V. smiled.

"This is the poetry of the soul. It is man's search for himself. The struggle within. The burning desires and passions. It tells of the overwhelming futility of life and at the same time of the shining hope of the future. . . ."

"Never mind that. What is the plot? The action? What goes on in this brilliant play of yours?"

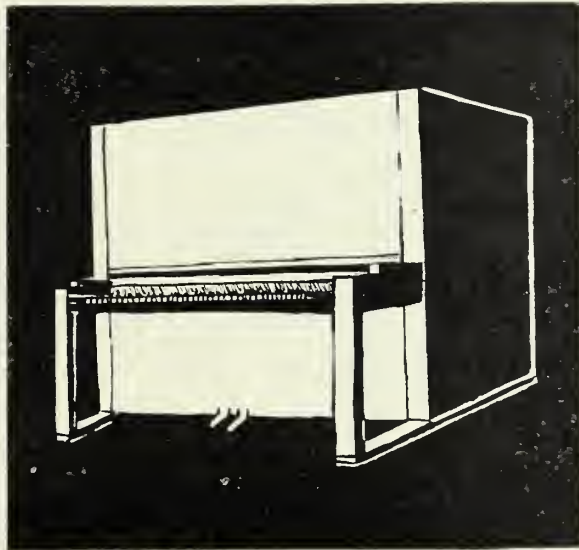
"Plot?" He looked hopelessly about him. "You see," he said, "this isn't an ordinary kind of play."

"I am beginning to suspect as much," E. V. sighed. "Just tell me what it is about. Don't bother reading it."

"The scene," the young man began seriously, "a small room. There is an iron bed, a straight chair, and a white piano."

"Very original," E. V. muttered.

"When the curtain goes up *SHE* is seated right, on the straight chair. You understand, I don't give my characters any names. Just *HE* and *SHE*."



*by Buck Koenig*

"Oh, yes. That makes them symbolic, of course."

"And, as I was saying, SHE is seated on the chair. She sits very quietly and says nothing. HE comes in from the right and crosses the stage to the piano, the white one. His head is bent far over the keys. He speaks without moving. 'I have been so lonely,' he says. 'So terribly lonely. I can't tell you, but the music can.' He plays, but the keys are locked and there is no sound. Only the movements of his body, his head and his hands, express the intense tragedy—his loneliness. SHE sits silently, her hands folded in her lap. The music is mirrored in her face. The exquisite features respond to each delicate change of chord. The music ends, furioso, in a crescendo of silence. Blood pours down the sides of the white piano. That is the whole point, distilled into one action. Blood pours down the sides of the white piano. HE drops his hands and looks at her and says, 'Oh, I have been so lonely. So lonely.'"

E. V. raised his hand. "That will do," he said.

The young man got up and walked about the room rapidly. He stopped by the window and looked out. Then he turned back to E. V.

"It is very wonderful, don't you think? Think it over for a minute or two. It will hit you all of a sudden. It is very powerful."

E. V. looked at Miss Stimson.

"What do you think, Miss Stimson?" he asked.

"It is very original," she said. "Like Jean Cocteau. Only without the sense of humor."

"Who?"

"Never mind. I am afraid we can't use it."

"That is exactly what I was thinking," E. V. nodded seriously.

The young man looked from the one to the other with expectant eyes.

"You mean you don't like my play?"

"Oh, we like it all right," E. V. said. "Only we wouldn't know what to do with it. It couldn't be produced."

The eyes were sad. He picked up his portfolio and started to go to the door. He was bent over and shuffled along miserably. He went out without looking back and closed the door.

"That was a good one," E. V. laughed.

"He was very serious about his play. You shouldn't laugh," Miss Stimson put in.

E. V. leaned comfortably back in his chair and lit a fresh cigar.

"If that is the future of the American theatre, then I give up."

Miss Stimson started to go out.

Just then there was a tremendous crashing of discords from the outer room. E. V. rushed out after Miss Stimson. They saw him bent over the keyboard of the little white piano. There was a knife in his hand and blood rushed over the keys.

"Funny, I hadn't thought of that piano before," E. V. said.

"He was very lonely," Miss Stimson said.

## *Bull Session*

My head has lain on other arms,  
And other lips I've kissed—  
So if you take your hat and go,  
They'll tell you what you've missed.

—KIT.

# Kingdom Come

I really got to know him in 1920. That was when I was running that grocery store on the East Side and maintaining the reputation of being the “only American citizen in the neighborhood.” This was an exaggeration, of course, but it wasn’t very far from being the truth. He was a tailor and ran one of those untidy shops that you can find strewn all over the East Side section. He had three things that he swore he lived for—his shop and the business that it brought him; his daughter, Becky; and his mongrel dog, Pascal.

His name was Saul Jacobson, so his love for his business, the tailor business, is understandable. His daughter’s not looking Jewish was always a problem to him, but I rather imagine he was flattered by it. He used to say to me, “Aye, Davit, it don’t seem logical to me that a girl should look so little like her forefathers.” And it was true. She didn’t. On top of that, she was ashamed to admit that she was a Jewess. She never brought her boy friends to her home because she was afraid they might leave her after they had seen the shop. Saul used to worry about her going out with gentiles. He was afraid that she would marry somebody “not of her race,” as he called it, and be unhappy for the rest of her life.

If Becky was ashamed of her father’s blood, Pascal certainly wasn’t. He was always with the old man from early morning, when Saul would open up the shop and stand in the doorway for a moment breathing in the morning air, to late in the evening, when the old man would snip the last piece of thread loose from the spool, cover his sewing machine, and make

final preparations for closing the shop for the night. Yes, Pascal was always there. Strange name for a dog, I thought, but when I asked Saul about it, he gave an explanation that was as homely and sensible as he was himself. It seems that just before I came there was a butcher shop right next to Saul’s. It was run by a Frenchman, named Pascal Jardin. He had found the dog on his doorstep one freezing morning and had given him to Saul as a playmate for Becky. Now that Pascal Jardin was everything that Saul wanted to be.

In the first place, he had a lot of romantic ideas. It was a known fact that he closed the butcher shop at night and rushed down to the river to write poetry. I could see the gleam in Saul’s eye as he told me proudly, “He was a gentleman, meats in the daytime and poetry to the moon at night. Aye.” Well, Saul thought so much of him that he named the pup for him. Pascal Jardin caught cold down along the river one night and died of pneumonia a few days later. The butcher shop closed, but Saul and the dog kept the dead butcher-poet’s memory alive. The little tailor shop exhibited clothes on long rows just

as a butcher might show his fine cuts, and there were scraps of cloth on the floor all the time just as there were pieces of meat on the butcher shop’s floor, waiting

*(Continued on Page 21)*



*by Bill Thomas*



# *Like Mother Used to Make*

Gordon had a terrible handicap.

A female newcomer to the small country town of Brook Springs would have thought Gordon a good catch in any girl's language. He was tall and fresh-faced; the sort of chap one refers to as a "nice boy." He was fairly intelligent, and his personality, though not of the life-of-the-party sort, was pleasing. What is more, he was the only child of a very important family: his father was the president of the one bank in town; his mother was considered the community's best cook—and the community of Brook Springs took its cooking seriously. Her cakes and pies won prizes at every fair. Invitations to her company dinners were an honored permit to a gastronomic paradise. Her husband and son were pictured as living in the perfect home where pies were the only dessert and steaks were hot, tantalizing morsels instead of beef-flavored chewing gum. And herein lay Gordon's handicap. Ever since he could remember he had labored under this disadvantage.

He had spent a cookie-less childhood. Other children might raid the cookie jar, but his mother's must be saved for the church bazaar. If he visited his friends at cookie time their mothers would say, "Help yourselves. Oh, not you, Gordon Brown. I just couldn't let you eat my poor cooking after what you're used to. No, no. You eat some of this candy I bought down at the drug store. I'm not responsible for how good that tastes."

He never was invited to spend the night with any of his neighbors. "Think I'd have that Gordon Brown eating my meals and comparing them with his mother's? Nothing of the kind. Yes, he's a nice boy, and I like him. He'd never say a word about how his mother is a much better cook. But he'd be thinking it. He'd just have to be. You must entertain him some other way. Why don't you take him with you the next time you go to town?"

Even when he was old enough to start going to parties his mother's cooking hung over his head. When refreshment time came around and the other boys were

busy stuffing away cake, he would be sitting forlornly in a corner. The hostess overlooked him entirely or said, "No, Gordon, you mustn't eat any of my cake. I know what you're used to." He might protest, but it was of no use. She would merely smile obdurately and say, "Don't try to be polite." Consequently, those first parties were agony to Gordon. Unlike the other boys he did not even have the reward of refreshments to make up for the torture of dressing up in clean clothes and trying to dance with girls. Girls! What use were they, anyway?

Like everyone else Gordon passed that stage. He learned to like girls, and there's no doubt about it, girls learned to like him. "My dear," Mrs. Brown would say at bridge club meetings, "you have no idea how brazen the girls of this generation are. Can you believe it, Mary Small has called Gordon up three times in this past week. Did I trump your ace? I'm sorry. Well, as I was saying, Gordon is such a ladies' man. Just like his father used to be. Only you'd never think it to see Jim now."

But in spite of all his assets, girls knew his mother's reputation as a cook, and they cautiously insisted upon regarding Gordon merely as a good date for a dance or a show. He was nobody to get serious about. And Gordon had reached the age of twenty-three, which is a very nice age to start getting serious—if you live in Brook Springs.

Gordon knew, as does any well-informed young gentleman, that the proper time to propose is just after one's beloved has served a homey little supper prepared with her own lily-white hands (or bought at the delicatessen, but no well-informed young gentleman would suspect that). However, what girl, no matter how much she loved Gordon, would risk serving him common ordinary food



*by Dixie Swaren*

after knowing what he must be used to? And how could Gordon propose if no girl would cook him one of those intimate little suppers?

So girls went on considering Gordon as merely a good date worth fighting over, and Gordon began to wonder if he were a confirmed bachelor at heart and just didn't realize it.

Then Teenie Ware came to Brook Springs to visit her grandmother, which statement is a very prosaic way of putting an event full of portent.

To most people Teenie may have been just another short, vivacious brunette, a bit on the cuddly side, with big brown eyes that could talk and feet that could dance up a cool breeze. But to Gordon she was every torch song personified; the fulfillment of every dream. She was Love at First Sight.

They met at a church supper. Choice of oysters or chicken. Price 75c. Dessert extra. Someone said, "Oh, Teenie, this is Gordon Brown. Teenie is spending the summer at her grandmother's, Gordon."

Teenie looked at Gordon. Gordon looked at Teenie. Gordon, not being the type with a clever conversational line, merely said, "Who is your grandmother?" And Teenie, being the type who doesn't need a conversational line, merely said, "Mrs. Ware." But her eyes added a lot more. Gordon muttered a "See ya at the dance tonight," and lanked off.

He did see her at the dance. So did all the other neighborhood boys. But before the evening was over, it was obvious that he had staked out his claim on Teenie. During the days that followed Teenie became a part of the crowd, and she and Gordon were always paired off together. Their friendship deepened—as summer friendships will—into something stronger than friendship. Dates together became important events. Small phrases had large meanings.

Towards the end of the summer, when the usual epidemic of engagements had started, Teenie decided the Time had come. One night, when the moon was as shiny as a well-scoured pie pan and the air was as soft and sweet as day-old cider, she turned her brown eyes on Gordon and said softly, "Would you like to come over to supper tomorrow night? Grandmother is having dinner with Miss Lila, and I thought perhaps you might come over. I'll scramble us an egg or something."

Gordon's heart stumbled over a beat. Teenie's grandmother could only be going to spend an evening with

the outspoken Miss Lila because Teenie was making her. The Time had come! So he said casually, "O.K. Sounds all right to me. See you about six."



The next day was as hot and lazy as every summer day is in a small town; but in Teenie there was a hint of expectancy which not even the heat could subdue. Mrs. Ware left in the middle of the afternoon. She was feeling unusually grandmotherly and warned Teenie to be sure this and don't do that; but in the midst of her injunctions she bent over and whispered, "Good luck." Then she walked down the flagstone path and across the street to Miss Lila's for an evening of martyrdom.

Teenie breathed a sigh of relief. So far, so good. Now to set the table, laying the silver exactly right, carefully reaching down the best china from the corner cupboard. See if the flowers are all right—do you suppose he gets hayfever? Peel the potatoes; look at the freezing trays; put on the peas. . . .

"What are you doing?" asked a voice from the kitchen door.

"Oh, hello, Mary Jane," Teenie said, none too cordially. "I'm cooking supper. Gordon Brown is coming over." Small towns are such a bother. But it might be best to tell Mary Jane. After all, if everyone believed Gordon and she to be practically engaged half the battle was won.

"You have a lot of courage. 'Deed you do," commented Mary Jane briefly.

"What do you mean?" Teenie felt trouble stirring.

"Why, didn't you know that Mrs. Brown is only the best cook in the county? Gordon is used to the best of the best as far as cooking is concerned." Mary Jane

*(Continued on Page 23)*



# *A Tender Love Story*

Scene: Steps

*She:* Look, a falling star!

*He:* It would be fun to be a star and fall.

*She:* It would be different, anyway.

*He:* Are you bored, too?

*She:* Bored. I've given up all hope of happiness and feeling. I've reached that point.

*He:* I know. That mechanical emptiness. It's rather frightening to think about.

*She:* Isn't it? What will we be like five years from now.

*He:* I expect to be "dust to dust returneth," or something. That's the only thing that I look forward to, the only thing that I'm curious about. Death.

*She:* It will probably be awfully disappointing, don't you think?

*He:* Everyone will walk around in evening clothes and drink good liquor, but never get drunk.

*She:* How disconcerting!

*He:* What?

*She:* To drink and not get tight.

*He:* I hate the stuff. Do you know what I would like to do?

*She:* I'm not little Nell, the farmer's daughter, exactly.

*He:* Quiet, the neighbors. Can't you step out of character for a minute?

*She:* Am I really in character? How wonderful! I've been trying awfully hard.

*He:* Now I've forgotten what I was saying.

*She:* About what you would like to do.

*He:* I'd like to bathe in moonlight. It looks so cold, and soft, and smooth. If I could paint, I would do nudes in the moonlight.

*She:* If you bathed in it, it would probably stick to you all gluey-like, and you'd have to take a shower.

*He:* That reminds me of a joke about a man in the shower.

*She:* Tell me.

*He:* Do you like filthy stories?

*She:* I don't think they're funny. I don't think any jokes are funny, but they're clever. I admire the cleverness of the people who write them. But I don't think they're funny.

*He:* I like you.

*She:* Thank you.

*He:* Well, don't be so damned sarcastic about it.

*She:* Was I? I didn't mean to be. Really.

*He:* Now you're teasing.

*She:* I'd be a fool to say that I like you.

*He:* Why?

*She:* I've heard that's the wrong tactic to use on you.

*He:* So, do I have a reputation?

*She:* More or less.

*He:* Would you like to have a reputation?

*She:* Are you implying, sir, that I don't have?

*He:* Yes. They're blinking the lights.

*She:* I know.

*He:* Would you like to wear my pin? I could get down on my knees, but I just had these pants pressed.

*She:* I'm not sure. I hear that you expect too much for nothing.

*He:* I do.

*She:* I'll take it. But, remember, no rain-checks.

*He:* This should be fun.

*She:* It should be. A month's diversion anyway.

*He:* Well, goodnight.

*She:* Goodnight.

*by Robert Jackson Wetmore*



# Talk of the Campus

## **Notes and Comments**

What with presidential elections coming up this year, we all know the frequency of being asked "What do the college students think about politics?" An exhaustive survey shows that the answer is "College students do not think about politics unless they are taking a course that requires them to do so."

While other Americans anxiously scan the newspapers for latest doings of the presidential candidates and gasp at wirephotos of Mr. Willkie balancing on the edge of Grand Canyon or Mr. Roosevelt grinning at a Labor Day picnic for orphans of the C. I. O., college students calmly drink beer or copy someone else's notes. Most often the majority of us see a newspaper only on Sunday, and then because we can't bear to miss the full page in color of Superman.

It is true that we have radios which broadcast the world news several times a day, but as one co-ed put it last week, "If you miss out on the news broadcast one day you lose track of the story, so it's better to listen to a good band."

All of this is not a harangue against unthinking youth or a plea for more talks in assembly by unprominent authorities on prominent subjects. It is just a summing up of the facts. Heaven knows we are one of the worst offenders. We don't even know how many billions in debt Mr. Roosevelt has got the country. Nor, frankly, do we care because we've a few bills of our own a little more pressing.

## **Blest Be the Tie That Binds Department**

On our way back to school we noticed one of the most expressive signs we've seen in a long time. It was on a car containing a couple very obviously bride and groom, and it read "Under New Management."

## **Chapel Chatter**

While we do not hold ourselves up as the paragons of better English, we do feel concerned, somehow, over the fate of the English language, particularly of

adjectives, on this campus. For example, last week when the sun made a final and widespread splurge for the day over West Campus, we were walking towards the bus-stop behind two young men. One of them pulled the arm of the other and pointed to the spectacle of the Chapel against the red and pink-tinged clouded sky in awe with "Gee, ain't that smooth?"

Speaking about the Chapel, we wonder just what was in the mind of the freshman co-ed on her first trip west who shyly pointed to the dominating structure of the men's campus and asked, "Is that the Delt section?"

## **Attention Rachel Field**

We think he was a football player, but whatever he was, his remark on one of our recent sweltering days should win a prize. Wiping his brow with a dripping kleenex he muttered, "All this and hell, too!"

## **Keeping Up with the Times Department**

What gripes us is these guys who go around reassuring us that if we think things are so bad now, they're really rosy compared to other periods. Sure, it's so quiet now you can hear a bomb drop.

## **It's a Natural Mistake Department**

East Campus's Glorified Bellhop Association was dismayed Freshman Week when one solicitous matron installing her daughter sidled up to an upperclassman and hissed, "What is the real name of that girl they call Sandals?"

## **It Can Happen Here**

It was more than a shock for a long-lived senior to enter a class the first day and hear the professor announce that "There will be no books to purchase for this course; they are all in the library so you needn't bother to buy them." It is an absent-minded professor indeed who forgets to write a book to sell for \$4.50 to his students.



## Hail Fellow Well-Matched College Wardrobe

*Left:* FRANCES CRAWFORD, KAPPA KAPPA GAMMA, in a Hitchin' Post Plaid jacket and skirt of tomato red against pepper green. Wearing the Hitchin' Post Plaid porkpie hat, and carrying the Hitchin' Post Plaid bag. Suit, sizes 10-20.

*Center:* VICI SCHOFIELD, SIGMA KAPPA, in Crackerjack Chemisier dress of wool and rabbits hair, with belt of Hitchin' Post Plaid. Sizes 10-20.

*Right:* KAY LYNCH, PI BETA PHI, in the Hitchin' Post Plaid Boxer coat, carrying a wool and rabbit hair porkpie hat to blend. Coat, sizes 12-18.

*B. H. Wragge clothes exclusive in Durham at the college shop of*

*Ellis Stone & Co*

# *Ode to Duke Chapel*

(Archive Prize Poem)

Dominator of a campus, let rise  
Your lofty tower, let it sweep upward,  
Reaching to pierce the blue dome of the skies!  
Proudly standing high above us, you hoard  
The treasure of your Gothic heritage,  
The wealth of decoration which has soared  
Aloft until it fuses with the stage  
And setting, gives the whole a unity  
Of building and surroundings, takes this age  
Of reckless speed and of modernity  
Back to tranquil minds, who have conceived your lines,  
Your powerful yet pleasing buttresses,  
Your transept and the sculpture which entwines  
The stonework to achieve the rich designs.

I enter through your massive portal graced  
With statues and with carvings, softly tread  
Through the cool stone outer chamber, placed  
Beneath your lifted tower, walk ahead  
To find you, though immortalized in stone,  
A living, vibrant thing before me spread,  
Entrusted with a power to make known  
Within my heart emotions warm and deep,  
Which disturb me and become deep-sown  
While you, oblivious, remain asleep,  
Silent and austere, beautiful, filled  
With graying shadow-patterns which do creep  
Into distorted lengths. The air is stilled,  
And yet the vastness of the silence thrilled!

Perpetuator of ideals, concrete  
And flawless beauty worked in stone, I felt  
At first, but now I see unfold complete  
Your slender arches pointing to the vault  
Whose ribs cobweb the ceiling to condone  
Great windows of stained glass, which dealt  
The darkness a death blow, disowned  
It and cast within the colored sunlight  
Warming and tinting the colorless stone.  
The whole of arches, vaults, clerestory, height,  
Guides the eye with restful symmetry  
Past the giant piers and colonnettes, quite  
Gently to the altar of the apse—He  
Is present there, the symbol and the key!

The chapel organ lifts its voice in song,  
And pours into the space the silence made  
The firm, clear notes, expressive and prolonged.  
They cut the stillness and were played  
To give a vital sounding to your soul!  
You are no pile of masonry, displayed  
For gaudy pomp and show, judged by a cold  
And calculating world. You stand so proud  
And yet so humble, a Building with a Soul!  
I listen as the music cries aloud,  
And faith and hope surge through and through;  
I find myself alone, hands clasped, head bowed,  
Praying fervently that my heart be true,  
And thanking God for such an edifice as you!

—ELEANOR POWELL.



# Air Raid

WHEN it finally happened the lights had been out all over town for three and a half hours. That would make it eleven-thirty or thereabouts. Even though the lights were out, there was a sense of expectancy illuminating the town. The whites of sleepless eyes glowed in the blackened rooms of the houses, the white lines of the roads and posts gave an eerie grey-ness to the black landscape against still blacker skies. And the black skies closed slowly and menacingly upon the people who could not sleep but only listen.

They had been warned in the papers that afternoon. All the details of where to go, what to do, how to put on gas masks for greatest efficiency, had been printed in papers and posters tacked about the streets. It was only the horror of waiting for it which the papers hadn't been able to give a reassuring notice. It was only the sitting and waiting, hands reaching every few moments to touch the knapsacks and the white coats, to see if everything was as it had been before they reached, as if some silent enemy could take them away in the blackness around them. It was only the repeated planning of how to get out to the trench or down to the cellar by the quickest, most direct route when finally the sirens screamed their husky warnings.

Michael and Joan sat on the screened-in porch of the cottage out near the air-field, sat in the low-slung striped canvas of the chairs they had bought earlier in the summer because Joan had thought they gave just the color the porch needed, since it was beyond the budget to paint, what with the new furniture and all. On the little steel table were the new gas masks and the knapsacks of extra food and clothing, folded over two warm blankets in case they . . . in case there was no way to get upstairs again afterwards. Joan's fingers

plucked at a piece of thread on the side of her canvas seat. One of her fingernails needed filing and the roughness of it scraped rhythmically like a painter's brush against the rough grain of the canvas.

"Michael," she broke the silence so suddenly that he jumped a little, hearing reality after being lost in the horror of expected unreality.

"Yes?" He whispered it, because of the hush of the darkness.

"You are satisfied that you needn't go, aren't you?"

"I don't know, Joan. Perhaps it's best."

A bird whirled above the garden and the noise was like a propeller. Automatically their hands reached for the table, then fell back when they saw it was only a bird. Their fingers met coming back and clung.

"It's so unfair for you to go," Joan said. "Please say you don't want to."

"England expects every man to do his duty," he murmured, as if only remembering something he had once read, something that wasn't so very important now.

"Then it was different," she tightened her grip. "What should I do if you weren't here? I couldn't stand it. Waiting like this . . . every night . . . alone."

"No, I expect not," he said, and his eyes went again to the ominously blank sky. "I expect not."

They were quiet a minute, a respectful, attentive audience to the symphony the crickets were giving. But even the crickets tonight seemed to be listening

*(Continued on Page 14)*



*by Bettilu Porterfield*



**THE WAY TO MORE SMOKING PLEASURE**

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over their playing, and stopping now and again to strain towards the heavens.

"I wonder if I should have dug some more on the trench?" said Michael finally.

"It's deep enough," Joan assured him. "Darling . . ."

"Hmmm?"

"If . . . if I shouldn't come out of it . . . then you'll join up, won't you?"

"Don't talk like that. Don't even think it."

"I don't want you to think I want you to be a coward. It isn't that, darling. It's just that I've had you so short a time."

"We'll both come out of it. If it comes at all." He smiled in the dark to reassure her . . . even though she couldn't see it, she might feel it. Then he rose with a softly creaking noise from the chair and came to her, his tall body dark against the background of the grey sky and the long garden they had never really got into shape. She held out her arms to him and he knelt by her side, both of them thinking of that day three months ago . . . that day when things like this weren't imagined . . . that day when they were married. From somewhere came the scent of the violets she had pinned to her suit, and the dusky smell of the justice's office where they had stood. The music of the crickets died into the remembered music of the string orchestra that played at the little cafe where they had eaten their wedding dinner. The violins rose in their memories, softly and sweetly . . . then louder and more shrilly . . . becoming a scream . . . reality. . . .

"It's the siren," Michael said, calmer than he had thought he would be. They heard a soft whirr above them, only it wasn't a bird this time. It was planes. And they knew it was not planes from the airfield nearby. . . it had a harsher, more dangerous sound.

They fumbled for the masks, the knapsacks, the blankets. Michael opened the door from the porch to the garden and it gave a little sigh of goodbye as it swung to again after them. Their feet crunched so loudly on the gravel walk that it seemed the Unknown flying above them must hear. They came to the trench, dug deep in the center of the garden, and Michael pulled the tarpaulin off the place where the boards were not set over yet.

"Can you make it?" he said, and Joan nodded, sliding down the bank. He gave her the things he was carrying and pulled the other boards halfway over the hole as he followed. When the boards were completely over the hole he groped toward her in the

narrow, clay-smelling passage. She was sitting on the mattress they had put down that afternoon, her legs pulled up against her breast and clasped in her arms. She was looking down, but listening for signs from above. He put his arm around her bent shoulders, feeling the roughness of the tweed in his fingers. He thought detachedly that he had got a splinter in his little finger from the board.

"It won't last long, the papers said." She didn't answer, and then the first bomb fell, far away but echoing through the whole town. There were more and more, still far away but coming nearer. Joan put her hands to her ears and her brows wrinkled as if in pain.

"It's so *loud*," she said, but Michael couldn't hear, because now the bombs were dropping nearer. Suddenly there was a crash right above them and Joan relaxed frighteningly against him. He heard the sound of splintering board and somewhere glass breaking like frantic cymbals in one of those new orchestras. Bricks hit the boards above them and bounced off. Something cracked the wood down at the other end of the trench, and he waited for the crude roofing to fall in upon them, but it didn't. Then came another crash, and Michael felt as if he would never hear again. Sound followed sound so quickly that he couldn't tell what each one was. Joan whimpered and burrowed deeper against him. At least he knew she was alive. The noises crept away then, to another part of the city, and it was as if they had never been so close. Joan sat up and looked at him. He could see her tear-streaked dusty face in the light which was flickering in the trench now.

"Something must be on fire," she said, "maybe the hangars." But they both knew without speaking that it was too bright to be the hangars, that it was much nearer—their house.

"We can build another, afterwards," he whispered, and she drew closer and was silent, listening tenderly to the fading sounds of the bombs. Suddenly it was quiet and they heard the All Clear siren off somewhere remote. They did not move . . . where was there to move to?

Finally Michael said, "We'd better go up," and she rose without speaking. As soon as he pulled away one of the boards, the one that had cracked it was, they saw the broken walls of the house they had left an hour ago. The rooms upstairs were bare to the darkness, and the fire was still in the front of the house.

(Continued on Page 16)





Katie Gantt, Kappa Alpha Theta, wears Stewart's exclusive Gypsy informal with red jersey bodice, black velvet waist-band caught with red bow-buttons, and swirling red and black checked taffeta skirt. \$19.95

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They saw their bed, limp mattress open like a ripe boll of cotton, and beside it and leaning on it, the dresser, with one drawer lurching drunkenly open and the leg of his green pajamas hanging out. They held their eyes to the house as they climbed from the trench, remembering . . . before.

"It's a mess," Joan said, breathing hard in the heat which was tormenting even as far from the house as they were. The fire had reached the porch now, and as they watched, the canvas chairs were lost in the red crackling hurry of it. Somewhere they heard a noise of crying, and they slowly turned their eyes from the porch towards the sound. As if walking in her sleep, Joan went across the garden.

"It's that puppy of Morrison's," she said. "His legs are all shot off." Somehow it didn't seem so horrible as she would have thought it, reading about it three weeks ago. Somehow the burning house, the mutilated puppy, the distant cries of pain and the smell of smoke from the other houses nearby that had been hit, seemed commonplace all at once.

"He'll die soon, I expect," came Michael's voice from above her. And as she nodded she felt suddenly that even Michael seemed far away, as though he had gone now, too, gone with all the other things she had known before in her life.

The puppy stopped whimpering and Joan stood up. "He's dead," she said, and brushed back her hair with a steady hand.

"Well, I expect that's all tonight," said Michael, looking at the sky as though it were a gesture he felt he should make. "We'll have to go back to the trench until morning though."

"Yes." She started back across the grass, stumbling against some piece of furniture that lay sprawled on the ground, skirting a hole where some shrapnel had dug another little trench so much quicker than they . . . human beings . . . could dig. He followed her, and they kept their eyes away from the hot red furnace where they had once lived.

"Yes, that'll all until tomorrow," she said, and crouched to slide back down into the trench.

## *Question*

Would the sun be so god-like  
If eyes weren't so weak?  
Would the stars be so many  
If numbers were known?  
Would a god be so worshipped  
If idols could speak?  
Would calm seas be calmer  
If winds hadn't blown?

Would a sea-gull love flying  
If not for a shore?  
Would a play be so perfect  
If not for a curtain?  
Would a man love his gold  
If he didn't want more?  
Would life be so precious  
If death not so certain?

—ANN MOORE.

## *Never Let Your Hair Down*

Let me keep you guessing  
Whether I love you or no,  
When my arms want caressing,  
Let me make them let you go;  
When our lips are kissing  
Let me think ahead  
When your lips from mine are missing  
And are on another's lips instead;  
Let me never tell you  
That I love you alone,  
Not admit the spell you  
Have woven, 'till you're gone;  
Let me say you never grieve me,  
And hide away to cry;  
And when you take your hat and leave me,  
Let me smile a gay "Goodbye!"

—KITTY.

# *Modern Symphonic*

SMOKE FILLED the air of the darkened room, curling in wisps through the slats of the Venetian blinds and hovering protectingly over the flames of the two candles in their white china holders. On the square blue couch they sat, the boy and the girl, leaning back into the white fringed cushions. The ashtrays on the table before them were full with grey fluffs and white butts, part of them ringed with lipstick. One of the cigarettes had fallen off onto the table and burned out there, leaving a long, rust-colored mark on the blonde wood. The cocktail shaker had lost its frost, and two fat drops were slowly dribbling down the smooth side. The tall glasses were half full, the lime in the bottom of them becoming unraveled.

The victrola wailed to the young couple, its mechanism sparing them the labor of changing the records until twenty had been played. From the waxed surface came a soft blend of piano, saxophone, violin and trumpet, held together and guided by the calm boom-boom of the muffled drum. Suddenly the trumpet rose out from the others, soaring like a bird to a high note, then crying its melody in plaintive noises. Ecstasy shone out of the eyes of the boy and the girl, their hearts beat faster as the weird trumpet accelerated its music. They were still as in a trance, hypnotized by the sweet hollowness of the horn. Only their pulses beat, in a fast rhythm to the music. The sound of the trumpet thrilled through them, into the very pit of their stomachs, there to slither around in a wealth of sensuality.

The trumpet broke off in a wild hiccough, and the drum emerged to beat its macabre dance. Slowly it went at first, long-prolonged tum-tum-tum's; then the

drummer became reckless, he speeded up, his sticks were rushing ahead of him, pounding inhumanly on the stretched hides. The bass drum jounced along monotonously beneath the din of the traps, the cymbals crashed and the gourds rattled with fiendish glee. Again the trumpet rose, quieting the drums and sobbing of love to the two on the blue couch. It jumped and then held a long, smooth, sweet note. It raced ahead of the other instruments in dozens of little grace notes, stirring the boy and girl to an insensibility to all else. Then it slowed down, waiting for the sax, the piano, the violin, and the heavy drum to catch up, mingling with them so that it could no longer be distinguished as an individual. The piano sang a high note, and the instruments staggered off to an intoxicated end.

The whirr of the record stopped, and the click of the mechanical changer disturbed the couple. They opened their eyes, as if awakening from a strange dream. Slowly the blood coursed through their veins normally again, and they automatically took up their drinks, smashing their forgotten cigarettes into the already too-full ashtray. Their eyes were shining and their voices hushed in a tribute to the greatest trumpeter of them all, the man who had created such sad and thrilling music as that which had just died, and then himself faded away in a drunken finale never to play again. Their hearts offered a little, incoherent prayer for the soul of Bix Beiderbeck.

*by Bettina Porterfield*

## *Burnt Child*

Don't speak to me of full red lips,  
I know their bitter taste,  
And if love comes my way again . . .  
I'll follow it in haste.

—KITTY.



## Book Reviews



*They Still Say No.* Novel by Wells Lewis.

Having been written by a twenty-two-year-old Harvard student, Wells Lewis's *They Still Say No* deserves ARCHIVE reviewing because of its contemporaneous standing. Far be it for us to murmur that its publication is probably due to the fact that Wells calls Sinclair Lewis "Daddy" (or more probably "Fah-thuh"), but we do say in a sufficiently loud voice that the publication was pretty unnecessary.

The story is, from what we can gather on the back-of-the-jacket biographical notes on the author, autobiographical. This is praiseworthy, as Mr. Lewis has not done as most young writers feel compelled to do, . . . written about people and happenings of which he knows little or nothing.

Crane Stewart, alias Wells Lewis, spends some six months and three hundred pages trying to lose his virginity. That this stupendous feat takes him from Harvard, to New York, to Mexico, and back again to Harvard is due mostly to the fact that Mr. Lewis made this circuit. The details of Crane's encounters on this quest are not hidden from the reader, although the contents of all the dirty jokes oft told during the narrative are left to his imagination.

In short, Crane Stewart, Harvard junior, enlists the aid of his friend Jeff Blackstone, whose colorful escapades with "wimmen" are well circulated, in making "a nice girl." After failing with Julia, Crane's current love, he goes on to several supplied by Jeff, all of whom say "no," although Billy's reason for the negative is merely temporary. Crane goes to Mexico on business for his uncle, where his business consists in trying to "make" Anne with the support of the conversation and the erotic books of the Old Rake Colonel Montreuil. Failing, he goes to Billy and finally reaches the end of his quest physically but not emotionally. Going back for Anne, virtuous as she is, he finds her engaged to the other eligible male in Mexico City. After a drunk, a hangover, and a cut on the wrist, he goes back to Harvard forgetting Anne, Billy, et al. Everyone is happy on the last page except the reader, which may be the best solution after all.

As an example of a college boy in general, Crane completely misses the mark. Although as an example of Harvardiana he may be true. Our knowledge of Harvard is limited to two drunks on a boat. When not looking for sex, Crane amuses himself pretending to be Diaz or an old Roman senator. This makes for good fun too, according to Wells.

It is books like this which support the oldsters' theory that all college students think about is sex. Ah well, the title helps, anyhow. Even Wells admits that "They Still Say No."

BETTILU PORTERFIELD.

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*The March of the Hundred.* By Manuel Komroff.

A book to be digested slowly, *The March of the Hundred* is a notable addition to the rapidly swelling number of books by Manuel Komroff. Unlike the majority of his earlier works, this book is a novel told as fantasy from the opening page to the end. *Juggler's Kiss* is the only previous book by Mr. Komroff that is related to this one in form.

It is, perhaps, difficult to conceive a generation shattered, not by war, but by peace. Yet, this novel is convincing enough in illustrating that ours is a world of chaos, even during peace. It depicts the endless march of one hundred soldiers in search of security and peace. They have survived the war, only to be destroyed by the uncertainty and chaos of a quieter period. These hundred symbolize ourselves, who live in constant expectation and tenseness, fearing destruction by war, when, in reality, we are being corroded by this fear without realizing it.

Like all of his books, this one of Mr. Komroff's depends largely on the events of history. The theme of the book seems to have originated with Xenophon's *Anabasis*, in which the army strove to reach the sea. In *The March of the Hundred*, the objective of the army is permanent peace. And as this is never realized, the book might be termed realistic fantasy.

Told in the first person, this book is not one easily forgotten. Fantasy, generally, is none too popular, but Mr. Komroff has, in one of his past books, presented such a style. It proved successful and, indeed, was considered by many to be his best book. It is extremely possible that *The March of the Hundred* will emulate such an example.

ROBERT ADAMSON.

## Music in the Air

August 6, 1940, will go down in record history as the day when classical music was given to the masses. Columbia's Edward Wallerstein dropped the bomb-shell of price reduction on that day, and there is indeed much rejoicing from those who have long been forced to pass up the beauty of the classics because of their prohibitive prices. R.C.A. made an immediate retaliation with an identical 50% price cut in their recordings, even to the extent of reducing the Victor popular records to fifty cents, in direct competition with the fifty-cent Columbia popular records.

Of particular interest in the summer classical releases is Beethoven's Concerto No. 4 in G Major (Columbia Masterworks Recording), featuring Walter Gieseking at the piano and the Saxon State Orchestra. The Concerto, composed in Beethoven's later years, was finished in 1805 at the time when he was working on both the Fourth and Fifth Symphonies. This fact leads us to believe that any similarity in rhythmical figures throughout the number is more than coincidental. The Concerto requires a superabundance of technical skill on the part of the soloist, and beyond a doubt Gieseking is more than capable. He gives a matchless performance with a speed and dexterity that literally holds one spellbound. The second movement which is done in slow 2/4 time is possibly the most interesting because of the eccentricities of composition—piano and orchestra do not play together, but alternate antiphonally in a fashion that might be taken as a question and answer game between orchestra and soloist. After listening to the G Major Concerto one can easily understand why Gieseking is considered the greatest living master of Beethoven.

Exactly one hundred years ago this month Richard

Wagner was completing an Overture which was to remain a concert favorite throughout the world. It was his Overture to the opera *Rienzi*. The opera itself received little popularity and is today seldom performed; however, the Overture is an outstanding symbol of the early Wagnerian era. The two most popular themes, those most universally recognized, are those of *Rienzi*'s prayer and the battle hymn. It is common knowledge that Hitler's only musical enjoyment comes from the majestic strains of Wagner's music; it is supposed to instill in him the feeling of power. One need but listen to the battle hymn theme to notice such possibilities.

Columbia brings us this famous number as played by the Orchestra de la Société des Concerts du Conservatoire of Paris, under the baton of the eminent conductor Felix Weingartner. The orchestral performance is indeed superb, with particularly fine work by the strings—coupled with Weingartner's technical ability for bringing out the finer points of Wagner, the recording is truly excellent.

When Paganini wrote music for the violin it was always labeled "extremely difficult." This summer Victor introduced the brilliant young violin virtuoso Ossy Renardy, who makes his debut with the incomparable Paganini "Caprices." To hear these numbers would be to think such violin gymnastics virtually impossible; however, young Renardy performs them skillfully and beautifully.

Again Toscanini conducts Beethoven; this time it is the Fourth Symphony in B Flat Major. This composition comes at a period in Beethoven's life as a breathing spell between the heroic strains of the Third (*Eroica*) Symphony and the triumphant Fifth. Expertly conducted as only Toscanini can conduct, fastidiously played by the B.B.C. Symphony orchestra, the Fourth is truly a Victor recording masterpiece.

—TURKO.

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# *Invictus*

*Out of the night that covers me,  
Black as the Pit from pole to pole . . .*

He glanced about him. Over his head, the rim of the trench was faintly defined against the grey of approaching dawn. The sky had a singular depth to it. It was like mornings he used to know only yesterday. He could remember one dawn when the sky had looked very much the same. They had stood together and watched the shadows of the night slowly sink away in the light of the reborn day. It had been quiet then too. One thing was different. Then he had looked into the dawn with courage, hope, eagerness; now he shrank from it, feared each finger of light that accented the darkness of the escaping night. How he would liked to have drawn the night about his body like a blanket, to sleep in it, to rest in its obscurity for an eternity of peace. This dawn he dreaded, for with it, coming with its own inevitability, came the moment when he was to plunge over the top of the trench, and for the first time in his young life fight for the eternal glory of Democracy.

The East was getting quite grey. In a few minutes he would be running into that grey, running his life away into the side of the hill.

*I thank whatever gods may be  
For my unconquerable soul.*

He strained his ears in vain to catch some sound from without. He looked down the trench on either side of himself. It was filled with men, all mute, all waiting. Weren't they like him? Weren't they afraid too? Had they gone to war as he had, silently unwilling? He guessed not. They had probably been only too eager to give their blood for Democracy, to fight another war to end wars. Wasn't that just another excuse to make youth eager and willing to die, an excuse for mothers to hold fast to while they tearfully waved goodbye to their young sons marching so bravely away? Weren't the men waiting for him on the other side of the hill there to defend good against evil too? Surely not to sweep away all that was right

and just, surely not to kill and oppress, as he had been told.

*In the fell clutch of circumstance  
I have not winced nor cried aloud . . .*

He felt that his whole world was himself. He didn't want that world to end. He didn't want to go out there and get the back of his head blown off. There wouldn't be any world left then. He visualized himself sitting awkwardly in the mud, clutching his arm to his breast, no hand on it; he saw his body sprawled on the hillside, bright warm blood where once there had been his head. He felt sick.

So, then, he was a coward. Dumbly he realized it. Perhaps it wasn't cowardice though; perhaps he just wanted to live. That was only natural. He hadn't had half a chance yet; he didn't want to stop before he got started. He smiled in spite of himself as he remembered how he left the others that night when they had gone off with girls. He had wanted to save himself for Her. What difference would that make in ten minutes when he was dead? He would have died without ever having had a girl. No, he cursed to himself, it wasn't fair, he wanted to live. He was afraid to die. His stomach felt like it used to feel when he was about to make a speech in class or when he was walking into a final exam, only ten thousand times worse.

He wondered if they could tell he was afraid. He thought not. He had been pretty tight about his own affairs. He had gone off alone every time he had thought of her, every time he had realized that he might never see her again. He had cried alone, cursed alone. So had they all, he guessed.

*Under the bludgeonings of chance  
My head is bloody, but unbowed . . .*

*by Chick Datter*



She had so loved to run her fingers through his hair, hold his head in her arms. An upright defiant, challenging head, soon it would be bloody, crushed. He licked his lips nervously.

*Beyond this place of wrath and tears  
Looms but the horror of the shade,  
And yet the menace of the years  
Finds, and shall find me, unafraid. . . .*

His knees were trembling; his mouth was dry; his breath caught in his throat. He was afraid. He didn't want to die. He heard, as through a thousand years, a voice praying. It was the man beside him, on his knees, praying to his God. Would it help, he wondered? "Dear God," he prayed, "Don't let me die. Let me go home again to Her; let me lie again on the crest of a mountain with the wind in my face, the soft grass under my body. Don't let the morning come. Oh, God. . . . Hell!" He broke off abruptly with a curse. It didn't help. Nothing could help him anymore. Even if it didn't get him this time, it would eventually, he knew it. All the turbulent energy pent up within his breast pushed its way to his head. He wanted to scream and beat the ground. He wanted to dig himself into the moist earth. The trench whirled crazily before him. He screamed . . . the whistle blew.

He was over the top, running with desperation, running, running. . . .

*It matters not how straight the gate,  
How charged with punishment the scroll. . . .*

He ran wildly, his gun flung over his head, his face stretched into the dawn, screaming, screaming. His tense figure was silhouetted against the top of the hill. A bullet smashed into his face and he lunged to the ground. His body twitched and stiffened. Where the back of his head had been there was nothing. Nothing but warm, bright blood.

*I am the master of my fate,  
I am the captain of my soul.*

## KINGDOM COME

(Continued from Page 5)

for the neighborhood cats, mangy animals that they were, to come and pick them up. Saul made the dog obey by talking to him in French, an achievement of which both the master and dog were rightly proud.

The story I want to tell you concerns all three of these people. I frequently visited the shops in those

days because it seemed to be the only place in the whole community where a man could take time out to think. Business was terrible for me when I ran that store there because I only sold the best stuff. People in the district couldn't afford to buy what I had, so they went to a little junk shop down the street from me that sold groceries as a sideline.

I walked into the shop one day to receive that little bolstering up that always came with a visit to the tailor's. There was no one in the main room. I knew that was strange because Saul never left the shop open when he went out. He was too proud of his goods to do a thing like that. There was no answer even when the bell tinkled as I opened the door. I went inside and called to him.

"Saul," I called. "Are you open for business today?"

He came hustling out of the rooms he used as an apartment in the back of the shop. He wore the same clothes he had always worn: a dirty white shirt, dark brown trousers that were completely covered by an apron that came to his ankles, black shoes whose toes had long ago given up trying to point straight, and, following the line of least resistance, had turned up, and the familiar "skull cap." Everything was the same with him as it had always been except—the look on his face. Saul had always worn a somewhat dreamy look, one that he had copied from his friend, Pascal Jardin, I imagined. Today, however, it was different. He seemed drawn and pained. He came rushing toward me, wringing his hands.

"Oh Davit," he said, "something terrible has happened."

He had lost that air of bohemian nonchalance that I felt was also copied from Jardin, and looked suddenly helpless, as if he needed and wanted someone to aid him in this trouble. I was willing to help.

"What's wrong?" I asked.

"It's Becky. She's run away."

He and Pascal stood there in front of me; Saul bewildered and helpless, and Pascal—simply bewildered.

"Do you know where she's gone?" I asked.

"She left this," Saul volunteered. He brought a piece of paper from his pocket and handed it to me.

It was undoubtedly Becky who had written it. Her whole character was in the note. She said how she appreciated everything that her father had done for her, but she couldn't stand being known as Be'l Jacobson when she didn't. A bit semitic, wanted a chance to make something of herself.

said, and the best way to do it was to clear out and leave no trace of where she was going. She hoped that he would forgive her and do all that he could to forget her.

With the emotionality of his race, Saul wept. He had always been afraid that Becky would do something like that and he felt that he had failed as a father. He told me while he wept bitterly that his wife would never forgive him. He was sure that she was watching him from her grave. He knew that she would think he had failed.

I'm always helpless when someone comes to me crying, begging for my assistance, but helpless as I was, I promised Saul that I would go with him to find his daughter. I left the shop feeling worse than when I went in, but I'd learned that little troubles like business just scratch the surface when compared to family troubles.

We reported Becky's disappearance to the police. Both Saul and I were sure that she was still in New York. The problem was to find where in New York. When after two weeks nothing had been heard from her. Saul, Pascal, and I were all going slowly mad. The dog seemed to prick up his ears when Saul told him in his feeble French that Becky had run away. She had been Pascal's lifetime friend, and he went around with his tail between his legs, eyes as mournful as his master's.

We were sitting in the tailor shop one morning, damning the whole New York police force, and becoming more and more afraid that Becky would never come back when the shop door opened, the bell tinkled, and there stood one of those condemned forms of mankind—the cop. He stood there in the doorway and said, "You're Jacobson, ain't you." It was typical of the language used by cops in our neighborhood.

Saul rose anxiously, the tears coming to his eyes. The look on the cop's face told me that all was not well, so I grabbed hold of Saul's arm and held it.

"Yes. You've got some news about mine Becky?"

"We picked her up last night in a raid we made on a uptown jernt. She was hit over the head with a bottle. She ain't so good this morning."

"Tell me where she is," Saul said, going up to the cop as if he were ready to start a fight.

"She's in de General Hospital," the cop said and he went out just as quickly as he had come.

Believe me, Saul and I didn't waste any time getting over to the hospital. I called a taxi and paid the fare when we got out. It was a terrific amount, but I didn't care. My friend had finally found his baby. The same joy came over him that must come to the parent of a kidnapped child when he is returned home safe.

Becky wouldn't look at him at first. She wanted to be alone, she said. She had made a mess of things. Saul bent over the bed and kissed her. With that they both cried a little and Saul said the words that have clung to my mind ever since that day, when, too choked up to see any more, I closed the door of the hospital room and waited in the hall for the old man. As I was going out he said, "Mine Becky, ve ain't never going to part no more. There'll be you and me and Pascal for the rest of our lives. Nobody else will ever come between us. Nobody—nothing."

I stayed there on the East Side for about a year after that, long enough to assure myself that Saul was right. That was all that Becky had needed—a little time of her own—to prove to herself that the little tailor shop was her home, forever. I left there the next May to come out here to Iowa. Some uncle that I never knew I had, died and left me a farm. I'm living an easy life

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right now, being a gentleman farmer, but the times were rather hard there for a while. I get fresh milk from my own cows; fresh eggs from my own chickens; and the newspaper from New York, the one Becky used to read to see what the glamorous people were doing. She always dreamed about seeing her name in that paper some day.

This morning I picked up the paper at the breakfast table and my eye was caught by a headline on the third page that read, "EAST SIDE TAILOR, DAUGHTER, KILLED IN ACCIDENT." I scanned the page quickly and found the story. There it was in cold, black print. Becky and Saul had started out for the movies, something that they did quite frequently in that year that I knew them after their reunion. Their dog, Pascal, had followed them, and they both turned around in the middle of the street to chase him back. The rest was the usual; a truck, a crash, a crowd, and a coroner.

I was too upset to finish my breakfast. I had to tell somebody about it. You're the most sympathetic person I know. I'm starting for New York this afternoon to pick up all that remains of this beautiful friendship, Pascal. The only thing that I can think of is Saul's words to Becky there in the hospital. "Nobody else can come between us. Nobody—nothing." He was a great character all right, but not great enough to beat death. Nobody's good enough for that. I wonder if Pascal Jardin could have written a poem on that subject.

## LIKE MOTHER USED TO MAKE

*(Continued from Page 7)*

picked up a raw carrot and crunched down on it. "Your grandmother should have warned you. Even Aunt Mary won't let Gordon have a chance to pass judgment on her cakes." She stopped for another crunch. "Don't let me keep you from your work. I

wish you luck, I'm sure. You'll need it." And Mary Jane walked out leaving behind her a perplexed, anxious, indignant, then just plain mad Teenie.

The clock struck six. There was a knock. With a stern face Teenie stalked to the front door and yanked it open.

As soon as Gordon entered the house he knew something was wrong. Everything looked just as he had pictured it. The dining room was cozily dark. The flames of two slender white candles bloomed circles of light which emphasized the intimate gloom and made the silver wink cheerfully back and forth on the sedate white linen. The open door to the kitchen, through which came the sounds of the bubbling of boiling water, the chirrup of the coffee perker, and that thin delightful odor which foretells a thick substantial steak, cut a neat orange rectangle in the far wall. Everything was just as he had planned it in day-dreams. Once dinner was over, the dishes carefully washed and wiped together (just to prove what a good husband he would make), and he and she were out on the porch seated in the creaking glider watching the moon lay leaf patterns on the grass, his arm would slip around her shoulders, and he would bend his head

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so he could look into those beautiful brown eyes while he softly asked. . . .

"Well?" Teenie's voice broke into his imaginings. There was a note in it that he had never heard before; it was almost disagreeable.

"Well," he returned with rather a blank look.

"Are you going to stand there all evening just looking around the room? Supper is ready. We might as well struggle through it and get it over."

Something was wrong. Things weren't working out as he had thought they would. They sat down at the table, but there was no companionable chatter or the pointless laughter that comes from perfect comradeship. Gordon jiggled his spoons nervously and drew patterns on the tablecloth with his fork while Teenie helped the plates in silence.

He ate attentively, but he was conscious of searching looks from Teenie. The strain increased.

He was reaching out for his fourth biscuit—they really were good—when at last Teenie said something; but it was hardly in the manner he expected.

"Don't you dare eat another biscuit!" she glared at him, her eyes frozen flames which melted into tears as she dropped her pose of indignant pride and began sobbing into her napkin. "I just c-can't stand watching you trying to be polite any longer. I loved you so much, and I would have tried so hard to please you. But you held out on me. Imagine having a husband who expected pies like your mother makes. No girl could stand it."

"What do you mean?" he puzzled slowly. "I'm not used to fancy cooking. We just eat out of cans at home. Mother spends all her time fixing things for fairs and church suppers. Your cooking is the first real home cooking I've ever had. It tastes swell to me."

Teenie came out from behind her napkin to see if he meant what he was saying. Their eyes met.

The clock ticked on; the candles began to gutter; the once sweet soft steak juice hardened to lard; the ladyfingers swam in warm peach ice cream. There are times when people do live on love alone.

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Vol. 54  
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VOLUME LIV

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In Loving Memory . . . .

WILLIAM PRESTON FEW  
President, Man of Letters, Friend

# The Archive

Volume LIV

November, 1940

Number two

## The Shack at Pyro Bluff

THE THREE of us were swinging down the road atop the mountain—Zero, Freeman, and I. I was at that age of budding appreciations where the forest skeletons of charred trees, the “scudding clouds,” and the “full, pale moon” filled me with a wondrous feeling of kinship for the turbulent night. Zero was a moody chap, ever plumbing the depth of his introspective self, even now as we strode down the crunchy, white dirt road to the time of our own heavy breathing. And Freeman was an admittedly peculiar fellow who reacted in his own creative way to the subtle oppression of those surroundings. He would fall back every now and then to shriek to the sky, piercing our moods with sudden, abject terror. The first few times he did that Zero and I whirled instinctively cringing, unnerved, cruelly shaken. But repetition of these outbursts accustomed us to them, so that soon we could greet them with the quiet scorn they deserved. Eventually, therefore, he stopped, contented with the mild unrest he had caused within us.

This road that we followed above the wilderness led to nowhere in particular. Once used by lumbermen for hauling logs to the main camp, it had been abandoned when fire swept over the plateau, and now wound its way untrodden through barren, scarred regions, approached the new verdure of Pyro Bluff, hesitated, and stopped. Beyond, its course is taken up again by a small stream which trickles downwards to Sky Pond in the vale. The stern loneliness of Pyro Bluff, we had agreed, would be a fitting destination for our unreasonable midnight hike; thus our presence on the road. As for our presence at Pyro Bluff—that has been questioned, denied, and conjectured about unendingly ever since that night, five years ago now, when, I still swear, we visited the spot.

Here is what happened. When we rounded the last bend of the road we came upon a small cabin that had not, to our knowledge, been there before. Untenanted at that moment, it nevertheless appeared to be ready for its unknown owner at any time. Through the window we noted with interest a broad studio couch set before a fire-place, a table with a lantern on it in the middle of the room, a bed against one wall, and, through a door-way, a very neat-looking kitchen. It seemed not too unfortunate, therefore, that in jostling against Zero I should push him against the window, that the window should break, and that we should crawl in. Once inside we lit the lantern, made a fire, learned that there was no food in the kitchen, and settled down on the couch to enjoy the warmth of the crackling flames. Time passed us by as we reminisced. The logs on the hearth sifted down to glowing ashes, and that darkest hour when the moon has sunk was upon us before we realized that the hike back to camp was still pending. Yet, we felt, we could not leave as rudely as we had come. To atone for trespassing we might at least observe the camper's code by replenishing the fire-wood for our absent host.

“Freeman, you get the wood, and we'll chop it,” bargained Zero. Freeman obliged, and we could hear him screaming wildly as he foraged along the cliff-side for suitable logs. As he ranged farther and farther astray, his lung technique seemed to improve. In fact, by the time he had reached the other side of the valley he had attained a most enviable maniacal quality to his voice. Chill gusts of wind had started to blow up, and fog was settling on the lake, so that it actually seemed to frown with sudden ripples at all this cacaphony hurtling from its shore. Then, just as we were commenting on how un-

*by Charles Sanborn*

(Continued on Page 22)

# *Petrillos on Dock Street*

*by Beatrice Mellon*

DOCK STREET is the first street off the waterfront. It is directly underneath the new bridge. Tourists crossing over the bridge are always informed about the cost of it. When one asks about the section underneath a native will look at him with disdain and say, "Oh! that's the lower part of town—the slums."

Dock street is a narrow street overstuffed with people, merchandise, and stores. Tony Petrillo owns the chicken store; Fritz has a beer parlor; and Mike runs the oyster place. Every nationality has its good-will representative in business on the block. The European situation only strengthens their bonds and as Max, the kosher butcher, says, "Dis is our America, and dat's dere Europe."

Tony Petrillo, the Italian chicken dealer, had the noisiest store on the block. Mama Petrillo fumigated the chicken odors with her continuous cooking of spaghetti. Today, the spaghetti reeked with additional smells in celebration of the younger Tony's expected return as a full-fledged doctor.

"Sure a they a fat chickens. Watsa matter from ya fella. Them a gooda ones. Plenty cheap!" Tony mopped his brow with a red silk handkerchief. He winked at his customer and waved the handkerchief at him. "Nice a look, eh? My bambino give it to a me. Foreign make. I a always say that be best."

The customer smiled, "I'm in a hurry, Tony. Okay, you win. I'll take them."

"Yes, they nice a chickens; they yours now."

The chickens squawked and protested against their leaving. "Come on now, my nice a babies. Papa Tony wrappa ya real nice a like." He grasped their feet and tied them together and kept stroking them tenderly to soothe their shrieks. "Yes, they nice-a-good-a-chickens. Come again, John. Ya treata Tony's chickens nice." He laughed spontaneously at his deception and rubbed his hands together.

Mrs. Petrillo hustled into the store as fast as her overpadded body would allow, bringing with her a familiar aroma of spaghetti. "Tony, Tony!" She had to compete with the squalling chickens to make herself heard.

As was his habit when he saw a woman, even his wife, Tony stroked his mustache.

"Tony, stoppa da foolish-a-ness. Antonio notta coming home."

"Mama, watta ya speak? Notta coming? Sure a our Tony coming home."

"No, papa, no. Da letter say a no."

"Our bambino notta coming home." Tony's usual smiling face became transformed and showed clearly the wrinkled fifty-year careworn face.

Mama with her usual fury raged, "He be a too bigga busy. He wanta practice witha the fancy peoples. No time for a da papa and mama, only time for a the papa and mama when need da money."

"No, mama. He a busy. Bigga shot doctor lika him have a no time." He put his arms around his wife and rested his head on her shoulder. With tears glistening in his eyes he whispered, "Our bambino, mama, be a bigga doctor."

The chickens began to squawk as Marie, a young neighbor, came into the store. Tony, with his usual cheerful manner, chattered, "Marie, my nice a bambino. Ya looka more pretty today than a yesterday. And a yesterday more a nice a look than the chickens." He inhaled her perfume and began to raise his arms to climax the crescendo of his compliment.

Mama reprimanded him, "Papa, watsa matter?"

"Papa Tony, I thank you, but do I smell like your chickens too or not so good?" Laughingly, she kissed him.

Tony filled the already noisy store with his deep laughter, "Mama, didn't I tella you that Marie was appreciating my sense of funniness?"

"Papa Tony, isn't Tony the Second coming today?" she asked casually so that Tony couldn't sense her intense interest.

Tony took on an air of utter innocence. "The sun, she is a shining; the air be so a sweet and a mama a, she a . . . look at her!"

Mama came to Tony's rescue. "Anthony notta coming."

". . . not coming, but he wrote me and. . ."

"Watta did that bigga loafer say?"

"He a wrote ya," Tony answered in his excitement. "Maybe he a say why he can notta come?"

"No, he said that he was coming, but now. . ."



"Mama, she all the time a get a things a mixed. I get a the letter."

\* \* \*

Three months was a long time to wait, but Tony still has his irresistible gay manner—at least, he kept a tront. Everyday he looked up and down Dock Street, hoping to shout to Fritz or Mike, "There a be my bambino."

Today, while he was looking at each new face with hope, he decided to walk to the wharf. "Peoples, they come a and go there. May-a-be. . ."

He passed his neighbor, Fritz. "Good-a-morning, Fritz."

"Gut morning, Tony. Vy you been dinking sehr much?"

Tony tried to sound gay. "Fritz, watsa matter? Don't you a think I be a smart man?"

"Vell, sure, but you know how I'm feeling 'bout meinen neighbor."

Tony crossed the street. It was twilight and the lights on the other side of the river sparkled. He looked at the bridge and watched the lights go on one by one.

"Papa Tony."

"Marie?"

"Can I watch? Tony, why do those people up there crossing the bridge with nice, shiny cars have to be so happy? Can't they leave us a tiny bit of their happiness?"

"Wat ya so a sad for?"

"The same you are."

"Me, I ain't a sad. I be a happy. Tony always a happy; everybody say Tony be so."

"Hasn't he written?"

"That a bambino can't a write. They a teach him to mixing stuff and a to fixing peoples, but to a writing his papa and mama—no."

"I'm sorry, but . . .," Marie began to shake with suppressed sobs. She clung to Tony's shoulders.

"Too a cold to a cry. Why ya a cry?"

"Tony, he er. . ."

"Sure a you love him?"

"It's more than that."

"Watcha say?"

"He and I are. . ."

"My bambino," he kissed her excitedly. "Why a did you notta say nothing?"

Passersby glanced questioningly at the fat man holding the young, crying girl in his arms.

"Marie, see a the moon and the halo around it. Just a like the Holy Mother and Tony's wife. The peoples on the bridge can't a be happy like a me. They a haven't a daughter-in-law like a this Tony have."

\* \* \*

Lately, Tony seemed to smile, self-satisfied over his newly-acquired knowledge. Fritz wondered if the letter which Tony had one of the girls at the beer parlor write had anything to do with it.

The chickens squawked louder as they always did when someone came into the store.

"Good-a-morning," said Tony to approaching figure.

"Father!"

"My bambino!" Tony ran and grasped his son passionately. "My bambino, he's a here, mama, he's a here; our bambino, mama!" Tony was clogging his vocal cords with emotion.

"I'm home because in your letter. . ."

"I know a, Tony, all bambinos come a home to papa and mama."

"No, father, it was just like you wrote. I am in trouble. I have no place to practice. After finishing—no place. . ."

"No place a to practice. Watsa matter from you? Tony gotta customers; Tony gotta neighbors like Fritz

whose a wife a going to have a bambino. And you no gotta practice. Gotta home; gotta practice!"

"Father, how's Marie?"

"Marie, she is feeling fine. She makes a nice doctor's wife. She have a nice bambino for Tony's Tony."

\* \* \*

Tony took his usual walk and stopped to talk with his neighbors.

"Good-a-afternoon, Fritz."

"Vell, it's Tony!"

"Fritz, your a wife a going to have a bambino?"

"Ja."

"And my son a is a doctor."

"Vell, vat do you know about dat!"

"So a long, Fritz."

"Meinen vief will be seeing your son."

Tony walked on to Mike's place.

"Good-a-afternoon, Mike. My a son. . ."



# *Gloriously in Flames*

(Archive Prize Story)

THERE COULD be no more putting off. Anastasia decided she might just as well give in to day and ring for breakfast. She closed her eyes for a moment to enjoy one last dram of sleep. Well, she thought, there is no need to fake. I am awake and shall stay so, God help me. How awful to be awake. To realize that the walls are that depressing shade of rose I said they were not when I was dreaming a minute ago. Dreams are such funny things. There is no time in them. I like that about dreams.

She pulled the cord by her bed and sat up arranging the pillows behind her. And those poor draperies. So tired, like old maids, faded but hopeful. That's why they depress me. Sham appearances. God, for something new. Startlingly new. Like a hospital bed. Something that reeks with bleak newness. I am so awfully tired of these remnants of an expensive mauve decade. I think I shall buy a new toothbrush today.

The maid came in silently as if she hated to disturb her mistress' thoughts or dreams or whatever it was, but knowing that she represented the necessities of life and that her presence would be tolerated and for the most part unnoticed.

"Did you bring me the paper, Jennie?"

"No, mum. Your—"

"Thank you, Jennie. It's quite all right. I did not expect it. All I want is coffee and whatever juice that is. You need not waste the rest. And how are you, this morning?"

"Very well, mum."

"I mean really, Jennie, how are you?"

"Oh, mum, I never thought." Jennie hurried from the room quite flustered. She knew that she would not sleep wondering how she really was. Since she had never been seriously asked before, she had never thought her health important enough to warrant consideration. She was either fine, mum, or prostrate, tended by a doctor. Once when she was six, Jennie had been that ill and they had called the doctor and all cried a lot. Now, she would have to figure out how she was and it was as if she had never been before.

I always thought that, the girl in the bed said to herself. Servants have to be either hypocrites or idiots or they could never keep a job. She drank her juice which tasted more like tin than fruit and her coffee which

tasted like nothing at all. The girl pushed back her tray and rose slowly. She dreaded more than any other moment in the day that one when her feet touched the floor because it signified the beginning of reality for which she had the greatest abhorrence.

In another room where the one fire of the house other than the one in the kitchen stove was burning, a stout woman sat in bed reading her mail. A cigarette burned in the saucer on her tray, its ashes forming a neat cylinder in the spilled coffee. She read the letters with grim haste and marked the invitations in a large, pink silk book with the words "Engagements and Appointments" printed in large letters on the cover. There were never enough engagements or appointments to warrant such a large book, but the woman's scrawling hand covered the large pages completely and it gave her a tingle of satisfaction. In fact, that was the most pleasant hour of her entire day, that hour of recording engagements and appointments which would all be dull and boring when they really took place.

This woman did not look about her to inspect the condition of the worn draperies. Nor did she pay any particular attention to the taste or appearance of her breakfast. She continued with her letters and tore at the envelope of the last one hating it because it was the last and there was nothing more to record.

Pushing the mail and tray into a heap at the foot of the bed, the woman pulled the bell-cord sharply and lit another cigarette. The maid, the same Jennie quite worried about her true condition and how she really felt, opened the door as if it were the gate to hell and tiptoed across the rug marking her steps so that her departure might be more hasty than her flurried entrance.

"Tell Miss Anastasia to come here at once," the woman in the bed said. She pronounced every syllable of the name Anastasia with such a curt bitterness that it frightened Jennie although it was exactly what she expected since she heard it every morning said by the same woman at approximately the same time.

The woman in the bed did not bother herself with thoughts in the morning. Instead she smoked her cigarette and, having finished, fretted over the condition of a few wispy bits of greying hair.



"Good morning," she said to her daughter as she entered the room, but she did not bother to look at her. "We are going to Madge Wigham's for tea this afternoon. A sort of garden party. Wear something frilly, my dear, as there are going to be scads of young men. Officers and such. And tonight Edythe is having a buffet and all that sort of rot for about forty. Need not bother. Only those stupid nephews of hers for men."

The two nephews in question were quite charming. Girls adored them. But since neither had ever had more than five guineas to his credit, mothers classed them among the dulllest of bores and seldom tolerated their presence at anything short of a ball where the need of men was most urgent.

"Why did you say that?"

"What, my dear?"

"That Charles and George are dull. They are really most attractive. I like them."

"You have utterly no brain, my dear. Neither of them has a sou. Of course, if you want to support one of them, it is quite a different matter. I shan't mind in the least. But it seems to me that a girl of your capabilities should have a little judgment."

Anastasia said no more. She hated herself for having said anything at all. Parrying with her mother was futile. Any attempt to assert herself always led to argument and ultimate defeat. She wished that she could be as sure of herself as the square woman who sat even more squarely in the middle of her square bed. But the red nails and endless stream of cigarette smoke terrified her, and she slunk away from the bed and sank into a chair.

"My dear," the woman said turning toward her, "why do you argue so? I have been living a bit longer than you and know a great deal more. Do you not ever respect my opinion? I am quite sure I value yours to the extent of its worth."

Which is nothing. I am a hopeless child. Yes, that is so. But I just want to be hopeless in my own little corner and not bother anyone. Let me quietly run away and die in a little hole where there are no faded draperies and no women sitting in bed smoking ceaselessly and flipping their

red nails in my face. Give me a little hole underground where there are roots and perhaps rabbits. Make it noiseless. The girl turned toward the window.

"It may rain today."

"Bother. One should never plan a garden party. It always rains, which ruins my coiffure and disposition. Run along now, dear, I have so terribly many things to do. There was no mail for you."

The girl rose slowly. So many things she had wanted to say, but she had said nothing. By now her mother had forgot the whole interview and was concentrating on lunch or gowns.

The girl opened the door of her closet and examined her dresses. I look wretched in frills. And I am quite sure men don't like them. They just think they do because women think they do. Men never do know what they really like in women. They like what women think they like. How simple to be a man, but then. If just for a moment people would stop being hypocritical. But then the Empire would collapse and the world fall from its axis and crash into the sun or some unassuming star. The end of it. And God and I could rest in peace.

Little Anastasia and God. That name startled her. It reminded her of corsets and frills, everything she despised in life. It reminded her of her mother. It must have been malice aforethought to ever burden

a daughter with such an ungainly name. Funny, she seldom thought of herself as having a name. And she wished she had been numbered instead. Three out of Matilda by Sir John. That would have suited her. She felt like a colt, especially when she thought of her mother's long face and mouth that spilled its overcrowded teeth.

She could not postpone the inevitable. She pulled the pale yellow frock from its hanger and rang for the maid. I shall look like death over lemon sherbet, she said to herself.

\* \* \* \* \*

"Stay, that is a divine hat."

Hat. I feel like a totem pole in this hat. Or would a totem pole be seen dead with a hat like this one. I

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# Our Southern Sisters

SUDDENLY, South America is news. The Administration is pushing its Good Neighbor policy, Betty Grable is starring in "The South American Way," and the *Readers Digest* has come through handsomely with a Spanish edition. South America, countless articles are rasping at us, is no longer the country cousin no one speaks of. She is a sister, and getting more popular every minute.

These articles on South America are either written by learned economics professors and titled *South America: Our Problem?* or they are studded with hair-raising facts about Nazi domination of Brazil.

This is neither. This is only a humble little article about what a tourist saw in South America; about what I heard and what I felt and what was told me. Call it South America Through a Cabaret Door if you want to, or Deliberations from a Deck Chair.

According to the travel folders and *True Confessions*, South America is a land of palm trees, colorful natives, restless rhumbas, and castanets. And they're right, as far as they go. The wonderful thing about South America is the way it lives up to its reputation. There are sudden fights in the smoky cafes and palm trees silhouetted against a sunset and handsome diplomats with smoldering eyes. But there are also the savage squalor of the port towns and children picking up rotten bananas and the flat way the Indians pronounce the word "gringos" which means foreigners, tourists.

The Indians disturb most tourists. Their silence, their passivity is so bleak contrasted to the gay, bustling inefficiency of everyone else. The only animation they display is in their resistance to change. "Here in Peru," José told me, "a law was passed compelling the Indians to send their children to school. They refused. A few were arrested. So they took their families and their tents and moved up into the mountains and stayed there until they were sure they would be left alone."

But the typical South American prefers more flamboyant ways of registering dislike. A sure sign that spring is in the air is the annual revolt of university students in Chile. There are noisy street brawls and two or three students are killed, but that's about all it amounts to. Student revolutions, they told me in Santiago, are like games. Dangerous, sure, but exciting.

Discount the student revolutions then, but not the others. The peasant-socialists who revolted in Trujillo, Peru, last year weren't working off their high spirits. The revolution was put down. "The men who revolt," our guide explained, "they care nothing for themselves. All Peruvians very brave, naturally. But when they see their families threatened, they give up. That is always the end."

Although each South American country is good-naturedly scornful of every other country, all of them seem to unite in heartily disliking the British. I asked a woman from Buenos Aires about the British there and she choked on her cubre libre. "Ah, those red-faced British!" she sputtered, waving her hands violently. "They don't care what they do in Buenos Aires, as long as it makes money for the company in London. They control most of the public utilities, and the prices! Every year, streetcar fare has gone up, until last year there was almost a revolution over the increase in price and they had to take it down a little. But the price will go up again, when they think they can do it safely."

A man who saw the Graf Spee scuttled off the coast of Montevideo told me it was the most dramatic sight he'd ever seen, and he had hit every revolution on the east coast in the last ten years. "Everyone in Montevideo was jammed along the shore, watching the ship sail away. And when they saw the Graf Spee burst apart, a ghastly low moan came from the whole mob. It sounded like a chorus from one of Wagner's operas. At least fifty women fainted. It wasn't that they had wanted the Germans to win the battle; but they had liked the handsome, polite young sailors, and the eager way that they had tried to pick up a little Spanish. And they did not know they had been taken off the boat."

The two distinctive characteristics of South Americans, I think, are a love of noise and a happy, lazy sort of tolerance. They love noise for its own sake, and no amount of shrieking upsets them. After a night which the stevedores had apparently spent playing football with banana crates, I, haggard, complained about the

(Continued on Page 20)

by Mary Gus Rodgers

# Talk of the Campus

## Notes and Comments

This year the ARCHIVE has produced a nice, new, well-polished policy, and made all sorts of resolutions to keep it. The policy is this . . . The ARCHIVE will publish whatever writings of undergraduates merit inclusion in a magazine designed to be read by undergraduates. The criteria by which this merit is to be judged are of a necessity rather will o' the wisp, but several basic standards may be set. To be published in the ARCHIVE, a manuscript must be well-done structurally, and it must clearly convey to the reader an idea or ideas of worth. We do not propose to limit any form of writing . . . although we do as a rule recommend short stories with a plot because the young writer can proceed more efficiently when he has a basic outline on which to work.

The editors of the ARCHIVE have had day-dreams of producing an important publication, because we wish, above all, to rectify by means of the ARCHIVE the existing conditions which make it difficult if not impossible for a beginning writer to be published. But we have been brought to earth by the realization that the ARCHIVE cannot work out such a scheme alone, that the co-operation of the Duke student body is necessary for such an ideal to become reality.

Therefore, we come to you, the undergraduate readers and writers of Duke, to ask your help. The reception of our first issue . . . a scratchy one at best in our opinion . . . makes us feel that you want to be behind us. If you do, please help us by contributing manuscripts if you write, or by offering constructive criticism if you are a reader.

## Hooray for the Red, White and Blue Department

This American flag-waving hysteria has invaded even Rinaldi's "juke box." Recently a certain gentleman of Five Points who is known to all buyers and sellers of books was pouring beers into himself and nickels into the nickelodeon. Ten choruses of "God Bless America" filled the ears of the innocent bystanders. Finally, some conscientious objector, filled to the

gills with red, white, and blue propaganda gave way to his rights and protested by putting a nickel in "Maybe?"

The patriotic soul immediately burst forth with a vocabulary that included "d . . . d fifth columnist, Nazi, spy, Hitler, espionage, blitzkrieg. . . ." The Traitor Student slipped out the back door, thoroughly convinced that he had committed an act against the state. Somehow it seems this "un-American" round-up is going too far when it censures Rinaldi's "juke box."

## Furrow-The-Brow Dept.

Although we were pretty much taken with the October issue of the *Duke 'n' Duchess*, it did give us cause for worry in one respect. Under a picture of Caroline Stiles it stated, "Seen here . . . Caroline is wearing the new long jacket of camel's hair with contrasting skirt. The wrong way buttoning is enough to make your date recognize woman suffrage even if it weren't for the topper that goes with it." The picture shows Caroline's head and shoulders and the car of some *D'n'D* staff member. What we want to know is how can they prove that Caroline is wearing the above-mentioned pièce de resistance? For all we can see, Caroline is showing off a car, not a dress.

## Tut-Tut Notice

Speaking of the *Duke 'n' Duchess*, we are real mad at them for stealing the ARCHIVE's idea of stealing the *New Yorker's* ideas.

## Conscientious Workers Arise

She was substituting for one of her friends at the desk of an East Campus house one afternoon. The friend impressed upon her the importance of keeping an exact record of all phone and personal calls, together with the time they were made. When her report was handed in that evening, the friend found that her plea for complete accuracy had not gone unheeded. The neophyte desk-girl had even entered "Wrong number . . . telephone . . . 3:47."





*Left:* FRANCES KNIGHT, ALPHA DELTA PI, in Plantation brown fitted coat, pleated front and trimmed with gorgeous mink.

*Center:* LEE HILL, KAPPA DELTA, in Swanspun boxy coat from the House of Swansdown, bell sleeves, and luxurious Platina Fox collar. The color is Soldier Blue.

*Right:* JANE BALLARD, TRI-DELTA, in fitted coat in Chile red with the new bishop sleeves, natural leopard collar and matching muff.

*Ellis Stone & Co*



*Revenge*

(Archive Prize Poem)

I shall die, but never leave your side.  
 When daffodils dance madly on my grave, and visitors stoop to read the name  
 upon the stone,  
 I shall be with you.

My love shall seek you out. You cannot hide  
 Nor shrink, then, from my scorned touch and sight nor put me from you  
 with proud shrug or so contemptuous tone;  
 I shall stay with you.

My heart is cancered; Evil is its bride.  
 And so each time you preen before your mirror, feel my fingers stroke your  
 neck. I cannot trust your punishment to God alone:  
 I shall be with you.

—ROBERT JACKSON WETMORE.

*After Autumn*

What shall I do when the snows come?  
 Your voice in the wind—  
 Your smile on each falling flake—  
 As yet I have  
 The friendly, whispering trees,  
 But what shall I do when the snows come  
 And I am alone with the beating  
 of my heart?

—RICHARD KLISIEWSKI.

*Small Talk*

We sat and talked of foolish things . . .  
 The foreign situation,  
 The funny way that people act,  
 The coming spring vacation.  
 When suddenly your eyes met mine,  
 I blushed in quick surprise,  
 For it embarrassed me to know  
 You'd kissed me with your eyes.

—MIDGE HODGSON.

*Spirit of Death—Dark Shadow*

Dark shadow, we were silent as we ran  
 together up that long, bare, rocky trail  
 beyond the joys, the sorrows, beyond man  
 where tree-tops brushed the grey, stiff, wrinkled veil  
 of heaven; where the warm blue rain of morn  
 full drenched our souls in soft and soothing balm  
 and where the gush of music first was born  
 in spirits flooded o'er with perfect calm.  
 Up there was something I can ne'er forget;  
 the wind is whispering its strange madness still.  
 O, God, this evening will it linger yet—  
 a cold and sparkling stream, a rose-flushed hill?  
 It must have been pure beauty there this day,  
 Dark Shadow, are we going now that way?

—CAROL McCLELLAND.

# A Sucker a Minute

I COULD HEAR the old Ford coming down the road. I didn't have to look and make sure. I knew it was he. He was coming to pick me up. I could imagine his leaning his head out the door and calling, "Ready?" My answer to that question was what was worrying me. I knew I'd have to tell him, and yet somehow I wanted to avoid it. I wanted to run out to the car when he stopped in front of the house and say, "Sorry, old man, I just can't make it this time." I wanted to be light-hearted about the whole thing, casual to the point where I would be able to make him believe that the trip we had planned to take meant nothing to him or to me.

I had practiced what I was going to say to him all that morning. I knew it would have to be something sincere and yet not sentimental. He hated sentiment. With all the casualness I could muster, however, I just couldn't bring myself around to telling him. I dreaded the moment, and now it was just around the corner. I knew I had to think of something fast.

I had known him for five years. He came into Rudy's Bar one night after I had finished work on the paper and sat down next to me. We got to talking and I learned that he was fundamentally a romanticist, what I had always wanted to be and never had dared to try being. He hated security and that was why he traveled around the country, picking up a job where he could, and sticking to it until he got bored. A fellow can develop quite a group of talents by working this way, and he was no exception. He told me all that he had done in the ten years prior to the time that I met him. It just seemed natural that he and I should get along, and I think the friendship would have developed even if we had been drinking cokes instead of straight shots of rye.

Five years ago, that was just about the time that Patsy and I started those terrific arguments of ours. So much has happened since then. I've seen my marriage go on the rocks and I really was in love with her. I've caught myself caring less and less about life and

what it had to offer me. I guess I have gotten into a hell of a rut in that length of time. Nothing of any importance has happened except that I've developed his friendship. Now I might as well get that pocket knife of mine out and get ready to use it because I'm going to cut those ties.

I hate to tell him I can't make that trip with him. He's been so damn fine to me through all my trouble. We went out nights after the paper had been put to bed and talked about life and people. He made me see that there are a lot of different people in this world. He showed me that if it weren't for the fact that there are a lot of different types, we'd have a worse time trying to live than we do now. He used to talk about women as if they were new pairs of shoes, nice to look at, but awfully uncomfortable when you were trying to get used to them.



We met at Rudy's one night the same as usual and got to talking about Patsy. She and I had just had one of those big fights that had ended with my telling her to get the hell out. When I told him about the argument he was quiet for a minute. Then he said:

"What are you two sticking together for? You must realize that neither of you is going to be any happier by playing the martyr."

"We're not happy," I said. "That's not the point. It's just that I hate to think about giving her up."

"But you're not in love with her, are you?"

"No. Not any more. I . . . I . . . , well, I just don't like to think about the scandal. I don't want people to talk."

"What the hell do you care about people? You're living your own life. Do you step across the hall every time you want to go out and ask the woman who lives in the apartment there if she approves of your going?"

"Look," I said to him. "Your ideas and mine are entirely different. We just don't talk the same language. Your whole life has been made up of one escapade after another.

You don't care about

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by Bill Thomas





*Double and redouble your  
pleasure with the  
Smoker's Cigarette*



*Chesterfield*  
COOLER Milder BETTER-TASTING

*Do you smoke the  
cigarette that  
Satisfies*





## A SUCKER A MINUTE

*(Continued from Page 12)*

convention. I can't help but care. That's the way I'm made."

"Then you should change your make-up. You'd be a lot happier if you'd do things my way. She certainly realizes that you're both unhappy. Tell her you'd like a divorce."

We talked about it for a long time and after we had had a few more beers, he had me completely convinced. I went home and had a long talk with Patsy. We never lived together after that night. After a couple of months, I was sure that I had done the right thing. I didn't feel that I owed anything to anyone. I saw a lot more of the people that I had always wanted to know very well. I got invitations to go to people's homes who were noted for their parties. I met a lot of women at those parties and found myself examining them as I might examine a new pair of shoes. It was obvious to me that I was getting like him. All I needed was a philosophy of life that would make me put out my chin and say, "To hell with everything. I'll find a way to do what I want to do. Nobody can say 'no' to me." It wasn't long after that I found myself saying just that.

He and I got together quite a bit in the next couple years. Our friendship became solid. We learned to rely on each other and respect each other's decisions. In those two years after Patsy left me, I could see that he was becoming restless. He hated to keep going to Rudy's. He wanted to do something different. I wasn't surprised then when we met in Rudy's one night the same as usual and he told me that he was going to leave. He was going to the West Coast and find a job out there.

"What are you going to do out there?" I asked him.

"What do you mean?"

"I mean, what kind of work are you going to try to get?"

"You know better than ask a question like that. I'm going to get anything that I can. I don't care what it is."

"That's rather insecure. You can't be sure that you'll be able to find a job that will pay you enough to live on."

"Are you returning to your former simple ways?"

"No, but. . ."

"Listen," he said, "why don't you come with me?"

"Not I. I'm sticking where I'm sure that I'll get my

check every two weeks. I guess I'm just not the adventurous type."

"You aren't being adventurous by refusing to let yourself get in a rut. Come on. Let's go together."

I kept saying no, but once again after talking to me every night for about a week straight, he had me convinced. I'd had a fight with the boss and I wanted to show him that I didn't need his damn paper. It took us a couple of months to get things all settled, and what a difference that time made. I saw him almost every night and we had lunch together quite often. We had a perfect trip all mapped out and strangely enough, I found myself enjoying the uncertain outcome of the venture. Even last night I was so excited about going, I was afraid I wouldn't be able to sleep.

\* \* \* \* \*

The car stopped in front of the house. There he was, looking out of the door and calling, "Ready?"

I went down to the car and leaned on the half-open window. I waited for a minute and then said, "I'm not going." That was all I said. I tried to say something else but nothing would come.

He looked at me for a long time as if he were puzzled and wanted me to explain. I still couldn't speak. Finally he said, "What's the matter? Cold feet?"

"No, it's not that. I just can't go."

"Don't you think I should be told why?"

"I guess so," I said.

"O.K.," he said, shrugging his shoulders. "Now's as good a time as any to tell me."

"Look fellow, try to understand. When I met you, I was in a mess. I didn't care much about life and what life had to offer. You were different. Life could kick you up and down the Main Street of the city and you'd still come up and smile. You showed me how to do that and brought me back. I owe everything to you for helping me like that."

"Come on. Get on with the story. Cut the sentimental stuff."

"Well, that's about the whole story except that when I acted like you and looked at life the way you do, I was just pulling a big act. I'm not like that underneath. I never could be. I get too fond of things to let them go so easily. Even Patsy. It took me a long time to decide that she and I would never be happy. I got to thinking about the town last night, about Rudy's, about the house here. I thought about how much they meant to me, about the memories that were attached to them."

"I see. You're afraid to make a clean break. You like the rut you're in."

"Don't act like that about it," I said. "It's just that I'm happy here. I know that I'm happy because it's something that I can be sure of. I couldn't be sure of security and everything I need if I went with you. We're just made different. That's all."

He stepped on the starter and then looked at me for the first time since I had started to talk to him. "Well, it's been nice knowing you, Bud. It's been a swell experience. You've taught me something that I didn't realize the importance of until now. It really does take all kinds of people to make a world. I told you that once. For the first time, I'm beginning to realize how important it is." He stopped for a moment. "I'll send you a card from the coast," he said. He stepped on the gas and the car pulled away, throwing up a cloud of dust from the road behind it as if to say, "All right, you've said goodbye to your friend. You can't see him any more."

I turned around and walked toward the house. "God, I'm a sucker," I said aloud.

I looked up at the living room window in the front of the house and smiled back at Patsy, who waved approvingly down at me.

## *The Insomniac*

All is quiet once again.

My reverie was broken but a moment since  
By hollow-chiming bells that counted out the  
midnight hour.

The belching of the bells  
Seemed to rip apart the night, scatter memories.  
But now the heavy darkness presses close again  
And thoughts of bygone years press closer still,  
Surrounding and engulfing.

The bed in which I lay for sleepless centuries,  
Disguised as quarter-hours,  
Brought no comfort: thus the window here.  
And nothing now is real except this chair,  
The cool night air,  
The midnight-blue, and black, and mingling grays  
Beyond my window-ledge,  
And memories. . .

—GRAEME FRASER.



WADE TALTON, PHI DELTA THETA, is wearing for his new fall outfit, selected at the Young Men's Shop, a natural tan, authentic, hand-stitched covert suit handsomely styled in the 3-button casual drape jacket. His hat is in the new "Campus Khaki"—a 1940 color which blends well with the new fall suits and topcoats. That shirt you like so much is the new lounge style button-down collar, Oxford weave, worn with a fine woven silk foulard tie. The shoes are the heavier brogues in stout, long-wearing Scotch grain leather.

You'll find all these college fashions, which bear the stamp of authenticity, at

*The Young Men's Shop*



## GLORIOUSLY IN FLAMES

*(Continued from Page 7)*

don't believe I should mind if I felt that it would stay with me. But I am afraid that at any moment it will fly away. Not that I should mind except that I would probably chase it, and the less I walk in these shoes the happier I shall be. A hangover from the inquisition.

"Hello. Stay. Do sit with me a bit."

"Love to." I would sit with the devil just to sit. In fact, I think I should find the devil charming even if I had to stand.

"Simply ghastly party. Madge Wigham has the worst parties in London. Where did you get that hat? It looks like Paris. Who does your gowns? Divine. Don't drink the filthy punch. Wait for tea. Ronald, come over here. I want you to meet Anastasia Cadman-Harrold, Sir John Cadman-Harrold's daughter. This is Ronald Bridgers, a fearful bore."

"Howdyado."

"Hello." Why did she cling to every syllable of my name as if she hated to give it up? I should be glad to fling it away. Give it to anyone. And why did she bring my father into this. "Lovely day. Here for long?"

"Never can tell. Bother the war."

You are not telegraphing, Ronald. Or is it that the sound of your voice is as abhorrent to you as to me. Do talk some more. I like to watch your adam's apple jump. Well, if you don't wish to I shan't urge you. After all it is a grating voice. Did you sandpaper your vocal chords? Or was your mother really a frog once? She does look like one a bit.

"Nice weather. Right for tennis play?"

"Quite badly. But I enjoy the game."

"Nice sport."

The large woman who had introduced the two busied herself calling to bored men and equally bored women as they passed by. She turned to the couple and was quite pleased. At last some girl had managed to squeeze more than two words out of the gawking Ronald. And the large woman could visualize wedding bells and croaking children all as a result of her brief introduction. She settled her corpulent body in the large wicker chair and waited for tea. Smiles chased through the folds of her face and made her many chins ripple.

Anastasia was miserable, and the sight of such obvious joy plastered on the large woman's face nauseated her. She wanted to strangle someone but thought it best to let Ronald strangle himself with another

ejaculation. That is, if the spirit moved him. And then there would be a corpse and excitement on the lawn.

"Have you ever been to India?" she asked as if quite interested. She knew he had, but she could not think of anything else to say.

"Live there." And then he turned very red, excused himself and sought seclusion. The large woman decided that either she had failed or Anastasia was hopeless, and began again calling to passers-by. The girl thought of her hat and feet and dared not move for fear that she might lose both.

Anastasia could see no point to garden parties. All one ever got was grass stain. The other girls spent their time being extremely dumb for the benefit of rather tall young men with pink cheeks. She hated that about Englishmen. Either the climate or the public schools gave them that cherubic tendency. Imagine marrying an elongated cupid, she said to herself.

"Stay, here is some tea. Pour for me like a dear. Thank you. You don't seem to be having such a good time, my sweet. When I was your age, I simply adored garden parties. Men feel so uncomfortable at them that a girl can do wonders. A little sympathy and you have an adoring slave. You have no idea what is in store for you if you would just go out and—well, catch one passing by."

"It sounds like a bargain counter at Selfridge's. I mean, men hung like clothes on a rack."

"How clever, dear. I can't wait to quote. Oh, there you are Sarah. Do come over and listen to this miraculous child. Simple divine. Go on, go on. Sarah and I shall be entranced."

Anastasia blushed. She felt like a trained seal. But then she knew that someday she too would be an old dowager swathed in chiffon and rivulets of pearls, and it would be nice to listen to a silly girl.

\* \* \* \* \*

When Anastasia arrived for dinner she was very tired. And the tragic futility of her little world became all the more apparent. The tired smiles plastered on the faces of the guests were ominously depressing. And she wanted so much to laugh.

To antagonize her mother, Anastasia preoccupied herself with Charles and George. They were always good company. She thought that after so many years as animated clothes-horses to please wealthy aunts or wealthier colonials their spirit might be broken. But they were still waiting for that miraculous fortune to appear, that widow, American, whatever, and not at



all discouraged. It made her excitedly happy flirting with them.

Beyond she could see her mother stiff with anger twirling her gloves and being civil. And Edythe almost in tears because the season seemed to be starting so dismally. With the war it made it all too terrible. There was nothing left to do but discuss the war. Edythe cleared her throat. She was hoping that the butler might announce dinner before she could make the words that were lodged in her throat audible.

"Hasn't the bombing been dreadful?"

And the babble of people became so terrific that the butler stood in frightened silence for five minutes before announcing dinner.

"My dear," said the lady beside Anastasia, "and who is your hero in our army? Does he fly one of those adorable little Spitfires?"

Anastasia could not speak. Never could she remember having had a hero. As a child her mother had wiped the gilt from her shining knights with a cutting remark and left the naked hero cringing before Anastasia's tearful eyes. And the other heroes, at cricket in public school; that sharp tongue of her mother's grew keener and even the bravest, the most untarnished fell blighted. At first she had hated her mother. But she grew not to care, not to expect a hero. Some day her mother would find a fat, middle-aged man with great hordes of money and she would marry him. The thought no longer horrified her. She had become reconciled to the inevitable and would have welcomed it with open arms as the end of something she felt she could no longer bear.

"Don't be timid, dear. Tell me."

"But he doesn't know," she stammered. And then he whispered to the lady, "Charles." She did not know exactly why. Some name, any name, it did not matter. Perhaps Charles was as good as any. And he would never know she had used his name to shield her

vanity. Anastasia gulped down her wine and studied her soup. She counted the carrots and barley grains until the footman took her plate.

After dinner Anastasia felt restless. She felt sure that Charles would never know. The lady would never tell. No, they were saving Charles for bigger fish than the daughter of a bankrupt baronet. She walked to the window and looked out. She could not see the moon.

"Stay."

She turned. It was Charles, quite flustered.

"I heard what you said."

"Well, don't take it seriously."

"I mean—"

"I said not to bother. I did it to save my face. I don't know. Your name just popped into my head. Forgive me for using it."

"I appreciate it."

"What do you mean?"

"Well, no one ever bothered about it before. I have always been someone to show London to ugly girls for expenses. Someone to liven dull parties. Someone to be amusing. And I appreciate your saying that you liked me."

"I said I loved you if that helps your ego. I think everybody likes you."

"They don't even know me. They merely like what I said that amused them."

*(Continued on Page 24)*

## *Memories After the Fifth*

Go close the door with a final slam.

I'll wipe away a tear,

I'll feel how all alone I am,

And have another beer.

—KITT.

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## Book Reviews



*World's End.* By Upton Sinclair.  
Literary Guild, 1940.

*World's End* is the story of Lanny Budd, a young American living his adolescent years in France during the time of the first World War. Although the

book is not a war story proper, the war influences Lanny's life in many ways, and through Lanny the reader meets many of the men who controlled the destinies of Europe then and now. The story opens when Lanny is thirteen, living in France with his beautiful and impulsive mother. Lanny's father, an American "munitions king," takes his son into the rapidly growing business with him and through him Lanny comes into contact with Zaharoff and other dealers in death, learns the evils of the munitions business. Old beyond his years, Lanny adventures behind the scenes of the war . . . on the Riviera, in Paris, in London and Germany. He goes to America to school for a short time, but is unhappy and returns to Paris to take part in the peace conference. He becomes involved with the Communists of Soviet Russia working in France, and is extricated only by the influence of his father. As the book closes we find Lanny lying lazily on the beach waiting for the "world's end."

The story is not entirely physical adventure, however, but a keen psychological study. Lanny experiences many emotional conflicts, learns about love from a young English girl, crowds into a few years experiences which are spread out over the lifetime of most people. He is essentially a charming lad, and this very charm leads him into many experiences in the highest and most dangerous society of Europe.

The story of Lanny Budd is a novel in the great narrative tradition, but more than that, it is the summary of an era. Upton Sinclair has conquered his tendency towards one-night-stand preaching in this book, and produced a work which bids fair to be considered one of the great novels of our time. Especially now is it significant for us . . . young people on the verge of another great war . . . for it is the story of our moral heritage.

—VICI SCHOFIELD.

*Amerika.* By Franz Kafka. A New Directions Book.

This is a novel about a German youth and his adventures while seeking his fortune in America. But the America to which Karl Rossmann comes is not the America we know, but the product of reading and imagination of a man who never set foot in the United States. The author, Franz Kafka, was a diseased and poor government clerk in Prague who wrote stories solely for his own pleasure. He died almost unknown in 1924, but a friend, Max Brod, took it upon himself to publish Kafka's books although the author's last wish had been that the manuscripts be burned. Two Kafka novels, *The Castle* and *The Trial*, have already appeared in English, and this third, *Amerika*, comes now in translation by Edwin Muir.

The story is briefly this: Karl Rossman is sent from his home in Germany by his parents because he has been seduced by a kitchen maid who has borne a child by him. His adventures . . . or misadventures . . . begin as soon as his ship enters New York harbor. With a sort of Rabelaisian humor Kafka tells how Karl finds a wealthy uncle and loses him again, becomes associated with two villains, Delamarche and Robinson, is befriended by the manageress of the Hotel Occidental but apparently belies her trust in him. On the surface, Kafka's treatment of the story is humorous, but it has deeper implications. Karl is driven by forces he cannot understand, his virtues are rewarded with injustice, and it almost seems that he must atone for some hidden guilt before he can find the freedom and chance represented to him by America. In the end, which is fragmentary, all seems to come out well and Karl finds everything he seeks in the great Theatre of Oklahoma, a project prophesying in a way the W.P.A.

Kafka has a provocative style, dealing somewhat in mysticism. For the American reader it is difficult to decide exactly how much of the writing comes under the heading of fantasy, for the accounts of the United States seem fantastical in themselves. But *Amerika* is, without a doubt, one of the best books which have come from young German writers during this century. Its charm is enhanced by a series of amusing line-drawings by Emlen Etting, and by the informative introduction by Klaus Mann.

—BETILU PORTERFIELD.





## Drama Review

*Margin For Error . . . by Clare Boothe, produced by the Duke Players under the direction of A. T. West in Page Auditorium, Nov. 7 and 8.*

First of a series of last season Broadway successes which A. T. West has contracted to be given by the Duke Players, *Margin For Error* strikes a nicely tuned sounding-off note. The production is a happy one for three reasons: its story is timely, it gives Duke audiences a chance to see a much-talked-about play which they had otherwise missed, and it proves again that the Duke Players are a talented and well-above-average amateur group.

*Margin For Error* takes place in the library of the German Consul in an American city prior to September, 1939, and concerns itself with the murder of that consul. More than a well-plotted murder story, *Margin For Error's* especial merit lies in the contrast between the American way of life and that of present-day Germany. As is to be expected from the author of *The Women*, Miss Boothe produces many clever bon mots about the Nazi regime, but she also shows a new side to her versatility in her handling of the provocative problems of German versus Jew, Nazi versus American.

Top honors in acting for the Player's production go to Joe Katz as Consul Karl Baumer, and to Jay Maxwell as the Jewish officer, Moe Finklestein, ordered to guard him by a crafty mayor who realizes that if harm comes to the consul the thousands of Moe's people in Germany will suffer. Cubby Baer in his role as the comic "American Fuehrer" is supremely amusing, Bob Marshall as the idealistic Baron Max fills his role well if unspectacularly, and Terry de Marco gives great feeling to the part of the consul's wife. Fran Dale as Tom Denny does not come quite up to par, but this may be attributed to the bungling way in which Miss Boothe writes his part . . . for it is difficult to play a newspaperman to whom it never occurs to telephone the biggest murder scoop of the year to his paper. Bob Young as Dr. Jennings gives an adequate but not inspired performance, while Helen Walters and Fred Hockenjos ably handle their minor parts. The clos-



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ing scene of act one—one of the most effective scenes ever written—is played by the cast in a way to be long remembered as one of the high spots in Duke-produced dramas.

A significant point about the play—and one which makes us feel hopeful about a world that is pretty hopeless today—is that the three chief Nazi roles are played by Jewish members of Duke Players. Only in America, in a democracy, could that happen.

—BETILU PORTERFIELD.

## OUR SOUTHERN SISTERS

*(Continued from Page 8)*

noise to the Brazilian girl next door. Her fresh face wrinkled in bewilderment. "What noise?" she asked.

"The land of *mañana*" you've heard South America called. And, like most clichés, that's a good description. They really do shrug their shoulders and dismiss everything with "*mañana*." That means: tomorrow, perhaps, I'll see, maybe so. It means anything indefinite.

So their tolerance has given them their long, sun-burned days. It has also given them reeking slums, military dictatorships and hungry-eyed children. "Certainly, our government steals," the men say in effect, sipping their pisco sours. "But they steal less than the government before them. When they become too open about it, we will put in some one else who will steal less and that more carefully."

Communism? Fascism? I asked a Bolivian about them. "Here in South America," he said, "they are just words to dress up the same old grafting governments. There is only one legitimate struggle here; between the young progressive element, looking toward the United States, and the old aristocracy, looking back at the glory that was Spain. By the way, Peruvians

have a good name for the young moderns in Lima. They call them the coca-cola generation."

But a tourist doesn't like to remember the decaying churches or the government lotteries. South America is the beach at Montevideo and Rio at carnival time, when everyone dances sambas in the street, and confetti and perfume cloud the air.

When you come home, there is always an earnest young lady with thick glasses who asks in a morbid whisper if it's true, like she's heard, that down there women are practically slaves.

Writing it down, it sounds as if South American women have a pretty bleak life. Usually they can't vote; in Chile, I believe, they can vote on municipal issues. Only a few hardy women hope for careers other than marriage. There is practically no divorce. Unattached young ladies languish in the shadow of a chaperon. If a girl is seen holding hands with a boy, or dancing cheek to cheek, her reputation is ruined.

"So it's true!" hisses the earnest young lady and her glasses glitter.

Maybe it is. But I wish she had been at our table at the Cabaña in Lima. The Colombian diplomat was teaching us a new dice game while his wife explained that she had really gone to Paris to lose her suntan. She leaned back in her chair. "Do I not look better pale?" she asked. In her chartreuse satin evening dress, with her black hair pulled down into a knot at the back of her neck, she looked wonderful and she knew it.

Suddenly she sat up and grabbed the dice. "Now I'll show you how to handle these dice," she said.

Carlos laughed as he protested "But it's not your turn. You ought to remember the rules."

She looked up at him quickly and her earrings swung against her cheeks. "But I never play that way," she said softly. "Women never use rules. And that is why they always win."

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You can come back now; your fine friends have persuaded me. . . .  
 Come on, walk into the room with only your eyes different,  
 Wearing that same damn green shirt I asked you fifty times to burn;  
 What the hell, kid, why fight about it . . . say you love me.  
 Maybe it's not love, but you do buy my beer.

You can come back now; be sure your fraternity brothers get it in the gossip  
 column. . . .  
 Rushing hasn't come up yet and it's always good to remind the freshman that  
 you date good girls.  
 We can announce resumption of business by walking down campus together  
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 Come on back, but let me know when the day before,  
 I've got to go down to the pawn shop and get your pin back first.

—KIT.

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## THE SHACK AT PYRO BLUFF

(Continued from Page 3)

necessary it was for Freeman to go so far for wood, and to make such a noise the whole while—he came walking through the doorway with an armful of fag-gots gathered, he said, not twenty yards away!

How! The noises from across the lake! What had he to do with them? Nothing; he had thought we were turning the tables on him. No extraordinary feat of ventriloquism this, for the yells and cries could still be heard from across the waters, startling crescendos that now held a new significance for us. They were returning! Back around the other side of the lake they came, up the mountainside, and straight for the cabin. You will agree with me, surely, if I say that it all seemed so unreal; a practical joke, third-rate movie stuff. Of course we weren't afraid. We just put more wood on the fire and wished that we hadn't broken the window. Things began to happen so fast then that we could hardly appreciate the sheer melodrama of it all. The person—the animal—or whatever it was causing this unearthly hubbub was very soon right on the porch of the shack, shaking the frail walls with the volume of its screams. With no time lost it burst through the door and stood inside, breathing hoarsely, with little rasping gurgles of delight at the predicament it found. He, this "it," was a man. I remember thinking, as I jockeyed with Zero to get behind Freeman and near a window, what a ludicrous creature he might have been under different circumstances. He was certainly not an escaped lunatic or anything like that, for even the veriest madman could not have staged such a perfect performance. He looked exactly like the mental picture I've always had of Dickens' Magwitch, and, as I say, he might have stepped right out of a moving picture thriller: gleaming eyes, hairy face, snarling teeth, and out-reached groping hands. It was seemly, thus, that we should play our own parts well, stepping back as he stepped forth, manoeuvring so that the table stood between him and us, and eyeing the window that yawned reassuringly in the rear.

Now mark what happened. This odd character, on reaching the table, picked up the lantern thereon and hurled it at us; the lantern bounced off Zero's arm onto the bed, set it on fire, and enveloped the room in flames. By then, of course, we had left via the window and were speeding down the road to camp. Over our shoulders we watched the shack collapse in a mass of flying embers. And in the midst of this conflagration



stood our late visitor screaming again to the heavens, not in pain, not in fright, but in glee and maniacal pleasure.

Our friends at camp were incredulous; and the next morning so were we. There was nothing to do but return by daylight for an investigation. Perhaps—ah, well, there is no explaining of this. When we rounded the bend there was the cabin just as we had seen it before the holocaust, untouched except for the window we had broken. Parked beside it was an automobile, and on the lawn, in an Adirondack chair, reading a magazine, was our erstwhile friend, the incendiary. Now he was neatly dressed though, and clean shaven, not at all as at our first meeting. He smiled at us, answered our questions politely, and denied all knowledge of “another forest fire last night.” He could not have known about it anyway, he pointed out, because he had only arrived from the city that morning. One of our friends with us had even hitch-hiked part way with him, which corroborated that fact. ’Twas more than passing strange, I mused, gazing absently at a bandage Zero wore. The cabin still stands. And, do you know? Zero still bears a scar on his arm where the bursting lantern seared his flesh that night.

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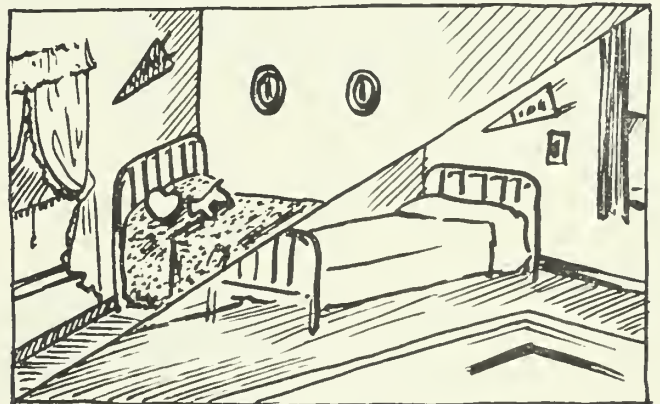
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## GLORIOUSLY IN FLAMES

*(Continued from Page 17)*

"You undervalue your charms. Leased, you should bring a handsome price. Forgive me, that was cruel. But I feel cruel just as you feel hopeless. Ours is the same lot. I am waiting for that rich man as you wait for the heiress. I see that you do not accept it as coolly as I do."

"Stay, are you making fun of me?"

"No, I am trying not to cry. I should hate to streak the powder. Let us say 'comrade' and laugh about it. I am being dramatic, but I enjoy being dramatic at times. Are you ever dramatic to yourself? In your room? Or are you always glued to your brother like a Siamese?"

"Stay, don't say that."

"I am sorry. Truly sorry. I can't help it. I fear I shall cry at any moment. Say something uproariously funny."

"Oh, hell."

"That was it, exactly what I wanted to say, but I

could not think of it. Hell. How good it makes me feel to say it."

"Stay, you are hysterical. I know how you feel. You are just being found out. I knew that feeling once. Well, wait until everyone has found you out and despises you for being what they, that everyone, force you to be. Then I shall laugh with you."

"Charles, let's walk in the garden. I shall ask you to kiss me behind the box-hedge. I can't say anymore." She led the way into the garden. They walked hurriedly past the dry flowers of late summer.

Then he kissed her, not lightly, and lit a cigarette. It is all over, he said to himself. It does not really matter except that I have cheated them. And it could have been love.

Anastasia rubbed her arms. Then ran her fingers through her hair. Now I have a hero, she said. I can see through him. No one can deface my idol because I know what is beneath the gilt. I know what he is. He is mine. She threw back her head and laughed. And as she laughed she prayed for war to end the night gloriously in flames.



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# The Chronicle

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DECEMBER, 1940

VOLUME LIV

NUMBER THREE

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### THE ARCHIVE

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A prize of five dollars for

The Best Story

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The Best Poem

in each issue

to be judged by

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# *A British Mother's Prayer on Christmas Eve*



Dear Father in Heaven:

Tonight I make my prayer to You  
Because You had a small son too . . .  
Your son was fair and full of grace,  
And smiles of light played on His face;  
My son's smiles beneath a mask  
Are hidden, and sometimes I ask  
Whether he smiles at all . . . you see  
He had to go away from me  
To a place where bombs are few  
And in the morning sometimes dew  
Instead of blood is on the grass,  
And birds, instead of airplanes, pass.

You had a small son, and He grew  
In love and light resembling You . . .  
And up in Heaven all that time  
You missed Him, as I miss mine.  
You wept, for You knew His task was hard,  
I weep for men have ever warred.  
You saw His cross, heard His last words,  
Will my son have his cross . . . of swords?  
For man You gave Your son to die,  
But oh! Dear Lord above, must I?  
You gave Your son to save all men,  
Lord, remember, and save again.

*by Kitt*



# The Archive

Volume LIV

December, 1940

Number Three

## Tea for Three

(Archive Prize Story)

BERNARD SUTHERLAND was writing his sixth novel, working at the window facing 80th Street in his cozy four-room ménage just off Fifth Avenue. Though his valet and his cook took charge in a thoroughly competent way, it would have been erroneous to call Bernard Sutherland's a "bachelor apartment"; his two former wives and the next Mrs. Sutherland-to-be had the disconcerting habit of dropping in at all hours, coming and going to their teas, fashion shows and bridge parties. He was working feverishly that afternoon when Analie came in, kissed him lightly on the brow, and tossed her coat to François. She tapped a page of the sheafs of paper he had piled beside him. "What are you calling her in this novel, that dream girl of yours? And don't your readers ever find her monotonous, this recurring heroine?"

Bernard plunged one hand into his hair and gazed despairingly about the heaps of jotted notes, clipped papers and unfinished drafts of stories that lay on his desk. "If I could only capture her—yes, that's the word—capture her in the way I've visualized her, they'd never tire of reading about her. And so far, my dear Analie, she has appealed to the great American reading public."

"Yes?" Analie retorted, "What girl can boast of being fresh and unsullied in her seventh edition? I went through three before I was slandered by the critics, didn't I? And so far they have cast no opprobrium on her fair name—Bern, dear, do you mind if I change here for a cocktail party?"

"No, no." He waved a hand vaguely in the direction

of his bedroom and took up his pen, resuming the search. He didn't call it a search, of course; he had never objectified it in such a way. It was merely that she recurred in all his stories, in his novelettes, in the half-finished plays he invariably abandoned—she stepped out of some reverie onto his pages, and took her place serenely, as though she were meant to be there. Sometimes, in exasperation, he tore her out, tossed her into the scrap-basket. But he softened at the way her voice whispered plaintively from the crumpled paper, and he was obliged to retrieve it and set about creating her again.

He had been seeking her since his graduation from Harvard. She lurked in a corner of his brain, elusively. She had the haunting sweetness of a long-remembered love, unfulfilled. He had looked for her until he was ready to believe she did not exist. True, he had discovered parts of her—the clear candor of her blue eyes in his first wife. They had both been young; the marriage was unfortunate. Analie, who was his second, had possessed her winning way, a certain childish eagerness that had matured into a suave readiness of wit. Then, too, Analie had a mouth, tender and a little drooping, that had been reminiscent of hers. But Analie's eyes had been direct and calculating and she had sued on grounds of incompatibility. None of them had measured up to *her*; she defied them with her pensive unconcern, the unsullied air she had about her. After his second divorce, Bernard Sutherland wearied a little in his pursuit.

He did not seem so apt to find

by Marilyn McGlaughlin

(Continued on Page 26)

# Following Yonder Star

IT WAS Christmas Eve when Marion and Joe Matthews pulled up their car in front of the best hotel in Bethlehem, Pennsylvania. They had been traveling all day from their home in New York State, and it was not just that they had wanted to. Joe's aunt had died two months before this and he had to settle the estate. He had kept putting the trip off, hoping that he could put it off until their baby—his and Marion's—had come, and his wife would not have to be subjected to the gruelling trip. Marion was never one to stay at home when her husband had work that had to be done; rather did she feel that he needed her to keep him calm and advised. Needless to say, when the trip finally had to be made at such an inopportune time, she was no different from usual. She promptly made plans to go to Bethlehem.

"But you can't do it, darling," Joe said. "You're not well. You have to think about the baby."

"The baby will be all right. I'm not worried. The doctor says it will be another two months at least. Besides, I want to make sure that everything is all right."

Joe knew it was useless to argue with her, having been taught by experience. That was the reason that he appeared there in Bethlehem with her that night.

He stopped the car in front of the hotel and got out. He pulled his coat collar up to keep out the soft flakes of snow that were rapidly covering the downtown district and said to his wife, "I'll be right back. I'll see if they have room."

It was only as a matter of routine, wanting to say something and not knowing what to say, that he mentioned that to his wife. He was sure that there would be room for him. After all, he had stayed at the hotel at least a dozen times before, and they had always been able to give him the best accommodations. When he arrived at the desk inside the hotel, however, he found out that he would have to find someplace else to stay.

"I'm sorry," the clerk said to Joe's request for a room for his wife and himself. "We have no empty rooms. A diocesan conference of the Episcopal Church has taken every room that we have."

"Do you mean that there isn't one empty room in the hotel?"

"I'm sorry. If you had wired me of

your arrival, Mr. Matthews. . . . Unfortunately, I. . . ."

"How about the other hotel?" Joe inquired. "Do you think they can accommodate us?"

"I doubt it, but you can try. You see, there are over a thousand representatives here. The town is overrun with visitors."

"Well, thanks," Joe said, leaving the desk. "I'll try there."

He left the hotel and went out to the car. Getting in, he turned to his wife and said, "They don't have any room there."

"Oh," Marion said disappointedly, "what are we going to do?"

"We can try the other hotel. They may be able to take care of us."

He stepped on the gas and headed toward the second-class hotel of the city. When he got there, he found the same situation. He was completely discouraged and explained the position to the clerk there, a bewhiskered old gentleman in his shirt sleeves.

"You see," he said, "I just have to find some place to stay. My wife and I have traveled all day. She's going to have a baby and must get some sleep."

"There ain't no room here," the old man said, chewing vigorously on his cud. "I'll tell you where you can find a place though."

Joe was in no mood to ask about the merits of the place, the long drive and the search for a hotel to stay in having made him tired.

"Where is it?" he asked.

"It's on the other side of town. You know Bethlehem very well?"

"Yes, I used to live here," Joe said.

"Well, this here place is run by some friends of mine. If you're looking for a mansion, you don't want to stay there. It's an old house, but the beddin's clean. They's a farmhouse right behind it, and the roosters'll prob'ly wake you in the mornin'. I'm jist tellin' you this because I don't want you to be disappointed."

"You say it's on the other side of town?" Joe asked.

"Yeh. If you wanta stay there, I'll give you the directions."

*by Bill Thomas*

The old man mapped the trip carefully for Joe, and in about twenty minutes, he pulled his car up in front of



the tourist home. The bewhiskered clerk was right. It was no mansion. Joe, however, unwilling to quibble about the house and its location, got out of the car and went up to the door.

An old woman answered his knock with a gruff, "Wattaya want?"

After the minute that it took him to regain his composure, Joe said, "I think Mr. Abrams at the hotel called about rooms for my wife and me."

The woman's face brightened. "Yeh, he did. You and your wife come on in."

About five minutes later, Joe had got the bags from the car and he and Marion were following their hostess up the rickety steps to the upstairs.

"My husband's asleep in the room at the top of the stairs. He ain't so sweet-tempered when he's woke up. Kinda keep quiet as you pass the door."

Quietly they passed the door.

"We got three empty rooms, but they ain't much choice in none of them. They all face the farmhouse in the rear. We only charge a dollar and a half for two people because of that."

Joe assured her that he did not care where the room was just so they could get a good night's rest.

Before the woman had a chance to answer him, they stopped at a rather small door. "Well, here it is," she said. She opened the door and exhibited a small, barely furnished room with a nondescript bed and dresser. There was a large, old-fashioned water pitcher on the dresser and an uncomfortable looking rocking chair in one corner. That was all there was in the room.

The woman turned as if to say, "I guess you can manage from now on," and started to walk away. She turned around quickly and remarked, "Breakfast is at six-thirty if you care to git up fer it. My husband has to be at work even on Christmas Day at seven in the morning. I don't like to make breakfast twice."

"Thank you," Marion said, and closed the door.

\* \* \*

In spite of the uncomfortable beds, Joe was sleeping soundly at three o'clock in the morning when Marion tugged at his arm. He mumbled in a half-daze and then sat upright in bed. "What's the matter?" he asked excitedly.

There was perspiration on her brow and her face was white. "The baby," she said. "It's coming."

Joe jumped out of bed and started to get into his clothes. "I'll go for a doctor." He was breathing heavily.

Marion sighed deeply in her pain.

"Shall I get the woman to stay with you until I get back?"

"No, no, don't do that," she said. "Just hurry, hurry."

He was completely dressed and started out the door when he heard noises downstairs. Someone was talking. He went to the top of the steps and listened. It was the hostess and some men, obviously late arrivers who wanted a bed for the night. Joe went part of the way down the steps and watched them on the floor below. There were three men, which would mean that the woman would fill up her house for the night. After a moment, he laughed to himself for thinking of something like that while his wife lay in pain upstairs. He realized that he should get out of the house and get out quickly, but something detained him. It was what the tallest of the three men had just said.

"We were attracted to the house by the bright star that seems to be hanging directly over it. It's unusually large. We wanted a place to stay and thought that there might be something symbolical about this home since the star is hanging over it on Christmas Eve."

"Yes," the second man put in. "You know. The story of Christ's birth."

Joe looked at them closely. He ran down the steps and faced the old woman.

"Where can I get a doctor?" he asked in a frightened voice.

"What's the matter?" the woman said.

"My wife's going to have a baby," he answered.

"Oh," the woman screeched. "Doctor Meybury lives

(Continued on Page 29)



# *We Three Kings of Orient Are . . .*

CHO AND LEE sat in the last tight booth at the Golden Pheasant, twirling the thick stems of their beer glasses slowly and thoughtfully between stubby yellow thumbs and stubby yellow forefingers. They did not speak to each other but kept their eyes cast modestly down at the table. They were waiting for Chang, and until he came, until the three were together, there was nothing of importance to speak of.

They couldn't, of course, hear the door open and close amongst all the babble of Chinese and Brooklynese and English in the room . . . but they both looked up as Chang came in and, after a slight hesitation at the entrance, walked over to them. Many others in the room looked up, for Chang was one to look at . . . tall among the other Chinese in the room, tall and strongly built. He wasn't, strictly speaking, Chinese. His father was Chinese, and his mother's mother. But his mother's father . . . that is where the golden-brown skin, the tall, full body, the black kinky hair came from. That is why Chang had cousins in Harlem as well as in Chinatown.

"Hi yuh, boys," Chang nodded to the two in the last booth, and "A beer," he told the toothless ex-coolie who grinned and pushed the table into Cho's chest while Chang gracefully swung his slim hips onto the slippery leather bench. The three sat silent until Chang's beer came, then Cho and Lee picked up their glasses to drink as Chang gulped his down.

"Three more," said Chang, and he smiled at the two.

"Well, boys, how are things with you?"

"Admirable," murmured Cho.

"Fine, Chang, thank you," said Lee, who was youngest and more polite.

"Good! Swell!" Chang smacked his thick lips . . . his grandfather's lips. "Swell! Well, here we are. Merry Christmas Eve!"

"Same to you!"

"Merry Christmas Eve!" they said, although of course it wasn't their Christmas Eve.

"Sorry to be so late, boys. Egg-nog party at our house. Thought they'd never go. By the way, how much did they give you for Christmas tips?"

"Ten dollars," said Lee.

"Twelve dollars and a red tie," said Cho.

"Myself . . . twenty-five dollars." Chang smiled and they smiled too. It was only right that Chang should get more. He was a much better house-boy than they could ever hope to be.

"Well, you're both off for tomorrow aren't you?" Chang asked. They nodded.

"Swell, we shall do well. Ah, man, how good to be out!" Chang unbuttoned his coat and slid down in the seat as far as he could. "We'll raise hell, boys, raise hell."

"Ah, to be sure," Cho said, "and I shall become quite drunk. I am so tired that I can feel even two beers."

"Tired?" Chang smiled depreciatingly.

"We had a tree to trim," Cho said, apologetically, "there are children in the house."

"We, too," said Lee eagerly. "One marvels at the toys purchased for the children. An electric train for the little Peter which shall surely take the entire apartment for its track!"

"Hah, no kids for me, thank you," Chang beckoned to the waiter for three more beers. "Man and wife . . . even man and mistresses . . . but no kids."

"You are truly fortunate, Chang."

"Yup!" Chang was fortunate. But he was worth it. "Part-Chinese, part-Negro," they would say. "A wonderful worker, combines the good points of both races, wouldn't have a woman after Chang . . . couldn't stand a woman again." But Chang was spoiled. He was American by birth and speech . . . so were Cho and Lee. But they must speak pidgin on the job always, atmosphere was important.

"Me . . . I speak pidgin only for big parties, out of town guests," for Chang was atmosphere himself . . . no matter how he spoke.

They finished their beers.

"Let's go. Wanta get Sue now, she's just devil enough not to wait for me." Chang fished in his pocket for change, and brought forth a small box.

"See," he opened it, "Perfume . . . for Sue. Christmas present."

"But you are not of the Christians?" Lee touched the bottle carefully, noticed that it had been opened, and stared at Chang. The nerve of that Chang . . .



to take it undoubtedly direct from his mistress' dressing table.

"The devil take a Christian . . . none of that for me. But such a girl as Sue deserves a Christmas gift. Don't you think so, Cho?"

"Yes," Cho, too, fished in his pockets, drew out a box, "and so does small Liu." He held up the bracelet with fat golden hearts hanging from it for them to admire.

"Hah!" Chang fingered it contemptuously, "brass!"

"Bought, not stolen!" replied Cho hotly.

"All right, boy, all right. No fighting, just good pals celebrating a holiday. Hey, Lee, what did you get for your girl?"

"Well . . ." began Lee shyly.

"Who is your girl, anyhow?" Chang grinned into Lee's face and patted his smooth cheek. "Who's your girl, pretty boy, huh?"

"You know I have no girl, Chang," Lee blushed, and looked down.

"Too bad. Then you haven't got any Christmas present to give her either. Stingy boy, that Lee, stingy boy. No Christmas present, imagine, Cho."

"Yes, I have!" Lee was sorry as soon as he had said it.

"So . . . what you got, kid?"

"Oh . . . just something . . . for my mother."

"Huh! Your mother's still your girl, huh? Well, what is it?"

"Only, well . . . this. . . ." Lee carefully unfolded the tissue paper and showed them the little teakwood cross.

"What the devil . . . a cross!"

"My mother is of the Christians now," said Lee, and there was something in his voice that made Chang look away and say loudly, "Well, come on, let's be off from this stinking hole."

They went out from the smoke and thick smells into the crisp air and stood on the narrow sidewalk.

"It's snowing." Chang flung his arms out with a savage gesture and grabbed a few floating snow-flakes. Then he looked at Lee who was examining a flake on his coat sleeve, peering anxiously as it faded.

"C'mon!" Chang said and grabbing their arms,

pulled them into the street. A sight-seeing bus swerved to miss them.

"Damn fools!" growled Chang. "Damn fools . . . see Chinatown for a dollar . . . see another world . . . damn fools."

The driver of the sight-seeing bus waved to them and called "Merry Christmas!"

"Go to hell!" yelled Chang.

The three walked down the crowded street, arms locked so that others had to step off the curb to pass. Lee vainly tried to pull back several times to let pass the old men who still wore pigtails and warm padded cotton robes. But Chang held him tightly so he could only blush and murmur, "A thousand pardons, father . . . a thousand pardons. . . ."

"Aw, shut up!" growled Chang.

"Look," said Lee, "I do not think it well that I should go with you."

"Shut up and come along!"

"But I have no girl. You two have girls . . . I shall just be in the way."

"Come along."

"Liu has a sister," offered Cho.

"See," said Chang, "we'll fix you up. Let's have another drink."



They turned into another bar, the establishment of their friend, Ming Ley. The door was hard to open but Chang leaned against it and it swung in with a creak.

"Hey, Ming!" shouted Chang, going up to the bar. Only a bartender, a worried looking bartender, stood there.

"Where's Ming?"

"He has left for the moment."

"Where's the customers? This is a big night, holiday . . . no customers?"

"We are not open for business."

The bartender looked around, then hurried to the door, pushed hard as someone tried to enter, and locked it.

"What's the idea?"

The door at the back of the room opened and Ming Ley hurried in, his cap awry, his face pale and tired-looking.

"Ah Chang . . . ah, Cho,

*by Bettina Porterfield*

Lee . . . that I find you well!" Ming Ley turned to the bar-tender. "I told you to lock up!" he whispered.

The bar-tender tried to explain.

"Later," Ming told him. "Ah, good friends, that you will grant me a favor. Another time you shall return, perhaps, now it is impossible, you understand. A thousand pardons . . . come again, you understand."

"Say listen Ming," began Chang as Lee and Cho edged toward the door which had just been locked.

"A thousand pardons, Chang. Most unforgivable actions of mine. However. . . ."

"What's up here?" Chang shouted, "You can't turn us out!"

Then the baby's cry rang from the back room. Ming Ley turned in confusion.

"A thousand pardons . . ." he murmured.

"Where did you get a baby?" asked Chang.

"Oh, well, Chang. . . ."

"Ah . . . at your age, Ming. Ah-hah!" Chang shook with noisy laughter. "A beer on the house from the not so proud father . . . what say, Ming?"

"Ah, of course . . . surely, a beer. A beer quickly, or even rice wine. But . . . a thousand pardons . . . then you must leave, I beg of you."

The bar-tender had the beers on the counter already, his Adam's-apple bobbing nervously as if to help them drink faster.

"Ah!" Chang put his glass down and wiped his mouth on his sleeve. "Now to see the child."

Before Ming could turn around Chang had covered the distance to the back room with three strides of his long legs.

"Ming Ley!" he shouted, "this is not your baby!"

Ming hurried to the door, Cho, Lee, and the bar-tender on his heels.

"I . . . I . . ."

"This is no kid of a Ming Ley!" shouted Chang again.

"It's . . . it's a white baby!" said Lee.

"Ah . . . well . . ." Ming's laugh sounded hollowly.

"Whose baby is that?"

Ming looked around, saw the bar-tender behind Lee and Cho.

"Get back to the bar!" he shouted. The little man crept away.

"I . . . ah . . . please to enter." They went into the back room and Ming shut the door carefully. Then it was that they noticed Ming's son weeping in the corner.

"Miserable wretch . . . get from here!" Ming mut-

tered at the young boy. The boy arose and went out another door, keeping close to the wall as though to obliterate himself as much as possible. "Spawn of a frog!" shouted his father after him.

Chang and Cho and Lee stood beside the big chair on which lay the baby. They stared down from slanting narrowed eyes, and the baby's round blue eyes stared back.

"You must help me!" implored Ming, and the tone of his voice hurt the three. They turned to look at his pale face.

"The house of Ming is disgraced forever by that worthless one . . . that heartless one . . . oh, my friends, give me your aid!"

"Whose baby?" asked Chang again, but gently now.

"It is . . . it is the baby of the employers of my son." Ming's glance fell to his toes. "My son . . . nay, no longer my son."

"Did he kidnap it?" asked Chang.

Ming nodded his head slowly.

Lee drew in his breath and turned back to the baby. The baby smiled and Lee bent down in wonderment. Gently he rubbed under its soft chin.

"When?" asked Chang.

"Tonight. The employers of my . . . the father and mother have departed for a party, the nurse prepares a bottle in the kitchen. He . . . he brings the child here at once, in a basket."

"Why?"

"He . . . he wanted money. He would not ask money of me . . . he has done this to me instead."

"Maybe they won't know if he takes it right back."

"He . . . left a note."

"Well . . ." said Chang, and they all stared at the baby. The baby began to cry again.

"Hush, now," said Lee, and the baby broke off its sobs when he took it up.

"It likes me," Lee said shyly. They regarded him as he held it awkwardly against his shoulder.

"You have to take it back. . . ."

"The disgrace . . ." Ming shuddered. "My son . . . Oh Worthy Ancestors, how could this befall!"

"Where's that unworthy son of yours? He'll have to take it back at once."

But they could not find Ming's son.

"He left," reported the bar-tender. And he had more to report, "the police are looking in Chinatown for the baby."

"We must get it out at once!" Ming hurried to the

(Continued on Page 30)



# Talk of the Campus

## Notes and Comments

Being far-sighted as all get out and also a bit pessimistic, we think at this time not of coming Christmas vacation but of the exams coming after that. And thinking of exams makes us start in again on that old tune "We want a reading period before exams." When we jump right from classes into finals we find ourselves lost in making up study time. It has never occurred to any professor we know that we might be taking other courses besides his, and the list of books we should read staggers us. It might be remarked that we waste too much time during the semester on extra-curricular activities; we retaliate with the axiom that "Extra-curricular activities of a constructive kind hold as important a place in college life as do studies, which anyone who considers that to be successful a life must be well-rounded will admit." Anyhow, extra-curricular activities or no extra-curricular activities, we simply can't find time to read six books in a week.

Of course, what with the Powers That Be giving us the Christmas gift of an extra week-end home, we can't expect anything to be done about this now. But all the bigger universities, the ones standing high scholastically as well as footbally, have reading periods. Why shouldn't Duke?

## Conversation Piece

We cannot imagine a more interesting place to be than the publications offices on a busy day. The snatches of talk from the other offices that drift through our transom fill us with delight and a certain uncontrollable faith in mankind. Having a pencil handy the other day, we jotted a few down for you. Any resemblance of the speakers to persons living or dead is not a bit coincidental. Best gems were:

"Listen you . . . mugs, this is a newspaper office, not an opium den."

"Hey, Mary Lib, give me a scissors and some old exchange copies . . . we gotta make up the December issue."

"Since when have the Phi Delt's taken to putting out this year-book . . . wait'll the Pan-Hel hears about this, just wait'll the Pan-Hel hears about it!"

## Note on Masterpieces of Modern Art

When our art editor handed in the drawing which greets you on page one of this issue we immediately decided to rival the Petty and Varga girls and commissioned her to do a series of them . . . one every month. The thing we like best about the "angel of the ARCHIVE" is that she reminds us of someone . . . though just now we can't think who it could be.

## Neatest Trick of the Week

The one and only result of the recent press convention to which Duke publications were host was the stupendous and mystifying fact that both Cassels and Porterfield were shocked by the same incidents. To add to the confusion, Swaren is still shocked at Cassels' and Porterfield's being shocked at the shocking shock. (*This item is from our Paris Correspondent, G. Stein.*)

## Foiled Again Department

One of our co-eds was at a house party at a men's school recently. Her date took her to see the swimming pool, forgetting to go ahead and warn the boys that femininity approached. Much threshing of water was caused among the swimmers, reports the co-ed.

"They were all naked," she breathes, "and the worst part is that I'm so darn near-sighted I couldn't see anything!"

*Pensive*

I sat in church  
 As everyone else sat.  
 I looked in church  
 As everyone else looked.  
 And yet, I felt a strangeness  
 In the air,  
 A strangeness in my heart  
 Because You were not there.

—MARY WATSON CORPENING

*Blizzard*

Softly gentle,  
 Whites and grey  
 Floating past me  
 Blown on my way . . .  
 Fiercely cruel  
 Blurred and black  
 Needles pierce as  
 I fight my way . . .  
 Back.

—PAUL JONES.

*Allegory in Allegro*

(Archive Prize Poem)

Too proud to join the chasing pack,  
 He scorns the common thrill.  
 He sees the vixen double back,  
 The dogs ascend the hill.  
 He stands apart, observes, and spurns—  
 For him the prize unskinned.  
 Below the point the vixen turns  
 And runs against the wind.  
 Alert, he tenses, muzzle high;  
 The wind gives him the scent.  
 He hurls his howl against the sky  
 To tell her she was meant  
 For him, not for the closing pack,  
 Now panting for the kill.  
 She dives the river, blots the track,  
 And lopes along the rill.  
 She sees him there, aloof, alone,  
 And quickens pace to reach  
 The safety of the sheltered stone  
 That seals the lower beach.  
 The dogs abandon her, turn back;  
 But he picks up the trail,  
 And all the night will trace her track;  
 This time he must not fail.  
 The shadows of a stormy sky  
 Slide southward to the river.  
 And he will pace and howl and sigh,  
 And she will sit and shiver.

BUD SOUTHARD.



*Fragment*

One word that caught into my heart  
 And slowly pricked a deep crevasse  
 In time I learned was nothing but  
 A spike of shattered looking glass.

—ANN MOORE.

*The Scales*

The scales stand empty and are level.  
 I put my mind on one side,  
 My heart on the other.  
 The scales waver, settle, and are even;  
 I am perfectly reconciled to you.

—PHYLLIS J. PADMORE.

*Excuse*

My brain is an office;  
 There are files lining the walls.  
 A faceless secretary files the impressions as they tick in on the teletype  
 machine.  
 Sometimes she lets the work pile up, and the office is an awful mess.

—ROBERT JACKSON WETMORE.

*The Way of Life*

How can I help it when your head is so close to mine and the taste of your  
 kiss still sweet on my lips,  
 How can I help it when the moon is new and we're young and our love not  
 so very old,  
 How can I help saying things like "I love you" and "Forever"?  
 Why should I stop to think that for at least two years if not for always you  
 can't possibly support me,  
 Why should I stop to wonder whether it is love or just sex, whether I'd love  
 you after a year of not eating very often,  
 Why should I stop running my hand through your soft hair just now?  
 But don't forget I warned you if some day when you call I'm not home and  
 no, they're sorry they don't know when I'll be back,  
 And don't forget that I gave you my heart and my warm kiss first even  
 though I did marry him because he isn't too bad and he has money.  
 And don't forget, darling, a girl has to live.

—KITTY



*Left:* Helen Dumestre, Phi Mu, in beautiful white chiffon evening dress with Rhinestone trim.

*Center:* Edythe Eisen, Alpha Phi, in Champaigne evening dress of faille taffeta.

*Right:* Mary Moore Swindell, Zeta Tau Alpha, in evening dress with white net skirt and satin and Rhinestone-trimmed bodice with shoulder straps.

*Ellis Stone & Co*



# Have You No Guts

by Sheldon R. Harte

JUST A FEW WEEKS ago, I found myself within thumb's reach of Durham, and taking advantage of my opportunity, I visited at the University for a few days.

I would like to suggest to each member of the graduating class that if it is in any way possible, he should return to the campus for a short visit five or six months after graduation. It is a remarkable experience. On the one hand, you are an outsider, you have moved on—undergraduate life is behind you. On the other hand, however, you are still close enough to the picture to be a part of it in some ways, to move among the students, not as an alien, but with the ability to grasp and understand the many subtle expressions of feeling and attitude around you, and to catch the nature and the current of campus life.

I must digress a moment before I enter upon the theme of my article to fulfill an obligation. The editor of your literary magazine, in commissioning me (at my request) to write an account of the impressions and reactions of my visit, requested that I add an autobiographical paragraph or two. It shall be one and here it is.

After the wearying, but to some, inspiring three days of marching up and down in cap and gown, I recovered my three dollars and a half deposit, tucked my well-earned (?) diploma under my arm and . . . no, I didn't go home. I settled in Durham County to battle with the heat and continue working under Mr. A. T. West. Although, as it turned out, my labors were not lucrative, they were productive . . . of several reams of manuscript. Blessed with no end of good will and encouragement, in the middle of the summer I finally deserted our Alma Mater, and turned the radiator cap of an overworked and overloaded Plymouth to the North. As many of you will be, I was filled with high hopes and illusions of an unprecedented destiny. The theatrical producers of New York soon brought me back to earth, however, and have been doing very well in keeping me there. And so the summer gives way to fall, and the fall to winter, and I am still at my typewriter, suffering interruptions only to look for jobs. But there are no jobs. (You will find that out soon enough—or will

you work for your father?) So, that's all there is to tell of me, and besides, this paragraph is long enough.

My feelings, after leaving Duke a few weeks ago, were many. There was one, however, which dominated all the others, and I will concentrate on that one. After undergoing the torments of interpreting an undifferentiated and subjective feeling in terms of thought which can be expressed, I realized that what I was persistently aware of among the students was an attitude of reticence and a sense of fear.

People were not saying all they thought, they were not engaging in activities, scholastic and extra-curricular, with their whole selves. In everything they were saying and doing, I felt that they were reserving a part of themselves on an indifferent plane—that they did not dare to enter upon their activities with unbridled zeal.

It was as if you were afraid to put your hearts into anything.

It was as if you feared to show enthusiasm.

It was as though you had much within you that you wanted to express, but feared to express it.

What, I asked myself, lies behind this unhappy and even morbid state of affairs? Did I entertain the same general sentiment as an undergraduate? Or was it a reaction on my part to this prevailing atmosphere which drove me from the campus in my sophomore year? But to remain with the question: what is the

SHELDON ROBERT HARTE was born in New York City on April 6, 1915, entered Trinity College in September, 1933, and graduated therefrom with a Bachelor of Arts in 1937. While at Duke he was one of the most "literati" of the ARCHIVE gang, and author of several plays which were produced by A. T. West and the Duke Players. Sheldon had studied pre-med here with avowed intentions of "doing something for mankind," but some time after graduation he went on a vacation to Mexico, joined up with the Communist party as secretary-bodyguard to exiled Leon Trotsky. On May 24, 1940, Sheldon was kidnapped in an attempted assassination of Trotsky, and on June 25 a mutilated and tortured body half-decomposed in quicklime was found in an abandoned house near Mexico City, identified as young Harte. Never considered a fitting prototype of the "Duke product," Sheldon's murder went quite uncelebrated by university officials. Since he was once one of us, we take this opportunity to recall him to his alma mater by reprinting his last contribution to this publication.

cause? Were the present generation born cowards, or with some psychological quirk in their make-up? Good, I smile with you. It is ridiculous to think we were born inferior to our fathers. But in speaking of our fathers, it must be remarked that they faced a different world than we face today. Oh yes, they had depressions in their day too, but it is true that then there were more unexploited fields for them to enter, than there are for us now. (It is interesting to note in passing that each depression that our country suffers appears to be more intense, to affect more people, and to be more prolonged than any one that preceded it.) And also, in our fathers' days competition was still a stimulant and a source of inspiration for enterprise, while now, the same factor is an urgent command for us to hang on to the few pennies we have.

But why do I dwell on the subject of economics? My subject deals with college affairs. Are they, by any chance, interrelated? Do economic affairs have any serious effect on college life? But then (after a good deal of reflection), is there any phase of modern life that is not directly affected by the economic situation? I can think of none. Its good and its bad effects are prevalent everywhere. Is the present economic situation responsible for this reticent attitude and this fear? I think . . . no, you must know my heart, I *know* it is!

The economic chaos of the present day, like a malignant tumor on the brain, is exerting an overwhelming pressure on our universities, the central nervous system of our civilization. It is spreading its evil in tremors to every nerve and fiber of the body—and its effects are paralyzing.

The attitude among the students of which I speak is to be traced to its direct cause in the economic system. The outlook after graduation, if you can hold on that long, is black. I myself often felt with many others: What is the use? What is there ahead? We have ability. We are scientists, scholars, businessmen, artists, poets, playwrights, journalists, engineers, lawyers . . . what are we not? We are preparing ourselves, but for what? To walk the streets, weeks, months, years perhaps, eating our hearts out, breaking down our physical strength, trying to sell our ability and our trained skill where there is no demand for it. A promising future, this hand-to-mouth future of ours.

Why in God's name, I ask myself (really fired with emotion now) was I surprised to find the attitude I did find on the campus? How could I have been so blind as not to have realized it during my four years

as undergraduate? How in the name of all that is sacred could these present-day conditions not be reflected in every reaction to life of every student who is alive to reality, and not fortified by his father's millions, or by the caressing, but blinding, words of religion?

Persistent uncertainty and unmitigated confusion in the world, with no beacon of hope to spell out alleviation, must necessarily reduce those who are preparing for the magnificent and breath-taking adventure to a state of utter discouragement. Not that their discouragement is open and revealed. What human can live for any length of time with acknowledged discouragement? No, they hide it from themselves, and then hide themselves from its source, the functions of reality. But it still lives in them. It is expressed in the subtle undertones of their features, their ways, in their reticence, in that prevailing sense of fear.

Perhaps those who have taken it upon themselves to guide us, will reply (though it is doubtful that they take the time to read my work) that I am reading these features into the picture, and that what I see on the campus is only an expression of my own discouragement.

Oh believe me, it is reflected in your cynical smiles, in that peculiar way you have of shrugging your shoulders, or tossing your head as if to disperse weighty cares. It is reflected in that attitude you aptly express with: "So what?" but which even you yourselves know is false and insecure. You do care. You are hungry for life! You urgently need a cause in which to express the ideals which burn in you and which are sacred, for they bear the seed of the future. But you repress the finest in you. You accept the inhibitions which are imposed upon you with no outward sign of struggle. You do not look into the cause of your own discouragement. You will not speak. You will not act.

You are reticent.

You are in fear.

A contemporary philosopher whose sincerity and clarity of thought has brought him no end of criticism and dislike, has expressed his concern for the American college youth in something of an unique manner. I can see his brows contracted by anger as he speaks. In my mind I can hear his gruff voice, urgent and appealing:

"Damn this generation of parlor room pinks. Why don't they say what they think? do what they feel

(Continued on Page 25)





*for Christmas*  
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you can buy for the money.



The attractive Gift  
Carton that says

*Merry Christmas*

# Serenade

by Mary Gus Rodgers

"ONE, two, three, ONE, two, three, ONE, two, three—no, no, no." Mrs. Schwab dropped down on the piano bench and played the melody high in the treble, singing with her head thrown back and her eyes closed.

"Night winds are sigh-ing—do-o you see it?" she sang loudly and then stopped and opened her eyes wide. "Isn't that a gorgeous thing, honey?" she said happily. "Gorgeous. A musical gem. Do you know who Schubert was?"

The pupil knew what answer was expected. "No."

"The greatest musical genius the world has ever known." Straightening the music, she added, "Maybe not to some people. We know that everyone has a right to what?"

"Their own opinion."

"Yes. But—oh, you'll never find anything that will sing like Schubert's songs do." Her eyebrows lifted like the wings of a plane. Her hands sliced the air as she began to hum the melody and again she closed her eyes. The little grinning lines in her face curled and a sort of excited calm spread over her like snow.

Suddenly she stopped. "Now try that phrase again. Count. Shout it to the rooftops. Feel it in your soul. Mr. Dwight used to tell me to yell the rhythm till it had been engraved on every nerve in my body. All right now, *one, two, three*, begin."

The pupil punched the keys solidly, frowning at the music score. Mrs. Schwab became meek and gentle. "That's better. I mean the rhythm. Now put a little more feeling in it, honey. When you're playing great music—really great music—you have to use what?"

"Expression."

"Yes. Pianissimo—softly, softly."

The pupil played the phrase again. She went on to the end of the page stolidly, as if the notes were naughty children who must be dealt with firmly. At the end of the page she stopped.

Mrs. Schwab gasped. She jerked over the page nervously. "You must not do that," she said. "Stopping in the middle of a phrase." She jumped up from the piano and skipped around the room. "Now when we walk, we walk how?"

"Evenly."

"Yes." She twirled around the room. "Imagine that you are in Vienna. Play lightly, lightly, lightly. Da, de, de, da, da," she hummed and began to waltz. Her jagged black hair bounced up and down gaily. Even her body, lumpy in a knitted suit, was veiled in fantastic grace. "Go on, play the se-cond pa-ge," she sang. "an-nd watch me."

The pupil began slowly. Behind the metronome she saw Mr. Schwab, standing in the dark hall, his straw hat rigid on his head, his hands grasping paper bags firmly.

"Ruth," he said. "How long before you be finished?"

She drew up quickly and dumped a coquettish bow. "Well, Charles," she said and beamed. "Just a minute. Agnes has got to get the 'Serenade' right before she goes."

"I'll put the beans on," he said.

Mrs. Schwab came back over to the piano. "Now, let's try it again," she said primly and pulled down her sagging sweater. "One-and, two-and, three-and, one-and, two-and. . . ."

M R S . S C H W A B I N T E R P R E T S S C H U B E R T



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*The Archive Suggests:*

# FOR THEM



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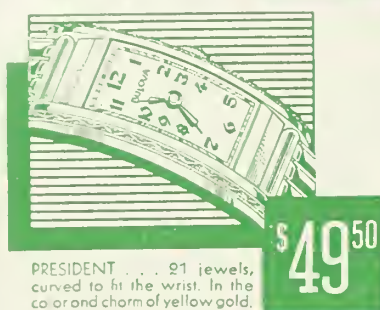
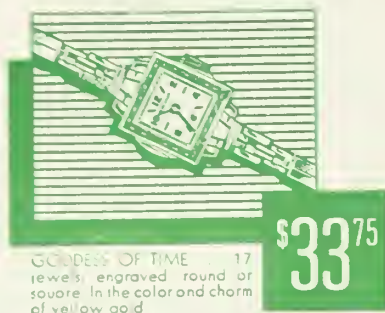
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is the gift of a shaving set to a man. But he'll be pretty darned pleased if you make it one from the House of Yardley. In the picture is their super-set, the seven pieces of it being shaving bowl, shaving lotion, tube of shaving cream, invisible talc, concentrated brilliantine, lavender soap and hair tonic. It sells for \$7.00, and there are others from \$2.00 up at Eckerd's.



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## On the New York Stage



The theatre this year is frankly escapist. Of the seventeen productions on the boards at the moment this is written, fourteen may (more or less loosely, depending upon your idea of humor) be classified as comedies. Perhaps that is as it should be. The most serious drama of the day is being written in the skies over London. Few of us, having read the notices in our daily papers, would care to attend. Although the antics of that inept playwright, Signor Mussolini, may give us a few grim laughs, laughter of a heartier sort is to be found in the theatres that cluster around Times Square.

Best of the comedies are two that were left around after last season departed. *Life with Father* exhibits Howard Lindsay and Dorothy Stickney in a dramatization of Clarence Day's book. All about a New York family two generations back, it manages to be genteel but roaring. For heartier stomachs there is the Kaufman-Hart *The Man Who Came to Dinner*. Monty Woolley, that bearded fugitive from the Yale drama department, plays at being Alexander Woollcott in this one. If you like your syrup mixed with acid, if you double up with laughter when people threaten to become seasick in the middle of a stage, by all means see it.

Worth seeing also are this year's productions of two old farces—*Charley's Aunt* by Brandon Thomas and *Twelfth Night* by William Shakespeare—both solely because of expert direction and expert acting. Jose Ferrer does a really magnificent job in *Charley's Aunt*, and you will be weak when the evening is finished. Helen Hayes and Maurice Evans do their best in the other, one of the poorer Shakespeare plays. That best is quite sufficient. Don't go because you spell "culture" with a capital "C", and you may enjoy yourself.

The other comedies (without music) are not to be recommended. Kaufman and Hart are not at their best in *George Washington Slept Here*. And there is an atrocious something called *Separate Rooms* around. You may, however, be interested in going just to see how some Hollywood actors occupy their time when not appearing in grade "B" films.

Of antiquarian interest is an item called *Tobacco Road*. If you don't have much time in New York,

you can pass this up and see it some other time. It sticks as close to Broadway as the Roosevelts to the White House.

Of the serious dramas, best is Emlyn Williams' *The Corn Is Green*. Mr. Williams is to be remembered for *Night Must Fall*. Although in quite another vein, this play of Welsh coalminers is equally unforgettable. Miss Ethel Barrymore has at last found a role in which she can dispense with the Barrymore mannerisms. That is the highest praise which can be offered.

*Blind Alley* and *Kind Lady* are revivals of melodramas which appeared a few years back. Both seemed dated, but both are still capable of sending chills down your spine—thanks to the acting of Roy Hargrave in the former and of Grace George in the latter.

Anyone attempting to pick and choose among the seven very excellent musical comedies and revues now gracing the stage is asking for it. The element of personal taste enters in too strongly. This reviewer, for instance, thinks that Victor Moore is the funniest comedian that ever waddled onto a stage and confesses to many a delightful dream about Vera Zorina; hence he heartily expresses a preference for *Louisiana Purchase*. Second on the list he would place *Panama Hattie*, principally because it deals with Ethel Merman's experiences with Uncle Sam's first line of defense. Third he would place the all-colored *Cabin in the Sky*. Only a Southern boyhood prevents him from dreaming of Ethel Waters. Her acting is beautiful, as is the dancing of Katherine Dunham.

From this reviewer's point of view the four remaining musicals have objectionable features. *Boys and Girls Together* has Ed Wynn, *Hold on to Your Hats* has Al Jolson, *It Happens on Ice* has Joe Cook, and *Hellz-a-Poppin* has all sorts of madmen screaming in your ear. To some, however, these objectionable features are assets. If you're one of these, better go.

—WILLIAM GEIGER OWENS.

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## Book Reviews



*For Whom the Bell Tolls.* By Ernest Hemingway. Scribner's.

By this time it will be evident that when Ernest Hemingway wrote *For Whom the Bell Tolls*, he wrote one of the major American novels of recent times. Certainly it is his best work. With this new work not only does Hemingway display all the craftsmanship and perfection of prose of *The Sun Also Rises*, *A Farewell to Arms*, and the earlier short stories, but he is now far deeper, richer, and more mature.

Like *A Farewell to Arms* and the best of Hemingway, *For Whom the Bell Tolls* is a war story. It deals with the recent Spanish Civil War. It is the story of Robert Jordan, a young American aiding the Loyalist forces, who is working behind the lines to blow up a bridge, the destruction of which will prevent the enemy from sending supplies and reinforcements through that section of the country. It is a tender and understanding story of how Robert Jordan reaches the hill country, the people he meets there, the woman he loves there, the plans he makes to blow the bridge, the realization of these plans, and finally, how he meets his death. Although the entire action takes place over a period of four days, this is a full book. The shortness of time lapse is an essential part of Hemingway's technique and outlook. In this book he has tried to show that it may be possible for a person to live, feel, experience as much in four days as in a whole lifetime. War is a terrible and beautiful time when men live at a breathtaking speed in the face of uncertainty, and it is under these conditions that Hemingway chooses to observe his characters.

This book is a direct outgrowth of Hemingway's own experience and work during the Spanish conflict. Robert Jordan speaks for the author.

There is a love story in this work that will probably appeal to many readers. However, in many ways, it is the weakest element of the book. Of all the characters in this book . . . and there are some magnificent ones . . . Marie is the only one that does not live, for she has a fairytale quality and unreality about her so that we cannot believe in her.

*For Whom the Bell Tolls* is a moving and exciting book. It shows that Hemingway, besides being the perfect craftsman that he is, is also a feeling artist. It

is a book to be taken slowly, like fine wine. One wishes to capture and hold the flavor of each page and put off the end as long as possible because one knows very well that it will be a long time before such a book will make its appearance again.

—BUCK KOENIG.

*Five Young American Poets.* New Directions.

The work of Mary Barnard, Randall Jarrell, George Marion O'Donnell, W. R. Moses and John Berryman has already appeared in a variety of magazines which bear the name of printing good verse; but for each of them this is a first volume. They do not, however, constitute a group . . . though from this collection they may be associated hereafter in the public's mind . . . for this volume is something unique in the history of publishing. The publisher himself should have credit both for an innovation and for a good volume.

The oldest of the contributors, Miss Barnard, was born in 1909, Moses in 1911, and the three others in 1914. They represent the breadth of the country from Alabama to Connecticut to Minnesota to Washington. In common they have a contemporary idiom, and deal with the world of 1940. The fact that they are young and not totally out from under disciplinary influence of their immediate ancestors, particularly Allan Tate and the inevitable Eliot, lends the work greater similarity than have the authors to each other fundamentally. The work of Miss Barnard, since she is the lady of the book, particularly shows that the stylistic innovations of the post-war of 1914-1918 modernists included genuine contributions; we have actually won a poetic revolution. But these young poets show also a return toward clarity; they avoid the stylistic experiments which gave many a fine man the reputation of an exceedingly crazy poet. This poetry is concise;

(Continued on Page 29)

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In the Lobby of the Washington Duke



## HAVE YOU NO GUTS

(Continued from Page 16)

Look at them standing by the counter sipping insipid Coca-Cola! There is no will behind their sneering grins. Their laughter speaks of superficial thought. (Thought? How can they think with that damn Wurlitzer grinding out its meaningless jazz in the corner?) They talk of A's and B's and F's, but never of the matter of the subject they are taking . . . they talk of their respective husbands and wives to be in terms of wealth . . . my God, they can't even make love with sincerity!

"In my day, youth chose pungent, mellow beer. And when they laughed, they laughed heartily, from the pits of their stomachs. And their love rose from their hearts and was sincere and their hatred was meaningful and genuine. . . .

"What is the matter with you people today? Of what are you afraid that you hide behind the superficialities of life?

"Grasp a mug of the potent and honest brew. It is vile and strong. Learn to take it. Damn your soda water fountains! They produce only imitations, weak sweetened, light. . . .

"Have you no guts?"

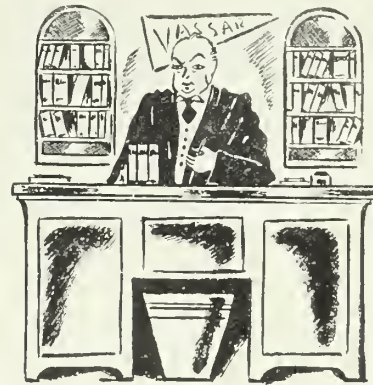
There is symbolic significance in the above, and without hesitation I leave myself open to those who will exercise cheap humor to ridicule the terms. For their critique is as meaningless as their laughter.

It is true, you avoid reality. You will immerse yourselves in nothing. You stand aloof, with assumed indifference. But your attempts to attain olympic heights of indifference to world events and to all that goes on immediately about you result only in a bitter and self-destructive cynicism. How can you reach a genuine objective view without first descending into the fires of love and hate . . . putting to test that which has been handed to you as ultimate . . . experiencing the thrill of personal discovery and the fervor of enthusiasm.

You would be mature and take on the dignity of knowing all with indifference while you are still young.

Struggle with your fears. Look about you. There is a case that will support your fate—you have but to discover it while you are still young.

And so I am exhausted. Perhaps someday I will

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write you the story of my success—and then, perhaps not. In all events I say (symbolically):

Let us have more beer.

The sky-stained snow  
Sends naïve rivulets  
Laughing down the mountain-side  
Into a sickened sea  
To wash bloody shores.

—KLISIEWSKI.

## TEA FOR THREE

(Continued from Page 5)

her behind the masks of the hard bright young faces he saw at the night clubs. Nor was she to be found in the set workaday faces he saw in offices and on buses.

The truth of the matter was, Bernard Sutherland at thirty-eight was growing tired and contemplating his third marriage with a feeling akin to relief. The new Mrs. Sutherland-to-be was charming and motherly, unendowed with any of the characteristics of the wistful faerie creature that tripped through five Sutherland novels. Nadine was soothing, understanding, and efficient. She petted him and spoiled him. She tucked pillows under his head and reminded him to carry his umbrella if it were damp, which *she* would never have done. No, it was he who would have been at her beck and call, had it been that wistful other-worldly girl, he who would have bent over her solicitously and played the gallant. But he was getting to the age at which a man appreciates having his slippers brought to him. He had, suddenly, grown too old for the wistful elfin child who ran through the pages of his novels.

His secretary had come in just as Analie was off to the cocktail party, and he gave her the fresh chapter

to type. Before he took up his pen again, he made a little manifest movements of delay—picking up a pipe, burrowing in his pockets for a pack of matches, walking to a bookcase and back to the desk again. He was almost with relief that he heard the buzzer ring. François ushered Nadine in, and she settled comfortably on a couch, giving him an affectionate pat on the shoulder en route.

"They let you off early at the store, dear?" he inquired.

Nadine smiled quietly. There was a quiet capability in her hands, too, as she drew off her fox stole and laid it over the back of the couch.

"We've been working on ad copy for a new shipment of spring dresses that Cassell and Company have just received. The dress that epitomizes the lot is an inspiration—an innocent collar above a delicate lace inset, sweet and naïve, the sort of thing your inevitable heroine should wear. Oh, Bern, if you could only produce that ad copy for us!"

"I haven't turned copy writer yet," Bern said grimly, burrowing among his papers.

François brought his mail and handed it to him—four letters, two bills, and a package.

"Open the package, François," he directed, and Nadine rose languidly and strolled toward the bathroom.

"I see Analie has been here," she said carelessly, Bernard ripped open the first envelope with a letter opener.

Dainty lacy pieces on the towel rack and the edge of the tub, cold creams and mascara on his dresser and in the medicine cabinet gave the apartment the look of a miniature harem. "And Analie hasn't even the good sense to get her underwear at Cassell and Company," Nadine remarked cryptically. "Inferior satin and machine-made lace. . . ." She turned on the faucet above the basin.

"Listen, Nadine, this is a riot," Bern called from the living room. "A little old lady in Postville, Iowa, is sending me a box of cookies because she enjoys my novels. Says the heroine, Cathy, is like a daughter she had who died when she was four. She's sure her daughter would have been like Cathy, if she'd lived. The cookies are made from a recipe handed down from her grandmother." He tossed the letter aside, chuckling.

Nadine dabbled daintily in the basin and came into the living room drying her hands on a fresh green towel. "I can conjecture about your 'Cathy,'" she said meditatively. "This figment of imagination that has



*You Are Always Welcome*

AT

**WALGREEN'S**



more dimensions than Tolstoy's Anna Karenina, more atlessness than Hardy's—"

"Let's leave the other geniuses out of this," Bern said, popping his feet on the desk. François brought in the box of cookies from the little old lady in Iowa, and set it on the desk.

Nadine dabbed at her mouth, leaving a streak of lipstick on the towel. Bern moaned faintly. "I don't suppose you could have used the towel Analie mused upon before she made off for her confounded cocktail party?"

"My dear Bern," Nadine said reprovingly, "you aren't insinuating that I use what your cast-off wife has used? Surely, *I* rank higher in your esteem. . . . Well, my surmise is that the omnipresent creature was once your first love—the subconscious remainder of some little girl in pigtails when you were a rosy-cheeked barefoot boy."

"With feet of tan? No, my dear Watson, Hawkshaw, or whatnot, I was not allowed to go barefoot, and a first love does not seem to be an experience I have shared in common with others—if so, I cannot remember it."

"Of course, you were saving yourself for me," Nadine said sweetly. "Me and your first two."

Bern was engrossed in another letter, penned in white on deep blue stationery. "It's from a college kid," he said explanatorily. "Admires my work tremendously—responsive chord—would like to do her thesis on my novels in relation to the current contemporary literature."

He laid the letter down thoughtfully. "By George! Sensible child. The Novels of Bernard Sutherland in Relation to the Current Trend—yes, remarkable."

"Don't be smug, Bern. I wish you'd write an effervescing line for that ad copy; I, for one, would be eternally grateful."

"Responsive chord," Bern was muttering. He took one of the cookies from the box and nibbled on it. "Sy, Nadine, shall I have the child over to tea sometime? She goes to Barnard."

"Why, yes," Nadine said caustically, "if it isn't *too* much of a sacrifice."

Bernard's note inviting Catherine to tea arrived that Friday. Her roommate bore it excitedly to the room and displayed it to the little group which was gathered about the vic. "A real live author!" someone said, over-awed. When Catherine came in she took the letter tellerly, and turned away to the window to read it.

"Tea—Saturday afternoon," she said slowly.

"It's up to you now, Cath," her roommate said encouragingly. "Want to borrow my blue dress?"

"No, I suppose my black crepe—but it's so horrid, and I've worn it so long." Catherine dropped down on the couch and twisted the pleat of her skirt between her fingers. "And besides, do you suppose he *really* wants me to come?"

"Of course, he'll get the thrill of his life, seeing one of his admirers. You'll be like Exhibit A. And I tell you what, Cath," her roommate offered generously, "you can use my charge account at Cassell and Company."

"There's just one catch," Cathy said despondently, "sooner or later someone will have to pay the bill . . . and Cassell's sole excuse for existence is people like Doris Cromwell . . . no, I've got it! I'll charge it and return it Monday. It's been done. It's being done all the time!" Catherine flew to the closet and dived into her coat. She snatched her purse from the desk and fled.

Cassell and Company faced Fifth Avenue, and was near enough the park to have an air of propriety and an irreproachable address. When its gleaming brass-panelled doors closed behind her, Catherine felt the hustle and bustle of the avenue fade away perceptibly, as though Cassell and Company held aloof from the masses, and made only such concessions as were necessary to a technical civilization. The faint honking of taxis that she heard as she stepped across the deep-piled rug, now seemed rather crass. A solicitous clerk hovered at her elbow.

"Something in a tea dress," Catherine said with the careless imperiousness that seemed necessary when the miles of grey carpet and soft divans and staff of clerks were at one's disposal. She sat down and crossed her ankles.

The clerk brought an armful of dresses from some hidden closet and arranged them on a nearby rack.

"Olive green would be beautiful with your transparent complexion," a discreet voice suggested.

Catherine inspected the dress with its low-cut, fringe-bordered neck, its little puff sleeves. Somehow, she'd never thought of her complexion as being "transparent" before.

But Bernard Sutherland, in all his novels, had clothed his heroines in what he ambiguously termed "soft dark gowns."

"Something soft and dark, I think," Catherine said. She began to wonder if Bernard Sutherland had ever really paid a great deal of attention to what women

actually wore. Finding something "soft and dark" had a deceptively simple sound, but she shook her head as dress after dress was produced.

She knew at one glance when she saw it that it was the one. It hung over the rack, with its sweet provocative collar and the delicate lace inset, the skirt hanging in light graceful folds. The clerk brushed an appreciative hand across the shoulder.

"One of the spring shipment," she explained. "Our buyer and our copy writer both thought it was particularly lovely, and they see nothing but dresses, you know. . . ."

Catherine surveyed it breathlessly, burrowing her little fist into the thick pile of the divan. "It *is* exquisite! . . . it's like something his heroine would wear, yes, it truly is."

The clerk's eyebrows lifted. "A fitting?" she suggested.

Catherine looked about, startled. "Oh, no. I mean . . . I really haven't time this afternoon, and I generally . . . that is, a fourteen usually *is* right. . . . It *is* a fourteen, isn't it?"

She was assured that it was.

"And how much," Catherine ventured, "is it?" The query seemed a breach of good manners in the great soft grey room with its air of well-bred affluence.

She gave no indication of astonishment as she heard the price: forty dollars. Her lips parted slightly, and she breathed a little harder, but the clerk would not have noticed that.

Frightened at her own daring, Catherine charged it and gave them her address at Barnard. She heard the caressing whisper of the tissue as the clerk began to box it.

On Saturday afternoon the bell at Bernard Sutherland's apartment rang with two tentative little rings, and François ushered Catherine in. Nadine was already there, sitting near Bernard and balancing a teacup on her knee.

"How do you do? I'm awfully glad to know you," Catherine said shyly as the author rose and helped her out of her coat. There was something comforting in having him hover over her; he was not half so frightening as she had expected.

Bernard Sutherland introduced Catherine to Nadine, and added, "This is my fiancée, Catherine."

An almost disappointed "Oh" dropped from Catherine's lips involuntarily, and she hastened to amend it by the proper phrases. Nadine said, "How do you do, my dear?" and her eyebrows raised imperceptibly at

the sight of the tea dress with the lace inset at the throat.

Catherine found the older woman's scrutiny unnering. Nadine kept saying "my dear" as though she were a child, and Bernard Sutherland leaned back and smiled tolerantly on them both.

"You know, Mr. Sutherland," Catherine ventured when the talk came around to his books. "I have the feeling that you're writing about the same person at the time. But she's terribly refreshing—not at all like the suave heroines you usually read about, I mean."

"Eternally the same," Nadine interpolated, crossing her knees nonchalantly. "Bernard only changes the style of her dress; hobbled skirts during the World War—"

"I wasn't even in college during the World War," Bernard Sutherland said in an injured tone. He leaned over and offered them, solicitously, a plate filled with the cookies from the little old lady in Postville, Iowa.

"I used to think this Cathy existed," Bernard said. "Funny, your having the same name, Catherine. Cathy. I suppose people *do* call you Cathy?"

"Oh, yes." Catherine's blue eyes opened wide.

The hour passed quickly, and Catherine found that Bernard Sutherland's kindness completely effaced the uncomfortable feeling that some of Nadine's barbed remarks gave her. How gauche she must seem in contrast with this woman, completely at ease, poised and mature.

When Catherine rose to go, Nadine swept her dress with an appraising glance. "My dear, you look like a vision in that dress," she said, and her voice, this once seemed sincere. "From Cassell and Company?"

"Yes. How did you know?"

"Well, you see," Nadine said, as she rose languidly. "I'm one of their buyers."

The author helped Catherine into her coat and strolled to the door with her. "Cathy," he said seriously, "I've been thinking about what you said in your letter. I think it would be far preferable if you were to do your thesis on the novels of Hardy, or James Don't you?"

Catherine thanked him politely for his advice and for the tea, and added deprecatingly, "Though I can see why you should want me to come."

"Oh, but I did," Bernard Sutherland assured her, strange earnestness creeping into his voice. "I want you more than anything in the world."

When he had closed the door gently, Nadine flung her cigarette toward the fireplace. "Now, Bern, that



## FOLLOWING YONDER STAR

*(Continued from Page 7)*

down the street two blocks. Go down and get him. I'll heat some water while you're gone."

Joe started out the door and heard one of the men say, "Strange. Christmas Day, a star over the house, a baby being born. Very strange."

Joe heard no more. He was running down the street toward the doctor's house. It was strange though that those three men should come to the house on Christmas morning, led by a star, he thought. It was even stranger that his wife should be having a baby when they arrived. He ran faster. He didn't care about the men or the star. All he cared about were Marion and himself, Joe.

He turned around and looked at the star. It was quite the brightest one he had ever seen. That only interested him slightly, however. And he turned and hurried down the street.

He only partly heard the voices of some early morning carolers singing, "O Little Town of Bethlehem."

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## CHRISTMAS GREETINGS

- - DIAL - -

**N-141**

BLUEBIRD CAB COMPANY

## BOOK REVIEWS

*(Continued from Page 24)*

ough it has emotion and lyricism, it is predominantly intellectualized.

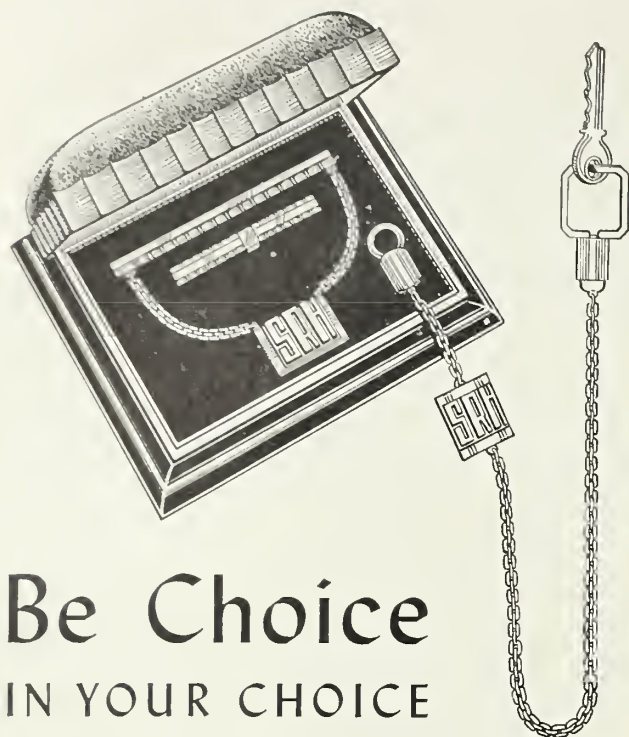
In justice each should be given detailed attention, but we haven't so much space here. We can say that Miss Barnard shows the most observation of the details which the reader himself would desire noticed, the single scene or fraction of it that holds the memory; that Berryman is the most compact; that Jarrell has the greatest versatility and metaphysical wit . . . a quality that we may thank our archeological bards for restoring to us. But in every instance the comment would be ramified and illustrated. All five have the gain, the eye, the knowledge, and each has gone a long way toward mastery.

—KIFFIN R. HAYES.

*Pathetic Case*

They say if one is pure and true,  
And does the things he ought to do  
In heaven he will surely get  
His just reward. I know this, yet,  
No matter how much self-control  
I use to try and save my soul,  
I cannot carry it off well.  
I am resigned to life in hell.

—Kitt



## Be Choice IN YOUR CHOICE

GIVE HIM JEWELRY  
by HICKOK

Strato-line initials on this new Hickok  
Alligator Grip tie chain and key  
chain. The set, with matching \$  
Alligator Grip collar bar . . . 5

Street Floor

*Ellis Stone & Co*

## WE THREE KINGS OF ORIENT ARE . . .

(Continued from Page 10)

back room and brought out the big covered basket. He snatched the baby from Lee's shoulder, tucked him into the basket, pulled down the lid.

Chang, Cho and Lee were in the alley behind Min Ley's when the police came to the front door. Chang and Cho held a big covered basket between them. Lee softly rubbed his shoulder . . . still warm from the baby's body.

"We'd better get going," said Chang.

It wasn't until they had got to the park that they realized they didn't know where to return the baby. They sank down upon a snow-covered bench and opened the basket-lid. The baby woke up and stared at them sleepily.

"Name on its clothes?" suggested Cho.

Chang was rough when he took it up, and the baby began to cry.

"He will catch cold," said Lee, grabbing the bundle and wrapping its blankets tighter.

"Well, where will we take it?"

Lee held the baby close again while they pondered.

"Newspaper extras!" said Chang, and he got up. When he came back with the papers the bells had begun to play Christmas carols. Lee held the baby tightly and listened to the bells. Cho and Chang found the address at once on the front page.

"Come on," said Chang, "put it back in the basket. We got a long way to walk."

"We cannot keep it out in the cold any longer," Lee said firmly, "we must take a taxicab."

"We're not rich," growled Chang.

"I have my Christmas gift from the employers," Lee offered.

When they got in the cab the driver looked at them queerly. He listened to the address and looked at the basket. But he kept still when he met Chang's eyes . . . he kept still and drove.

Lee opened the basket on the floor and peeped in. The baby began to whimper.

"Aw, shut up!" growled Chang, grabbing the basket and peering inside. He reached in his pocket, frowned, and then put his hand into the basket to touch the warm little body. In a moment the baby stopped crying. Chang held the basket on his knees and Lee looked at him questioningly.

"Kinda cute kid, at that," Chang admitted.

## Thought for a Month with R in it

Scientists tell us that oysters change sex,  
Which leads to a number of marital wrecks;  
Imagine confessing to the love of your heart  
That you're "mom" to a gallon and "pop" to a quart.

—KITTY.



The taxi slowed and the driver slid back the glass partition.

"That's the place up the street there," he said meaningfully.

They looked and saw the apartment house lit from top to bottom. Two enormous fir trees strung with colored lights stood beside the marquee, and around the fir trees stood a dozen policemen.

"Drive on a little farther," Chang ordered. The driver hesitated, then slid the partition back and drove on. They went past Rockefeller Center and were called by the crowds around the huge tree there. The people were singing.

"Silent night . . . all is calm . . . all is bright . . ." they sang.

Cho rolled down his window and looked out.

"Aw . . ." said Chang because it was so quiet in the cab. He put the basket back on the floor.

"Away in a manger a little child lay . . ." sang the people at the tree. The cab jerked and moved slowly forward again. Cho rolled the window up slowly, and sat back. He put his hand in his pocket and fished about.

"Is he all right, do you think?" Cho asked of no one, and bent down to the basket. After he straightened up they could hear a jangling and tinkling noise in the basket. But no one spoke.

They drove past the apartment house again. The policemen were still there, and a tall young man in evening clothes stood listening to one of them who was talking earnestly. The tall young man looked as though he wanted to cry.

"Well?" asked the cab driver, sliding back the partition again.

"Merry Christmas!" called a face that slid by the cab window.

"Drive to a ten-cent store," said Chang.

When he came out of the ten-cent store, Chang carried several small packages. He got back into the cab and opened the basket. The baby smiled up at them and they smiled sadly down at him. Cho smoothed the pillows under him and pushed one small hand under the blankets; Chang straightened the blanket and shoved something to the side of the basket; Lee touched the soft chin again, gave a pat or two, and they pulled down the lid.

From one of the packages Chang took a long, wide red ribbon. He put it around the basket and crossed it. Lee held his finger on the crossed place while Chang took from another package a sprig of holly.

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## CANDY

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DURHAM, N. C.

They tied the holly into the bow and then Chang opened his last package. From among the Twelve Selected Greeting Tags they chose the largest one . . . the one with a picture of Santa getting ready to fill the stocking at the fireplace.

Chang drew out a stubby pencil and Cho and Lee bent over him as he carefully printed:

"A Very Merry Christmas To You"

Then they tied the tag onto the ribbon near the holly and told the driver what to do.

The policemen hardly glanced at the taxi driver carrying into the apartment house a large basket tied

with a large red ribbon. The desk clerk noticed the basket first, and then it was because of the smell.

"Pwhew!" he said, and picked up the heavy basket. Everybody came running when they heard the basket begin to gurgle and coo. They could even laugh, partly from relief it's true, when they took off the lid and saw the baby. He had pulled the stopper from the perfume bottle. . . .

"You could smell 'Fatal Mistake' from here to Chicago!" remembered the desk clerk.

. . . He had a string of golden hearts looped over one ear. . . .

"Like a tipsy crown is how it looked," remembered the policemen.

. . . And in his hand he clutched a little teakwood cross. . . .

"Like, well . . . sorta like another baby on Christmas Eve," remembered the tall young man in evening clothes.

"We're nothing but damn fools!" said Chang, and Cho and Lee nodded philosophically. They were back at Ming Ley's bar getting drunk on the house . . . for they had nothing else to do.

## Sonnet

Forever let me walk with Beauty, Lord,  
In paths that lead to happiness and peace;  
That I may have sweet memories to hoard  
Against the day that love and beauty cease.  
Forever let me keep the memory clear  
Of tall pines in a stately pattern drawn  
Against the gold of evening. Let me hear  
The bell-like call of cardinals at dawn.  
For if my life is guided by the beam  
Of Beauty on my way, I am sublime.  
Each inward thought, each waking hour's dream  
Finds its fulfillment there at Beauty's shrine.  
Lord, let me keep through turbulence and strife  
A silver thread of beauty through my life.

—BETH FREHSE



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*Luckies' finer tobaccos  
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GIRL: Mr. Brown, what counts most in a cigarette?

MR. BROWN: Why—it's the tobacco, of course.

GIRL: So that's why you smoke Luckies?

MR. BROWN: Right! And most other independent tobacco experts do, too!

**M**EN like Frank Brown...who spend their lives buying, selling and handling tobacco...know that Luckies get the finer leaf—and Luckies' finer tobaccos mean less nicotine!

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LEADING BRANDS**

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- 9.46% less nicotine than Brand A
- 20.55% less nicotine than Brand B
- 15.55% less nicotine than Brand C
- 4.74% less nicotine than Brand D

For this period Lucky Strike has had an average nicotine content of 2.01 parts per hundred.

***With men who know tobacco best—it's LUCKIES 2 to 1***



Vol. 54  
No. 4

# The Chronicle

January  
1941



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# ♥ The Archive ♥

JANUARY, 1941

VOLUME LIV

NUMBER FOUR

A Monthly Literary Review Published by the  
Students of Duke University, Durham,  
North Carolina

TWENTY-FIVE CENTS A COPY: TWO DOLLARS A YEAR

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## *Announcing the Annual College Short Story Contest of Story Magazine*

*Story Magazine* this month announces its Eighth Annual Short Story Contest for students registered in colleges and universities in the United States. As only two entries may be made from a single college or university, the ARCHIVE announces its contest to judge which stories shall be sent from the Duke Campus. All stories designed for this contest may be submitted to the ARCHIVE, from these a group of judges composed of faculty and student members will select the best. The best stories will be published in the March issue of the ARCHIVE, and the campus will have an opportunity to vote on these for the two to be submitted to the national contest. The usual monthly prize of \$5 for the best story in the ARCHIVE will not be awarded in March, but the two stories which are voted into the national contest will each be awarded a prize of \$5 after the voting. The rules of the *Story* contest are:

- 1) Stories submitted must not be less than 1500 nor more than 7000 words in length.
- 2) Each entry must be certified by a member of the faculty of the institution.
- 3) No college or university may submit more than two entries.
- 4) All entries must be mailed to *Story* on or before April 1, 1941.
- 5) The submitted stories are to represent the best selection, by qualified judges, of the work of the students in the school year 1940-1941. Such stories may or may not have first appeared in a college publication.
- 6) All stories must be legibly written, preferably typewritten, on one side of the paper.
- 7) The winning story will be published in *Story*.
- 8) *Story* reserves the right to allow reprints of the winning story in short-story anthologies.
- 9) *Story* offers a first prize of \$100 and a second prize of \$50.

All manuscripts for this contest must be mailed to

THE ARCHIVE, Duke Station  
by February 20, 1941



# The Archive

Volume LIV

January, 1941

Number Four

## Intermission Between Wars

by Mary Gus Rodgers

IT WAS a warm day, and the window in the manicure booth was open. From the street below, we could hear the thump and rattle of the American Legion parade.

Miss Dorothy reached for the bottle of polish remover. "Sounds like war times," she said. "Doesn't it sort of scare you?"

I shrugged my shoulders. "Not the American Legion," I said.

"It sort of scares me," Miss Dorothy repeated. "With the draft and everything."

"But we've got to have the draft," I explained. The words came easily, because I'd heard them so often. "We have to be ready to fight Germany, if the British lose."

For a moment we listened to the coughing of the motorcycles in the street. "I suppose that's right," Miss Dorothy said. "Everybody says so. But it'll be awfully hard. The other night when I was dressing,—we were going to the show,—I happened to see my husband standing by the door. He's awfully tall and I think he's good

looking, other people might not think so but I do, and I just thought 'Suppose there was a war and he got killed.' And I just couldn't stand to think about it, seeing him standing there, so tall and good looking."

\* \* \*

The ship's band always quit at one o'clock, and every night the same crowd of drunks protested. "Play that last one jus' once more!"

But the men were putting their instruments away. The violinist put his violin behind the piano and came toward our table, walking slowly and heavily.

"Sit down, Bill," Ray said. "What's the matter?"

The violinist waved toward the drunks. "For twenty years," he said flatly, "I've been watching people make fools of themselves."

"How do you stand it?" I asked him, watching the drunks throw popcorn at each other.

The violinist laughed. "The only way you can stand it is to do the same yourself," he said and headed toward the bar.



# United Front

*By Lee Happ, jr.*

IN 1927 THE Nationalist Government of China under Chiang Kai-Shek broke with the Communist forces in China. Police, organized by the Generalissimo, terrorized the scattered sympathizers and his army pounded the Red troops relentlessly. A thousand mile trek of blood and fire ended with the Communists' settling at Shensi, where they re-established a Soviet government in 1936. But there was no peace. Red-baiting continued. The threat of an aggressive Japan still was largely overshadowed by that of the rebels who seized the land, executed landlords and money-lenders, archaic vestiges of imperial China, and redistributed the land among the farmers. Property was at stake. The wealthy Chinese trembled.

Then Japanese aggression loomed large on the horizon. The incidents involved in the fall of Peiping between May and July, 1937, were much the same as previous civil incidents. The great War Lord Sung Cheh-yuan sat boastfully in the city; foreign correspondents broke the second page—just shots, a skirmish. Sung Cheh-yuan in his black limousine set out to lead his victorious army to avenge the capture of the railroad junction at the Marco Polo bridge. A remnant of the slaughtered army crept back into the city. And the ancient capital whose walls Ghengis Khan had built fell into the hands of the Japanese.

War had begun, and in times of war there can be no division in government. The Chinese Soviet Government was reorganized as the Shensi-Kansu-Ninghsia Border Government, a district of the Chinese Republic. As Japanese troops bit deeper and deeper into Chinese territory, all forces united for defense. The Red Army, hardened by years of bitter struggle, held their lines doggedly, resorted to the guerrilla tactics that only a few years before they had used against their present ally. An army capable of marching forty-seven miles a night over rugged terrain was more than a match for even the mechanized forces of the Japanese—Shensi's borders were held almost intact.

But the work of the Eighth Route Army, the remaining Communist troops, had just begun. Their great fight was behind the Japanese lines within the puppet states hurriedly organized by Japan and headed by aging war-lords and doubtful land-owners. Assassinations of puppet officials were frequent, but such attacks were ineffectual, although they served as warnings to would-be traitors.

To establish any efficient counter-offensive within Hopei and other Japanese-held territories, the support of the native farmers, the conservative provincials, was necessary. The same methods as employed in Shensi were used. Lands were redistributed, taxes revised, and a representative government established in each township. Though its powers were limited, the town assembly appealed to the democratic peasant and also afforded a simple and effective means of propagandizing. Before long the leaders, men and women trained in the agitation colleges at Yen-an, had organized the body of inhabitants, wealthy and poor, into a violent, fighting band.

The size and importance of this organization cannot be underestimated. Approximately seventy million people behind the lines are organized in a war against the shuffling invader. Their work does not consist solely of sniping. More important is the interruption of Japanese lines of communication. Train-wrecking is a favorite pastime of the farmers and is carried on in a thoroughly systematic fashion. At first dynamite and rail-removing could cripple the main lines for several days and the wrecked trains afforded tremendous supplies for the guerrilla army. But dynamite became scarce and the Japanese wary. Light armoured cars were sent ahead to inspect the rails. Now the guerrillas replace the steel spikes with cleverly camouflaged wooden ones. Trains are derailed at the rate of three a week. Another dent in the Nipponese budget comes from the stealing of railroad equipment valued at a quarter of a billion yen a year. Contests are held in



the villages to see who can cut down the most telephone poles or steal the most wire, nails, spikes, or joints. A village can average a damage of five thousand yen a night. It is dangerous work, and sentries in armored pill-boxes guard the tracks. But neither bribery nor gunfire can deter the now inspired peasant, who with his wife sets out to destroy the railroad and eventually Japan.

Within Shensi, at Yen-an, is the nerve center of the Chinese Communist party. In the midst of a mountainous region, wilder than that of the Dakota badlands, the city lies in a narrow gorge. Since Yen-an was a famous religious center when Buddhism was at its height, the Communist base is a cluster of old temples, rising pompously above the rude houses or clinging precariously to the cliffs. Two universities, incongruous with such surroundings, have been established here. They are the Resist Japan and the Marx-Lenin Institute. Students, more than sixty percent of whom belong to the wealthy but small upper class of China, have walked to these universities from such distant places as

Canton, over a thousand miles away. They live in caves hollowed out of the cliffs, and they work for their education. But they come in droves because Yen-an is the only place in China where a student can be trained for immediate war service. And the ideals of self-discipline and self-sacrifice, so strong among Chinese youth, are emphasized. Since the military leaders of Yen-an stress brain rather than brawn the intellectual feels that his talents are of use, that they can be assimilated to their full capacity.

In the resistance against Japan the leaders graduated from these schools have served well—too well. The Nationalist Government sees many of China's brightest youth falling into the ranks of Communism. As the war continued, the entire area of North China not directly in the hands of the Japanese fell under the sway of the Communists, much to the alarm of

the Central Government. Confident in the ultimate defeat of Japan, China thinks now of future unification. But the awful spectre of civil war hovers over them. The Communists realize that they must obscure themselves for the next few decades, since foreign capital will be needed in the restoration of China and they stand little chance of getting it under a red flag. On the other side, the Nationalists see that they must discredit the Communists, without alienating them. The Red Army's victories are rarely published in Chungking. Instead pamphlets appear defaming the "Border Government," its laws, its courts, its reforms.

Such a pamphlet came to my attention while running through the sheafs of material Dr. Linebarger brought back from Chungking. The writer attacks the Communist government in much the same way as an American politician throws mud at his opponent. He points out that the "Border District" has remarked the boundary lines of the prefects within its territories; the consequence of such an action is of little, if any importance. But the Nationalist is wary

and suspects that such an action is not without its ulterior motivation. The prefectures, with a view to organizing "democratic governments," set up two-fold prefectural governments, one prefect appointed by the Provincial Government, and the other elected. "This dualism," to quote the pamphlet, "may seem bizarre to the traveller; but to the natives of this dis-



—From a Chungking Pamphlet—Courtesy Dr. Paul Linebarger.

trict, it is perplexing. Embarrassed by the ordinances and decrees which come from more than one authority, they simply have no time to appreciate any other significance of this system." It has me a little confused too.

The independence of the judiciary from the other branches of government has long been a thorn in the side of democratic procedure. The final decision on a case in the "Border Government" is given by the "presidential group." Such a strong point of debate would not be relinquished by the Nationalists on the

grounds that war or "changefulness of current affairs" necessitate rigid control. A dependent judiciary is against the constitution of Dr. Sun-Yat-Sen.

Another point of attack is that the laws are unwritten. In defense of this Mr. Lei, head of the "Border Court," states that it is his intention to interpret the spirit of common law and make it applicable to the various conditions, clearly defining the differences between "letter" and "spirit" of the law. It is true that instances of tyranny are frequent if such a system is misused, but no evidence of abuse is recorded.

The penal system of the Border District has been revised. Punishment is now restricted to a maximum sentence of five years or death. It is the belief of the Communist leaders that if a prisoner is to reform he will do so within five years; if incorrigible, he should be dead. I am impressed with the practicality of such a conviction, but to the Nationalist it signifies the fangs of oppression.

The most successful propaganda against the Chinese Communist is to pounce on his disregard for ownership of property. The land is still being distributed among the peasants. Since the treaty of unification ended legal land revolution, the landlords, the authors of the pamphlet points out, are condemned as traitors and their lands continue to be confiscated. In the Chinese is instilled as deeply as in the American the feeling of property rights and the sacredness of "private property." This, the Nationalist triumphs, is an example of the untrustworthiness of the Communist.

And so as the war goes on, the Nationalists glow with jealousy at the Communists who year by year strengthen their grip on the northern provinces edging into Japanese-held lands, educating and propagandizing the youth of China. The Nationalists retaliate by organizing their guerrilla forces, establishing their own colleges along more orthodox lines. The struggle continues. United now, which shall finally prevail?

### *Ultimatum with Reservations*

Having been taken in just once too often by honeyed words from  
a smooth tongue;

And having heard every line any male animal can endeavor to  
ensnare any female animal with;

And having had quite enough of men for my young life as it is;  
I make an end to all that.

Never again shall I tremble to hear *his* voice or to see *his* smile;  
And never again shall I save on cigarettes and carfare for a new  
dress to please *him*;

And never again shall I fall in love . . . unless . . . if the next one  
has curly hair . . .

I could never resist curly hair.

—KIT.



# Talk of the Campus

## Comes the Resolution

As is only proper at this time, the *Archive* makes the following resolutions for 1941 anno domini. We promise to carry these resolutions out in the usual manner.

1) Each issue of the *Archive* from henceforward will consist of five hundred pages, with seven gatefolds in color of pictures of nudes, flowers, and children.

2) The *Archive* will support Wendell L. Willkie for president of Duke University.

3) The *Archive* will print a complete book-length novel in each issue. We are arranging now for "The Wack" by Mary Roberts Rinehart, "To Whom the Belle Told" by Ernest Hemingway, "North Son Over" by Marjorie Kinnan Rawlings, and "The Duke 'n' Duchess Murder Case" by S. S. van Dine.

4) The *Archive* staff will consist strictly of men and Wendell L. Willkie.

5) The *Archive* will print the correct answers to examination questions in all undergraduate courses before the examination.

6) The *Archive* staff will consist strictly of women and Wendell L. Willkie.

7) The *Archive* will pay five cents a word for all manuscripts submitted, ten cents a word bonus for all manuscripts printed.

8) The *Archive* will be host at a free champagne and caviar party. Paul Whiteman's orchestra will play for the dancing, and Wendell L. Willkie's Hawaiian Trio will entertain at intermission.

9) The *Archive* will print party suggestions and an advice to the lovelorn column each month, as well as a page on how to make a budget.

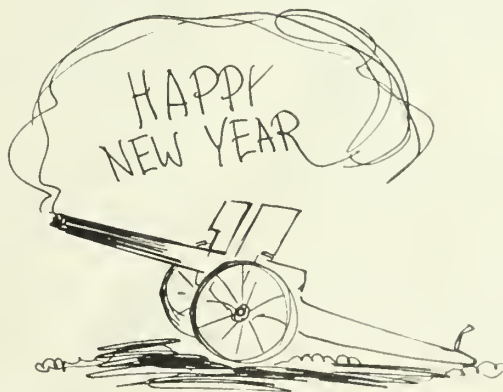
10) The *Archive* will present, on the Ides of March, the Wendell L. Willkie prize of \$2,500 (cash) for the best freshman theme on the subject "My Day."

## War Is Kind Dept.

After comparing notes with those of other colleges while home at Christmas time, we have discovered that Duke is missing a lot of fun in its little ivory tower by not having an R.O.T.C. Besides the obvious advantages of uniforms and military balls, an R.O.T.C. would place Duke on the map of enemy bombers in the coming war . . . and that way the Ark might be hit. Then we could have our new recreation center after all.

## How You Have Changed Item

This being exam time, we join the proletariat and think of exams. In such a moment the following ironic reverie struck us. The funny part of it all is that ten years from now we'll nostalgically refer to the present sleepless period as the "good old days."



## Neatest Trick of the Year

A recent letter from the newly-organized "Women Flyers of America" closes on a pleasant note . . . to wit: "In the event of National Emergency every member of the Women Flyers of America can release a man."

# From the Living

by Buck Koenig

THE TRAFFIC LIGHT hung suspended across the center of the highway. It clicked audibly in the night's stillness. Reflections from the lighted storewindows were cast into distorted patterns on the wet pavement. Otherwise the street was in darkness. A group of negroes stood talking in low voices on the corner. Across the street a lumber truck was pulled off the side of the road and two men in overalls were bent over the motor, toying with the wires. A third was seated in the cab, working the switches and calling out from time to time. There were others, standing about idly, watching the men at work. Finally the headlights cast a weak glow on the road and the two men climbed into the cab. The others scrambled up the back and took their places high up on the lumber. When the motor started the lights faded and the men climbed out to examine the wires once more.

A car came speeding along the highway, lighting up the heavy growth of timber on either side of the road. The car drew up to stop for the traffic signal and the door opened. Two boys stepped out. One carried a zipper bag and stepped up to the sidewalk to wait while the other shut the door.

"Thanks a lot," he called into the interior of the car.

"Sorry I can't take you all the way in. This is where I turn off," the driver called back.

"That's all right. Thanks just the same. We should get a ride here."

The light changed and the car turned off to the right. The two watched it as it sped along the road, the tail lights merging into the darkness.

"That's the way it goes, Jerry," the smaller one said. He dropped the bag and seated himself on it. "One day you get a ride that takes you three hundred miles and the next you wait around all day and can't even cover seventy miles."

"I know," Jerry said. He moved further out into the road. "It's all in the luck. The other morning a dame in a new Buick picked me up and let me drive the car all day and at night I slept with her. She said she was going to see her husband in the sanitarium. The next morning I drove her there and she thanked me."

"Funny about dames like that. You'd think they'd have more respect."

"No, it wasn't that. The guy had t.b. and she probably figured that way it would make it easier to see him. Otherwise she'd be liable to get excited when she saw him, and the condition he was in, so I can't blame her. She was nice, too."

A car was approaching. Jerry waved his arm to attract its attention. When the car passed he followed it with his eyes and could see two heads silhouetted inside.

—*Song of the Open Road.*

"The whole trouble with this racket at night is you can never tell whether the driver is alone until it's too late," Jerry said. "I hate to flag them otherwise."

"This would be one hell of a place to be stuck at night. Especially after getting this close. It can't be more than thirty miles from here."

"This must mean a lot to you, Allan."

"You can't blame me. It's the thing I've been looking forward to all these months. Only I had it pictured different. I had it all figured I'd be coming up driving my own car and be wearing a new suit and when the car stopped she'd run out and she'd be very proud of me. And now look at the way it is." He looked down at his shabby clothes. At the way his pants had no crease in them and were frayed at the cuffs and the sweater that had once been a good one was now worn through at the elbows and didn't hang right at the shoulders.

Jerry started to say something, but knew it would be no use.



"Yes, the wandering boy comes home, and all that sort of thing," Allan went on. "Only of course it's a little different from the way I had it planned. And this is the way it turns out after all our dreams. But she won't throw it in my face. She'll just say she's glad to see me and of course she'll be very sorry that this should have happened, only she'll never say it. We'll just stand there that way and I'll hold her close and neither of us will say very much and then she'll tell me how good it is to have me back and not to worry because things will turn out better the next time and after all we have each other which is the main thing. I wanted to wait. There was always the hope that something might turn up, only then I couldn't wait any longer. I had waited too long as it was. I don't want to go back now, but I have to. I couldn't stand it like that anymore. I can go back now and maybe we can get married somehow. I don't know what will turn up, but anyway it should be better with the two of us. Only it's those first minutes I dread."

They stood there in silence. From the other corner one of the negroes left the group and crossed over.

"Yaw'l aiming to get into Morgantown tonight?" he asked.

"We thought we'd get a ride. Only it doesn't look too good."

"There's not much traffic through these parts at night. Why don't you ask those boys with the truck?"

"They goin' in?"

"Yessuh. They're nice boys. They'd be glad to help you."

"Thanks. We'll go see."

The men were still working on the truck. An Indian in soiled jeans and a leather jacket stepped out of the cab and lit a match and held it close to the motor.

"Look out Doc, you'll blow us all up," one of the men said.

"You must see in order to work."

"Old Doc, the old philosopher. Go on back inside and turn it on now. I think I've got it here."

Jerry stepped up to the group.

"Say, I wonder if we could get a ride into town with you?" he said.

One of them looked around and then turned back. No one spoke.

"You're going in, aren't you?" Allan said.

One of them nodded, but still no one said anything.

Jerry and Allan started back for the corner. Half-

way across the street one of the group caught up with them. He was young, emaciated and dirty.

"Look, if you want to come along it's okay. Just get up on top when they start off."

"What's wrong? The lights?"

"Yeah. Some wire shot. Or maybe the battery."

They went back. The lights were now on and the men were climbing into the cab.

"You take one hell of a big chance with that big load," the Indian said.

"Can't help it. There's not enough for two truck-loads, and can't afford to take only part of it."

"If they pull you in for overloading it cost you twenty bucks. Or maybe on a curve the truck lean too much to one side and over she go."

"We'll take it easy. Come on, get in."

They climbed high up on the lumber. That way they were sitting above the level of the cab and when the truck started the cold, damp wind hit them directly in the face. There was a heavy chain running across the top of the wood and they held on to this as the truck rolled into motion.

"This isn't the most comfortable way to ride," Jerry said.

"Hell, it's one way of getting there," Allan said.

"You don't notice the cold until the truck stops," one of the others put in.

"Yeah, that's when it really gets you."

The truck rolled along, gathering speed. On the sides the tall pines, black against the night sky, rushed past. From the top of the hills they could look out over an expanse of forest, with a heavy mist collecting just above the tree tops, like low hanging clouds. Before them was the road, straight and smooth. It was cold on top, and the others climbed down and crouched behind the cab where they would be sheltered from the wind. Jerry and Allan remained on top, holding on tightly.

They came to a stretch of bad road and the truck bounced about on the broken pavement and the lights faltered and then they were out. They picked their way along slowly in the darkness until they came to a service station. The truck was stopped and once more the men went to work on the wires.

"It's like a roller coaster up there," Jerry said. He walked about, stamping his feet and swinging his arms.

"It's not so bad. It's getting us there," Allan said. He went inside the station and came back with two chocolate bars. He handed one to Jerry.

"You still got money left?" Jerry asked.

"I got some. It isn't much, but it's some."

They waited there in the light and shelter, watching the others at work.

"I don't feel like going on," Allan said. "I feel like dropping the whole thing now. I'd like to send you to Irene and you could tell her you saw me and everything was going fine and I'd be back before long, and everything would be the way I said it would be."

"Hell, you're overdoing this. Forget about it. This isn't as serious as you're making it."

"To me it is. You couldn't see that. Making her live on a dream like that, and now to see that dream fall through. As long as that dream was still there it was all right. I hate to shatter it like this."

"Come on. The lights are on. Let's go."

"Only you'd go if I asked you, wouldn't you?"

"Sure, if that's the way you wanted it."

The truck started. Before them they could see the road, running ahead over a series of hills. The clouds were behind them now and the stars were out. From the distance they heard the shrill scream of a railroad whistle, and could see the smoke rising over the trees.

The truck raced down a long, steep hill and they could see an underpass ahead and the train crossing. The underpass was getting closer now and the opening seemed low and small. Suddenly fear gripped Jerry. He could feel the opening closing around them, like dropping down and down a deep well in a dream and then suddenly being shocked into an awakening.

He dropped down and crouched behind the cab together with the others.

"Come on down, Al. Get down!" he called up, but Allan kept looking straight ahead, as if he had not heard.

"Christ, get down from there."

The truck continued to race along, still gathering speed. Then the tires screeched and the truck swerved on the road, first to one side and then the other. Now the oppression of the underpass could be sensed, and the momentary terror of the driver. Then they were caught in its darkness. There was a terrible scream from above which was deadened by the tearing sound of wood and stone rubbing together and then the chain snapped and was hurled against the sides.

The lumber spilled down into the road and the truck pulled out into the open. Jerry leaned weakly against the cab and could feel his insides turning over. He longed to escape now. Escape into sleep and peace. Escape into a land where he would not have to go back and walk along that road into the darkness of the underpass. The truck was still now and he could hear the excited voices and the sound of running feet. He knew what lay before him, not only on the road there, but also Irene. It would be up to him to tell her now. But at the same time he realized what it would be that he would say. He could let her go, not believing in her dream now. This way she would never have to know how things had turned out. And the thought of this filled his mind as he slowly staggered back to the underpass.

## • • • *by Cynthia Bennett*

With things to do,  
My mind is full  
Of more that should be done;  
But merely sitting  
Idly,  
I cannot think of one.

With a haughty,  
dignified,  
careless  
sort of air,  
I stepped on a step  
but the step  
wasn't there.

Oh, yes, my love,  
Some kisses you have given  
I'll forget.  
But be consoled;  
Forgotten kisses  
Never cause regret.

• • •  
O, do not think that I deny  
Your cool, esthetic charms;  
It's just that I would rather lie  
In much more manly arms.

• • •  
I said I had something to tell him.  
He stopped me saying he knew.  
I loved him so I had forgot  
That he was human too.





MARION HUTTON  
in Glenn Miller's Moonlight  
Serenade, broadcasts...

*Today's most  
popular number*

# Chesterfield

There's a greater demand than ever for Chesterfields. Smokers who have tried them are asking for them again and again, and for the best of reasons... Chesterfields are cooler, better-tasting and definitely milder. Chesterfields are made for smokers like yourself... so tune in now for your 1941 smoking pleasure.

*They Satisfy*

# *Without Hope*

*by Cit Ranpangh*

MR. CHARVOIX had had cancer of the oesophagus for two years—now in an advanced stage—and came in religiously twice a week for the gruelling treatment. Resigned to his fate he would sit quietly in the waiting room until called, swallow the tubes weighted with mercury, and leave with the same air of indifference. He was a wee man with freshly combed, wet, black hair. His eyes were embedded above two round cheeks, mottled an unhealthy pink; his whole face, for that matter, was mapped with small pink veins leading over the bridge of his nose and down to the edge of his puckered mouth. His head was supported by a thin neck, and between the two stucco-like columns of tendon below his chin bobbed a vigorous Adam's apple. That his clothes were clean was the best you could say for them.

Twice a week when I answered his ring on the waiting room bell, he began our conversation with a humble, husky whisper, "I think I hadda' appointment today." Twice a week as he seated himself firmly in the white, efficient swivel chair and submitted to the indignity of having a white towel draped around his thin shoulders, he made courteous conversation about

the weather. These two comments I could count on. After each treatment he'd stop by my desk and, thrusting two crumpled dollars at me, explain, "I can't let my bill get too high, so I'll just pay for this visit now." He always gave me a guilty feeling about the thirty-five dollars he owed; I was almost ashamed to accept his two-dollar appeasement.

One morning I answered the bell to find an unexpected and very pale Mr. Chairvoix in the waiting room. "I wonder if I could see the doctor?" he asked. "I know I didn't make an appointment, but if you could work me in any time this afternoon, I'll wait." He trembled a little as he lost himself in a hard leather chair and settled down to wait.

Mr. Chairvoix was the first patient the doctor treated that afternoon. For fifteen minutes I washed rubber tubes and brought heavier ones while the doctor skillfully inched the rigid oesophagus open. A very weak, but very relieved Mr. Chairvoix walked by my desk, handed me two dollars and whispered, "I'm sorry, I must've thrown you all off schedule today. You see, it's not that I mind dying, but it's so hard not to be able to eat or drink during this hot weather."

## *Lesson In Philosophy*

The ethics of the proletariat  
Have no being in the mind  
Of the plutocracy,  
Who harbor no illusions  
Of middle-class morality.

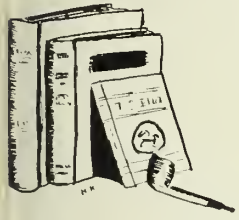
The reservations of the aristocracy  
On the other hand do not exist  
For the hoi polloi,  
Who regard society's conventions  
As being quite unnecessary.

Isn't this the queerest of  
All possible worlds?

—GRAEME FRASER.



## Book Reviews



*The Pleasure Is Mine*, by Bettilu Porterfield, 1940.

Miss Bettilu Porterfield has been a rather legendary character these four years at Duke. Most undergraduates know her only as the editor of the ARCHIVE, an eccentric, literary person caricatured in the last issue as an angel with a cigarette in her hand. Should they by chance fall upon her recently published volume of poetry, *The Pleasure Is Mine*, and thumb through its verses, that picture might come back to mind. For his poetry, to those who know her in no other way, seems truly the work of an angel . . . an earthly angel, one who has been playing hookey for a good long while, an angel of our own times, flippant, wisecracking, defiant . . . a shell of materialism for a soul that is sincere, sentimental, sympathetic, confused, and young. Miss Porterfield's poetry, taken all in all, comes as near as anything ever has to being the expression of what our generation is supposed to be.

Is her poetry good? Who would dare to say? A man who is supposed to know thought enough of it to have it printed, and we read it through without topping. Who can do more?

This we can do. We can recommend it as thoughtful reading to all young people. For like all young people, Bettilu has often turned to rhymes of love, and it behooves any young man to know what the modern young girl's thoughts on love are, or at least what she thinks they are. And it behooves any modern girl to see those thoughts expressed so that she may decide if those are her thoughts and if those should be her thoughts. But more than that, it is good for us to see what can be done by one of our own kind . . . to see what thoughts others have that we may have ourselves . . . thoughts that we may not be able to express so well or be willing to express so boldly . . . cold, hard thoughts for the less worldly, and beautiful, sensitive thoughts for the too worldly. When Bettilu talks about "having another beer" or the "Way of Life," or how a girl must marry for money, some of us may not call that poetry; but it is important to know that some think it at least modern. It is important, too, to know that the same person can write "A British Mother's Prayer on Christmas Eve," "For John," and the Bill M. memorials. For these poems belie the spirit of the others, and belie the affected tone of the volume

expressed in "Ballad of Indifference" (O world, no matter what your hue . . . I really do not give a damn). The real spirit of the collection and of the authoress is expressed in the poems "Disillusioned" and "Reserve" . . . that reserve she affects "lest you should know I love beautiful things." The little four line rhymes are amusing bits of fancy, Dorothy Parkerish sort of things so appealing to the feminine minds. But the real poetry comes with more lofty, more poetic subjects. If we were to say what we think is really good, we would rest with Miss Porterfield's "Psalm of Eve" and "Esthetics." As for the rest, they are good in their various ways. Taken one by one, each should have an appeal for someone. Taken all in all, they are worth while, not only for themselves but for the study they afford of modern college youth . . . a study in ourselves, an expression, unwittingly, of what we are and of what other generations think we are.

—CHARLES SANBORN.

(EDITOR'S NOTE: This is not a paid advertisement. Anticipating cries of nepotism, the reviewer farmed out the review to Mr. Sanborn who is known to her only through this remark, and the remark is, of course, only hearsay, "Charley Sanborn has the smallest waist for a boy I've ever seen." After reading the review, the editor feels that she and Mr. Sanborn, waist or no waist, are kindred souls (anyone who likes my book is a kindred soul) and so hopes to have met the reviewer and read his much-publicized "Diary" by the time this issue has gone to press.)

*Europe in the Spring*, by Clare Boothe. New York: Alfred A. Knopf, 1940.

As Miss Boothe so ably tells her readers in the introduction to *Europe in the Spring* that she is an ordinary woman, with ordinary sense, plus a great deal of curiosity, and that one must not consider her a "historian nor a philosopher, nor an economist, nor a political columnist, nor even a professional journalist—just a scribbler of plays who happened to be in Europe all

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books ✧ prints ✧ etchings

In the Lobby of the Washington Duke

spring," one must read this book with all these factors in mind. It was written in six weeks and it contains no bibliographies, no footnotes; the author has never written a book before; the author is a woman, and therefore one could say the book is biased in many ways, although this viewpoint is not warranted. She has had no background for the discussion of political views, and she most probably wanted a "best seller," but as she is married to the editor of *Life* magazine, and had a successful Broadway play just this season, she probably does not care about the monetary returns. I believe her sincerity when she says "But when I returned to America and saw my country again and heard it . . . I said: it is later than you think. . . . I must tell you, badly and hastily, with unedited thought, in tumbled, unbalanced prose . . . making shallow or unfair judgments as I write, sometimes correcting them a paragraph on, still, I must tell you. Because if one phrase, one thought, one little incident, one question raised or answered can make you think even a little more clearly or a little more anxiously about America, then this queer book will be beyond literary criticism and censure. It will have served its only purpose."

I disagree with Miss Boothe in one respect—this book is not a failure as far as literary worth is concerned. Believing implicitly in the story she had to tell, she writes it with a directness, a clearness, a simplicity, and even with a tinge of beauty. She makes Europe, and some Europeans, alive, warm, gracious and friendly, and other Europeans stupid, cold, dull and deadly. She does this by clear word pictures of short sentences. In a word, the book is pithy.

In New York, on February 10, Clare Boothe made a decision—she decided to go to Europe to see what the war was about, for herself. For months she had heard her friends argue about the war, but they never had arrived at a conclusion, at least not in her opinion. So on February 24 she sailed for Naples. On board the ship was a group of oil men, and the editor of *Vogue*—an interesting combination which made for interesting thoughts. The *Vogue* editor said we should fight "to make the world safe for Schiaparelli," while the oil men said "isolation is the unwelcome compliment America pays the British navy." Clare Boothe said, "we fought the last war—to make the world safe for democracy."

On March 1 they arrived at Gibraltar and then sped up to Rome. There Miss Boothe was entertained by Rome's "café society" and after a certain dinner, while

Edda Ciano gambled, she and the Count had a long chat—concerning the theater and nothing else. So disgusted by the apparent casualness of the people "who knew" and the leanness of news, she took the train for Paris, and the Ritz. She expected to see a country hurriedly preparing for war, but on March 1 she saw nothing on the surface that would indicate anything but peace. The morale was high and the slogan was "Il faut en finir." The people treated their soldiers as civilians in uniforms and said the Maginot would save them from everything. Paris was truly Paris in the spring—"Fortified by many a false but logical deduction of ultimate victory, France, in the springtime, marked time, and talked and talked and talked." And they talked about politics, not war.

The Frenchmen said words to this effect—"Nuts to America, but God bless Franklin D. Roosevelt." From his splendid, heartrending speeches, and from their adoration (from peasant to president) of Ambassador Bullitt who was "like this" with Mr. Roosevelt, our president was profoundly revered by Frenchmen. Miss Boothe uses "was" because by July their opinion had undergone a strange reversal. In fact, their entire way of life, and their unholy admiration for the Maginot, all had been shot to pieces by that time.

On April 25, Miss Boothe flew to London. The entire attitude there could be explained by "looking at the sandbags which had long since lost their pristine plumpness. Most of them sagged limply, many had begun to split their seams and trickle their anaemic contents into the streets. Some of these bags were even pleasantly sprouting green things." England also wore a smug, complacent look.

Miss Boothe was entertained by nobility, talked to generals, and spent most of her time gleaning thoughts from chambermaids, taxicab drivers, and from some of the thousands of refugees that poured into the docks and stations. The same feeling was prevalent everywhere—that England would "muddle" through, and





that England has always lost every campaign except the last campaign. So what was there to worry about? Even while they expressed this optimistic, blind view they also muttered "If this war spreads, the two yellow races, Japan and America, will be fighting each other." Even the London *Times* called it "America's deliberate myopia." Mr. Kennedy alone seemed to realize the imminence of the danger, and for expressing this sentiment he was socially ostracized and had figuratively cut his own political throat.

Exasperated by the lethargy of the British, Miss Boothe flew to Belgium on May 9. On May 10 the newspapers were blazoned across with "L'Allemand Revient." The blitzkrieg was on. She stayed for a few days and saw the three hundred Belgium planes fight the hordes of German ones. Finally, Mr. Cudahay, the United States ambassador to Belgium, arranged a ride for her, with a Mrs. Gibson, to Paris. They left in a crowded car at dawn and as Mrs. Gibson drove like an inspired taxi driver they reached Paris the next day in spite of troop movements of soldiers who did not sing, and refugees who blocked the roads for miles.

The beautiful May weather made Paris look the same, but deep inside she knew she was at war. On May 16 a proclamation put Paris in "La zone des armées." From all sides poured refugees—they all but swamped the city. Ambassador Bullitt was still trying to keep the morale of the French officials up, and was still giving dinner parties. Then began Hitler's march. Then began the bungling by the French and British army officials. It all ended with the occupation of France, and the French hating the British as they had never done before. The British, gallant as always, merely blamed the French officials for treason and still felt kindly towards the main of French people.

Miss Boothe, feeling it a painful thing to be an American in France or England, flew to Lisbon to await the arrival of the Clipper. It came in bringing Noel Coward and Madeleine Carroll as passengers from the States. As small-pox was in epidemic proportions at Lisbon they remained indoors and discussed the burning issues—America's and Europe's viewpoints.

Miss Boothe arrived safely at North Beach, and after two weeks in America she found out that nearly all the things that people felt and many of the things which happened in Europe just before and after the war are happening here today. Faced with a crisis the Allies also wasted precious hours quarreling about "what democracy really is."

The book closes with these warnings:

*We are not ready yet, but we are going to be in spite of every difficulty which besets a democracy trying to prepare for war in time of peace. . . . Let us say we are ready by 1942. Let us even admit that by that time we have the mightiest military machine on earth, adequate to meet the physical forces of the whole world (which will then be aligned against us), a machine impregnable in our continental domain, and run and assembled, if one can imagine such a thing, democratically under our present economic system. In short, we are ready. . . .*

*Shall we wait for Hitler to attack us? How long shall we wait? One year? Two? Three? Four? Five? Ten? Twenty years? How long will the farm group, the factory group, the business people, and the taxpayers feel about staying armed to the teeth? How long can a democracy remain an armed camp without going totalitarian, or without breeding Communism on the home front?*

*Shall we try to do business with Hitler while we are waiting for him to attack? Shall we say that our policy is going to be Armed Appeasement? If it looks as though we could do business with him, if he swears he has no more territorial demands on the world, that the Monroe Doctrine is the thing he believes in most, next to Mein Kampf, shall we believe him? Shall we begin to demobilize? How soon? How fast? How much?*

*Perhaps you think that if we are really armed and stay armed and "ready for all eventualities" in either ocean, time will play on our side, and pestilence, famine, and revolution in Europe will bring Hitler to his knees. The Balkans will come aflame, Stalin and Hitler will "finish each other off." That is of course what the Allies were hoping. But supposing it does happen, how will it help us? Do we prefer pestilence, famine, revolution, a Europe aflame for years, to the peace of Hitler? Is this your cheerful thought for the future? . . .*

*Is it possible that what we need now is not a program for a party, not a plan for national defense, but a redefining of a Way of Life for Christian and Democratic people? . . .*

*The best defense against a powerful and positive dynamic ideology is neither verbal attack nor criticism, which are useful, but to set up an equally powerful and dynamic ideology against it.*

*If "poor Germany" with eight million unemployed, ringed around with a wall of steel, could physically*

*conquer half of Europe and rot the other half with her pagan, immoral, revolutionary ideas, what would we not do with our greater brains and greater initiative and all the raw materials and the greatest productive plants in the world out of which, as you have already announced, we are determined to create the greatest army on earth? . . .*

*But I think if we no longer believe what we believed then (during American Revolution) and we are no longer willing to fight for it, it is very likely that our "Christian Democracy" is at last finished.*

*These are the good old days now.*

—NORMA MORAY.

## THE POET OF THE MONTH

*The Poet of the Month*, a series of monthly poetry pamphlets, is an application of the book-of-the-month-club principle to poetry. The plan calls for a \$4 annual subscription, for which the member will receive each month a 32-page pamphlet of poems, the work of a single poet. These pamphlets will not follow strictly in the policies of *New Directions* . . . that is, they will not be "advance guard" works only. An experimental poet will be chosen occasionally, but for the most part the poetry published will be that of writers who have arrived at a definite style and method.

The plan was conceived with students in mind and it is hoped that the pamphlets of each year, taken together, will give a representative, well-rounded survey of contemporary poetic activity. It is planned to offer one verse play each year, and occasional long poems or sections of narrative poems. There will be one English poet each year and also translations of a foreign poet, or from the classics. Finally, as a sort of yardstick, the series will celebrate each year the anniversary of some great poet of the past with a selection from his works.

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Especial emphasis is being laid upon the printing of these pamphlets. They will be uniform in size, to facilitate binding by the year, but in typography and design there will be great diversity. Each number will be done at a different press, the work of a master printer.

The annual subscription will be \$4.00 with special rates for club and class groups. Single copies may be ordered at 35c. The series will begin in January, 1941 and the tentative schedule for the first year is as follows:  
**WILLIAM CARLOS WILLIAMS:** *The Broken Span*. A group of new poems. (The Norman Press, Chicago; Norman W. Forgue, designer.)

**HARRY BROWN:** *The End of a Decade*. First publication of a brilliant young poet who has won many prizes and published widely in the best magazines. (The Harbor Press, New York; Michael Stevens.)  
**DUDLEY FITTS:** *More Poems from the Palatine Anthology*. Another group of Greek epigrams and epitaphs in translation. (The Walpole Printing Office; Peter Beilenson.)

**JOSEPHINE MILES:** A new group of poems by the author of *Lines at Intersection*, noted for her wit, originality and form. (The Press of Ward Ritchie, California.)

**HOWARD BAKER:** *A Letter from the Country and Other Poems*. The work of Howard Baker has won high praise from the best critics. (Hawthorn House; Edmund Thompson.)

**GEORGE BARKER:** Barker is one of the best known of the younger English poets. This will be a selection of his best work. (The Bradford Press, Portland, Maine; Joseph Bradford.)

**THEODORE SPENCER:** *The Paradox in the Circle*. Dr. Spencer's poems are musical and metaphysical. An album of recordings is to be issued in conjunction with this pamphlet. (The Prairie Press, Muscatine, Iowa; Carroll D. Coleman.)

**DELMORE SCHWARTZ:** *Shenandoah*. A new verse play by the author of *Dr. Bergen's Belief* and *Coriolanus and His Mother*. With a drawing by Frederico Castellon. (The Domesday Press, Meriden, Conn.; George Hornby.)

**ROBERT HERRICK:** An anniversary selection. (The Merrymount Press; D. B. Updike.)

**JOHN WHEELWRIGHT:** *Selected Poems*. The highly original work of Wheelwright has never received the recognition it deserves. (The Golden Eagle Press; S. A. Jacobs.)

**MALCOLM COWLEY:** A new group of poems, on contemporary themes, by the well-known poet and



editor. (The Spiral Press, New York; Joseph Blumenthal.)

RAINER MARIA RILKE: The December selection will be translations from the work of Rilke. (The Catamount Press, Bennington, Vermont; William R. Scott.)

Although the first pamphlet of this series arrived at the ARCHIVE desk too late to be reviewed in this issue, the editor of this magazine will be glad to give any further information on this group of publications . . . group which we feel is of first importance.



## *Night Before Day*

was two hours before the dawn.  
 The low-hanging mist seemed to twist itself about the bleak village like a loosely tied knot.  
 Patches of flaky white snow were partly visible along the winding lanes of the town.  
 The very light quilt had fallen,  
 Fifteen minutes before the hour.  
 Thin, newly born icicles dangled from a few twisted branches, once fully clothed in green.  
 The almost invisible harbor lights blinked lazily across the still, empty river  
 Like the eyes of an old owl.  
 A few fat cakes of ice rocked gently up and down the slow tide.  
 The tranquil cottages of the community,

Along the banks of the river,  
 Were huddled together like sleepy sheep.  
 All was serene, placid, and death-like.  
 Here was peace and solace for everyone.  
 Slowly, then more quickly  
 A shaft of light stole across the horizon.  
 ———A bird sang.  
 ———A dog barked.  
 ———A window opened.  
 ———A baby cried.

It was dawn.

—LUEN KARL SEMAN.

## *In No Praise of the Uplifted*

The good and righteous make me squirm,  
 Their paths I'll never take;  
 The early bird may have his worm,  
 I'd rather have a steak.

—KIT.

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# Music in the Air

Popular classics seem to offer the most enjoyment for the greatest number of listeners the world over. Unsurpassed in this field are the *Peer Gynt Suites* by Grieg. *Peer Gynt* was not an invention of the great Scandinavian dramatist, Henrik Ibsen—as is usually believed—but was part of an old legend which Ibsen wove into a story of classical importance. For this work he asked Grieg to write some incidental music from which grew the two orchestra suites which are so popular today. Columbia obtained Sir Thomas Beecham and the London Philharmonic to perform the *First Suite* which is comprised of four selections: *Morning*, *The Death of Ase*, *Anitra's Dance*, and *In the Hall of the Mountain King*. Here is music that needs no introduction, superbly played, masterfully conducted, delightful to listen to—a truly great work.

Closely related is the work of Humperdinck, whose *Hansel and Gretel Suite* has been the delight of both young and old for many years. The tunes are not of folk dance origin, but original melodies presented in what we might call the folk manner—the result: music of great simplicity and charm most ably presented by Howard Barlow and the C. B. Symphony.

No symphonic program is really complete without a

classic in the field of overtures. Many have been written, but few obtain the plaudits of the audience as do those of Rossini's *Barber of Seville* and Smetana's *The Bartered Bride*. Rossini's opera is a constant favorite everywhere, while the latter, though less well known, is one of the most interesting comic opera ever written. Such selections as played by orchestra under the direction of Howard Barlow and John Barbirolli will remain in popular favor for years to come.

And now what could be more refreshing than a brilliant close with Andre Kostelanetz and his orchestra presenting eight popular classics from a decade of famous Broadway musicals? Music by Cole Porter, Jerome Kern, Rodgers and Hart, Vincent Youmans, Irving Berlin, Arthur Schwartz, and George Gershwin as only Kostelanetz can play them—full strings, brilliant orchestration, with just the right touch of the thing called “jive.” Here is real enjoyment personified and all yours for the asking. Try them all at any of the local music stores; borrow them from Quadrangle Pictures; listen to them in the East Campus music room; purchase them for yourself as the prices are now reasonable, but most of all enjoy them at their best.

—TURKO.



## Sad but True

People who believe in the monastic life  
Seldom become a good husband or wife.

—KIT.



# *They Shall Be Comforted*

*by Bill Thomas*

MISS BESSIE CARSTAIRS opened the front door of her small house that Friday morning and picked up the newspaper and the bottle of milk that was awaiting her. It is no falsification of facts to say that the paper and the milk were waiting for her, because it was seven o'clock in the morning, and every seven o'clock in the morning Miss Bessie went through the same procedure.

She looked at the sky interestedly and then turned back into the house, remarking to herself, "It's going to be fair. That means that I'll have to double up on my work today. Mrs. Martin will be here at eleven. She's always prompt."

Breakfast was ready at seven-thirty, and Miss Bessie sat down for her biggest meal of the day. She drank her fruit juice slowly (she said it made her feel ill if she "golopped" her food early in the morning), and then doubled up on her speed in eating the rest of the meal. She always had a lot to do around the house and in the room off the front parlor, which she had turned into a dress shop, before she could welcome her first customer. This morning she had more work to do than usual, having entertained the "girls" in her Sunday school class the night before. Mrs. Martin's fitting was at eleven, and the work had to be done.

Nevertheless, no matter how much work had to be done, Miss Bessie demanded the right to read the morning paper carefully. She always opened it after she had poured the cream over her cereal, and this morning was no different than from usual. She quickly paged over the first few pages of the paper and turned directly to the social page. It was right that she should know what went on in city society, she insisted. After all, in her business, she had to have something besides the weather to talk about. She read everything carefully and was about to give up her perusal of "Society in the City and Vicinity by Peek A. Boo," when her eyes fell upon a little item in the left-hand corner of the page:

"Mary Forbes has filed a suit for divorce from her husband, Ogden Forbes, on the grounds of mental cruelty."

Miss Bessie gasped and then read the item again. From that point on, her daily schedule was ruined. She usually washed the dishes immediately after finishing breakfast, but this news was much too important to wait. She had to make sure that all of her friends knew her spicy bit of information before she could do

another thing. With a slight smile, she hurried to the telephone and dialed a number.

"Hello Bertha. Did you see the morning paper? Why I was never so surprised in my life. Well, I wasn't exactly surprised. She hasn't seemed very happy in a long time. What? Why, yes. And I was sure something was wrong when she was here last night at the meeting of the Sunday school class. She did? Well, let me tell you. I knew that something was wrong with her, but I was afraid to say anything. I thought she might be angry. All right, I'll see you tonight at Bible class meeting. Get there early, I want to talk to you about something I heard. Oh, it can wait. . . . No, I'll tell you tonight."

She hung up the telephone and laughed lightly.

"I just have to get to work on that gown for Mrs. Martin," she thought, "but it won't hurt to call and see if Martha has heard."

Calling Martha led to calling a few more of the women in her Sunday school class, and when eleven o'clock struck and Mrs. Martin appeared, eager for a fitting, Miss Bessie was still struggling with the hems, trying to get them even.

Mrs. Martin opened the front door and stuck her head in, calling sweetly, "Can an old misshapen woman get fitted here?"

"Come in, dear," Miss Bessie called from the dress shop. "I'm just working on the gown now." Mrs. Martin appeared in the doorway, and Miss Bessie smiled up at her.

"I've had the most upsetting morning. Nothing has gone right. If you'll look out in the kitchen, you'll see that I still have the breakfast dishes to do."

"I hope you haven't been kept away from your food in an attempt to get the dress ready for me, Miss Bessie?"

"Oh no, nothing like that, I've just been so upset since I read the paper this morning. You've probably heard about Mary Forbes, and she's one of my dearest friends too."

Mrs. Martin was not one of the people who read the society column intelligently and therefore knew none of the details. Miss Bessie, however, soon told her everything that could be told.

"Well, I've known for a long time that she wasn't happy. You know, I *am* one of her dearest friends. Well, last night I was sure that something wasn't going just right. She seemed nervous and unstrung. And

I wouldn't swear this to be true, but I thought I saw black and blue marks on her arm."

By this time, Miss Bessie had succeeded in finishing the dress, and Mrs. Martin tried it on. Miss Bessie put in a few pins here and there where the dress had to be taken in and continued talking.

"It's not as if she hasn't been a devoted wife. Heaven knows, she's always taken his problems and helped him work them out. He used to come home from work at night and just make her miserable. Well, I guess it's none of my business. I should worry about it. I'm glad I'm single."

When Mrs. Martin left, Miss Bessie was still talking about her devotion to "dear" Mary and almost forgot to bid her customer a goodbye and promise her that the dress would be ready for her the next day.

It was only sheer luck that Amanda Collins dropped in about twelve-thirty to see if Miss Bessie had anything on the shelves that she could sell her for a party that she was going to attend that night. She told Miss Bessie what it was for, something about her daughter's engagement being announced and they hadn't planned on it so soon. Bobby, that was her daughter's fiancé, had to leave town the next day, and they decided they would have the party before he left, since it was so indefinite when he would return.

Miss Bessie listened impatiently through Amanda's long story of how sorry she was going to be to lose her daughter, even though she wouldn't be going for a year, and the first chance she got, she interrupted the sorrowful Mrs. Collins and said:

"Did you see the paper this morning? I mean the part about Mary Forbes. She is my *very* dearest friend, and it hurts me so to see her unhappy. Of course, everyone knows that Ogden isn't worth a thing. She walks around bruised all the time from the beatings that he gives her. Just last night she came here to the house. I entertained the Sunday school class. You should have seen her. She had black and blue marks on her arm and a bandage on one side of her face. She just looked horrible. She was upstairs once when I happened to walk into the room and quickly grabbed for her handkerchief. I knew she'd been crying."

But Amanda Collins seemed uninterested in Miss Bessie's story, and when she left Miss Bessie was not sorry. Only two people had shown up by three o'clock, and Miss Bessie was dejected. She had fixed

herself a light lunch since they would surely have something to eat at the Bible class meeting, and had retired to her shop after washing the dishes. The door bell rang and when Miss Bessie answered, Marion Forbes entered. Miss Bessie couldn't believe her eyes. There was the daughter of her dearest friend standing there, smiling at her. Miss Bessie told herself that Marion was a brave girl.

"Mother said she left her purse here last night," Miss Bessie heard her saying. "She said it was on the table."

Miss Bessie looked at the girl closely. Yes, she looked as if she might have been crying. Was there a bruise on her forehead?

Marion smiled feebly at the older woman and crossed to the table.

"Here it is," she said, picking the purse up and coming back to the door. "I'm glad she didn't lose it. Thank you very much." She looked at Miss Bessie again, smiled, and was gone.

The dressmaker stood transfixed for a moment and then hurried to the telephone and dialed a number.

"Hello Bertha? Listen, Mary Forbes' daughter was just here and got her mother's purse. She left it here last night. Poor dear, she was probably so upset, she didn't know what she was doing. I admire her for even coming to the class meeting. What? Well, I'll tell you. I could tell very well that she had been crying, but she's such a brave child. She always has been even when she was a little girl and fell out of that tree. Remember? Well, she doesn't want to show how she feels, but I can tell. How? I told you she was crying. And what's more, she had a bruise on her arm and a bruise on her forehead. I told you Mary had a cut on the left side of her face last night, didn't I? Yes. . . . And when I walked into the bedroom and saw her crying, she came up and threw her arms around me and said, 'Oh, Miss Bessie, he's so cruel to me.' Oh, I know that. Well, I'll see you tonight and tell you all about it. What??? You're not coming to Bible class meeting. Why? Bertha Maynard, you know very well that I never go to the movies on Friday night. I wouldn't think of it. You go ahead if you want. I'm going to church."

She snapped the receiver down and walked briskly into the kitchen, saying half to herself, "Some people may be able to get along without religion, but not me. I don't see how they ever expect to face God."



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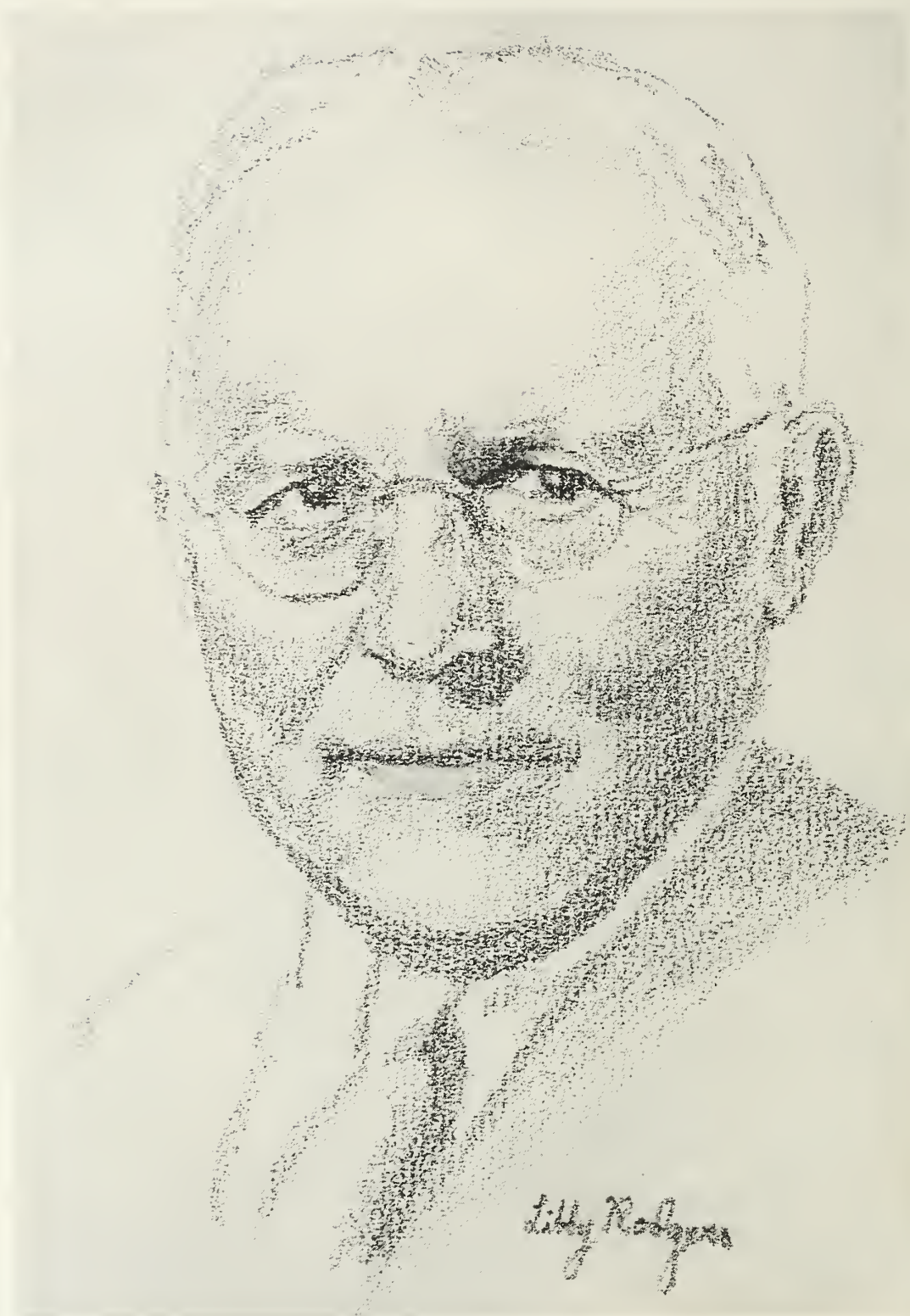
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## COULD YOU USE ONE HUNDRED DOLLARS?

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CONGRATULATIONS, DR. R. L. FLOWERS!



# The Archive

Volume LIV

February, 1941

Number Five

## A Tribute

No OTHER official action of the Board of Trustees of Duke University in the hundred years of its history has given more genuine pleasure to the host of Alumni, Alumnae, and friends throughout the whole country than its election of Dr. R. L. Flowers to the presidency of the University. Dr. Flowers has been vitally connected with the institution for fifty years. He came to Trinity College in 1891 as a professor of mathematics while the College was in Randolph County. One year later when the College was moved to Durham he came with it and has remained with it all of these years and has not only seen the institution grow from a one-building school to the great Duke University, but has also done as much as any other man in this marvelous development.

Since the establishment of the University in 1924 Dr. Flowers has been first Vice-President and Secretary-Treasurer.

Dr. Flowers is perhaps the first man ever elected to the presidency of a large university in this country who knew personally every one of the thousands of its living alumni and alumnae scattered throughout the world.

Before the establishment of the University Dr. Flowers was for many years the head of the Department of Mathematics, and was a regular teacher of marked ability and success. Immediately on assuming the office of Secretary-Treasurer his duties became such that he was compelled to retire from teaching and to devote all of the time to the business of his office.

This was unfortunate both for Dr. Flowers and also for the students. He has not been so intimately associated with the students and they have not been able to know him in that friendly relation of the classroom. Both have lost much.

For several years before Dr. Flowers was married, he lived in the old Duke dormitory where most of the students lived. His room was always a welcome place

for timid freshmen and others who needed friendly council and encouragement. Many of his old students still remember the sacred communion in that room. Many who went there were discouraged and were ready to give up, but something happened in that room that sent them out with a new determination to fight it to the finish.

After Dr. Flowers moved out of the dormitory to his home on the campus, he was never too busy or tired to give that same welcome in his home.

Dr. Flowers was interested in all of the students of the College, and he never refused a request from the students in their activities. He was always interested in athletics, and has been, along with others, a great factor in the development of the

great athletic program of the University. He was frequently called upon to speak before different groups of student activities. He never refused. He was naturally timid, and shrank from appearing in public but he forced himself to do the service because he did not know how to fail to do any service he could for the boys.

There have been four presidents of Trinity College and Duke University preceding Dr. Flowers. Dr. Flowers has served with all of them during their entire terms except that of the first one, Dr. Braxton Craven. Yet he came into the College so soon after the retirement of Dr. Craven he surely was influenced by the soul and spirit of that great man. So we can say that Dr. Flowers was a contemporary of all of the great men in office of president who preceded him.

In the person of our new president, Dr. R. L. Flowers, the dynamic power and spirit of Craven, Crowell, Kilgo, and Few will continue to lead Duke University.

It is the sincere wish of the writer and the hosts of friends of Dr. Flowers that he will be spared many more years to direct the destiny of the institution into which he has already given much of his life.

*By Dr. F. S. Aldridge*

*Chaplain of the Duke Hospital, Professor of Mathematics, and Former Headmaster of Trinity Park School.*

# *It Remained Unsaid*

*By Betty Bishop*

EVERYONE was reasonably sure that Mrs. Jennings had died of natural causes, but the investigation was routine, we were told. There was some law regarding sudden deaths when a doctor hasn't been in attendance. Investigations like this one seemed to me a little farfetched; after all, no one knew very much about the situation, but from the circumstances it didn't seem particularly mysterious.

Mr. Marne, the coroner, questioned the doctor and the local preacher first, but they knew very little. No, Dr. Peters could find no indications of violence; death was apparently caused by severe shock and old age. The Reverend Mr. Bixby admitted knowing even less, so whatever evidence there might be was apparently destined to come either from Ella or from me.

Ella probably knew the old lady better. She had been her housekeeper and only companion for a number of years.

"How long had you been with Mrs. Jennings," asked Marne.

"Twelve years. Ever since her husband died."

This was the first time I had heard Ella speak that day. The morning before, she had discovered her mistress dead in bed, and ever since then she had been stonily silent. If she was capable of any feelings, she had felt a gratefulness that nothing had been expected of her until now.

"Can you think of any reason why Mrs. Jennings should have been especially excited or upset?"

"Her son left again. He hadn't been home more than a week, and she wasn't herself the whole time." That was all she said; all she would say. After that she withdrew into her sullenness and wouldn't say more than a reluctant "yes" or "no."

So it was my turn to speak.

"Do you know where Mr. Jennings went when he left here?" I was asked.

"He didn't say; just disappeared."

"And no one thought that it was strange? You didn't think of trying to trace him?"

"No. He was just here for his vacation. We didn't expect that—."

Marne stopped me here, and asked me to begin at the very beginning; tell everything that had happened

in the year that I had lived there that I thought might have some bearing on the case.

So I told what Mrs. Jennings had been like when I had first known her; how her son had come home and had left again suddenly, and how his mother had changed. All facts; just the facts I thought they would expect. But I didn't tell everything; they didn't have time to listen, and it wouldn't have seemed very important to them, perhaps.

But this is what I might have told them:

\* \* \*

I took a room in this house when I came here to work last year. I was the first and only roomer. I don't think Mrs. Jennings liked the idea. She avoided me as much as she could. I remember that first week I got to the house late one night. I could see her standing with Ella by a window in this room, waiting for me, I thought. But when they heard me Ella pulled the shade. Mrs. Jennings wasn't there when I went in just Ella. She took me upstairs, then she left, too. I wasn't a very friendly welcome, I can tell you, but it suited me, because I'm not naturally the sociable type.

Next morning I met her;—a fussy old woman with a jerky voice that cracked when she got excited. She hated the idea of sharing her home with a stranger but if it had to be, I was to obey certain rules: no smoking in the house; no unnecessary noise. I was made to understand that visitors would be most unwelcome. All this time Ella hovered about just behind her, and every now and then Mrs. Jennings would falter for an instant, and she would look up at the servant, as if to be reassured.

As a matter of fact, I don't think I ever saw those two separated for long. Mrs. Jennings was the spokesman for the two, of course, she being the employer but I don't know what she would have done without Ella. She never could have gotten along alone in that big house; I doubt if she had ever even had to make decisions for herself, much less manage a household.

Every morning before I left to go to the laboratory I used to see her through the open library door. Sometimes she would be nervously shuffling the papers and books that cluttered the desk, and sometimes she would just be sitting there staring into space, day



dreaming. On the first of every month I was permitted to pass through that door and see at first hand the room where the whimsical little old lady played at being a "woman of affairs." The furniture was a hodge-podge of various centuries, from early English to that ugly period of a few years ago, "African renaissance," I think it is called. Mrs. Jennings would perch behind her big knee-hole desk and peer at me around a huge bouquet of paper roses. She would try to look authoritative and businesslike, but she would fall a little short with a weak "Good morning," as if she had suddenly realized that this was not still her dream-world, but reality; and she couldn't be what she wanted to be in a real world.

I discovered later that it was really Ella who did all the planning for the household. I happened to come downstairs one night after the old lady had gone to bed, and Ella was sitting over there at that desk, figuring. Mrs. Jennings' personal account book was open in front of her, and two insurance policies were lying on top of the desk. I couldn't help seeing them. I had to pass right behind her to get into the room. I sat down and started to pick up the newspaper, when she looked up, and I knew I hated her. See how small and piercing those eyes are; how they stare from that flat, white face! They were like that then; they're always like that; perfectly expressionless. Inhuman! I tried to discover what she meant by that look; how she felt about my having seen her "prying," but there was nothing there; no message, just a flat, white face and those light blue eyes. I watched her for a while after she had turned back to her work, and when I passed behind her to leave, I noticed that it was she who was keeping Mrs. Jennings' "personal" accounts. That was perfectly logical, wasn't it? After all, Mrs. Jennings didn't have a head for that sort of thing, and Ella did. That was just another one of Ella's duties.

But I knew that there was something wrong. I watched them together after that. Sometimes when I came home from working at the lab I would stay here for a while, instead of going directly upstairs. Always Mrs. Jennings was the lady; Ella, the servant. But always Ella was the power, the will; her mistress was the follower. Neither of them ever appeared to notice me. Mrs. Jennings would be sitting quietly with some romantic novel or her tatting in her hands. Ella would be writing at the desk, or serving, or perhaps she would be in the kitchen, preparing tea for them. Sometimes Mrs. Jennings would get up to choose another book from the case, or stand by the window and

look out. Then Ella would look at her just the way she looked at me, and the old lady would seem confused and quiet, and sometimes appear to forget why she had moved at all. I couldn't help feeling sorry for her, alone all the time with someone like that.

Then one afternoon (it was about five o'clock, I remember) a letter came for Mrs. Jennings. As far as I know, it was the first personal letter that she had gotten since I had arrived. Her eyes were big and child-like when Ella gave it to her. Her hand trembled as she read the return address on the back.

"Here—you—I, I can't—." She gave it back to Ella, who opened it calmly.

I knew I shouldn't have been there, but I couldn't go. It was the first bit of life I had ever seen in this house. My curiosity was too great. I sat there, my book still in my hand.

Ella read in a monotone. It was evidently from Mrs. Jennings' son. (I hadn't known that she had any children.) He was coming home, coming here, the next Tuesday. (It was Friday, then, I think.) I can't describe the expression on Mrs. Jennings' face, the change that came over her; she responded the way any mother would, I imagine.

I went upstairs then.

He was here when I came back from the lab. that Tuesday. I saw the car in the drive, and thought I would go upstairs quickly, without letting myself be seen. A roomer might be a source of embarrassment if she hadn't told him about me yet.

But when I opened the door she called to me from in here; wanted me to come in and meet him, so I did. She was different, lovely; not the confused, pale child she had been a few days before. Her face was flushed, but her voice was steady as she introduced us. Ella was not there then. She came in later with tea, but she left again.

We talked for a while—I don't remember what about; all I can remember is the change in her. She had become a charming lady of about sixty-five, who was doing her best to make her son glad that he had come home.

That night I came down again, and after Mrs. Jennings had retired I talked for a while with her son. I had thought I might try to find out something more about Ella. Perhaps I could get it across to him just how things really were. But I couldn't do it. There are some people to whom you can talk about things like that, and some who just wouldn't understand. He was one of the latter.

He had worked in a department store for the past seven years, I discovered. No, he wasn't the sort of person who would have written home. Too many other things to do. Just gotten the inventory over with. Yes, it was quite a job. He was interested in my work at the laboratory. He had wanted to study chemistry, but he couldn't quite see spending four or five years in college, when he might be "working his way up." Yes, sir, he supposed he was a lot better off than a number of college graduates, right now!

For a week everything was just as it had been the first day. Mrs. Jennings was happier than I had ever seen her. She was really living; she wasn't shut up in her tight little dream-world any longer. There was no one like Ella. There were only her son to be cared for, her "paying guest" to be entertained, and her maid to bring in the tea.

Then he told her about leaving; did it just about the way I thought he would. He was talking about his car—about the "deal" he had made on the trade-in.

"By the way," he had said, "I mustn't forget to have it checked at the garage before I leave Thursday."

"Son, you're not—not going to—." And then she broke.

If the first change that I had seen in her had been quick, this one was even quicker, even more poignant. All the life in her was gone, now. The last spark of it had gone out. All those years she had existed only through her dreams of herself and her hopes for him—and, of course, through the physical attentions of Ella. Everything had become real when he had come home. It was so much better than pretending.

Jennings was still talking, but I couldn't think of anything but her. I kept looking at her, at the way her eyes stared off into space, the way her whole face had lost its expression. I thought of what would happen to that part of her that would have to go on living. Oh, yes, Ella would keep her alive for a long time yet, but she would never let her soul come back to life.

In a little while Mrs. Jennings retired, and I went to my room to read, thinking I would go down again later. Ella usually sat at the desk for a while after her mistress went to bed, and I wanted to talk to Jennings alone. This time I had made up my mind to try to explain the situation to him.

I must have lost track of time. When I finally remembered, it was nearly one. I went downstairs softly, thinking he might still be there, but as I neared the bottom I heard voices coming from in here. The door

was half open, and I could see Ella and him standing over there by the desk. He was speaking.

"You don't mean she's—?"

"Oh, no. It's nothing—mental. It's her nerves. She gets excited over things if I don't take care to keep her very quiet. That is why you should leave right away early in the morning, before she or the roomer are awake. That way all the confusion can be avoided. You will be gone, and that will be all. No begging you to stay. No excitement over seeing you go.

"You know I'm only telling you this, thinking of your mother's welfare. Naturally, you see that it is the only way."

"Of course," he agreed.

I thought about it that night after I had gone back upstairs to bed. The affair was none of my business. I decided. If he wanted to believe her, he might as well. But I hated her more than ever.

Mrs. Jennings knew what had happened before I had come down the next morning. When I saw her first, I knew that I was seeing her just as she would be, perhaps for years yet. She was sitting in that chair by the window, looking out. She had given up. Her mouth was still set with bitterness, but that would soon change to the resigned attitude that already dominated her whole appearance. Ella was sitting at the desk.

All the way to the laboratory that day I told myself that it was not my affair. I should have forgotten the whole thing, but I couldn't. I never can.

\* \* \*

The coroner and the others were getting impatient by the time I had finished my story (although I only told them the facts, you remember, not the whole story as I have just told it.)

The investigation was completed. Mrs. Jennings' death was accounted for in the city records as "resulting from natural causes."

I have often wondered since then if the records would have read the same if I had told all I know about Ella; if I had suggested that they ask her about certain insurance policies and Mrs. Jennings' "personal" account book. But I'm satisfied that I didn't. It wouldn't have been quite fair. Anyway, while I hate her still, she doesn't annoy me anymore, now that I am this far away from her, and so preoccupied with my work. I have been perfecting a new drug—a deadly poison. In fact, I have already proven that a few drops of it cause instant death.



# Strike

*By Beatrice Mellon*

Bo HUNGRILY licked a tarnished soup spoon at an indigestible speed. He finished cleaning the spoon of its hominy and threw it with success into the gray enameled pot on the iron bucket-a-day stove. The stove and its accessories of pipes, coal buckets, poker, and shovel took up all the spare room in the boxlike structure. The stove patiently labored to heat the house without ever achieving reasonable warmth. The early bleak, hesitating sunshine made its debut uncertainly through the window-shade's cracks and lit the dawn-dimmed kitchen. The cold, damp air rushed through the cracks and chilled the room as natural refrigeration.

Maralee, his wife, characteristically disheveled with the wee hours of morning and her body convulsive from the cruel cold drafts, quizzed suspiciously, "Ain't ya goin' t' work?"

Bo took slight interest in his wife's question, shrugged his shoulders, "No!" Then continuing his look of annoyance at her lack of intuition, "We're strikin'." He yawned sleepily.

Husband and wife faced one another without another word. Perhaps after being married over a period of years, their manner of communication was visual rather than audible. The strike referred to was a cotton mill worker's strike against the laying off of so many men displaced by newly installed labor saving devices born of the ever-threatening machine age.

A strike for the right to earn money for the bare necessities of life—they asked for no more and expected less.

The lay-off came as a delayed Christmas present—an afterthought. The businessmen in the town will tell you that workers never spend money on yule-tide luxuries, but the families' very existence depended upon the whims of the employer and those greasy, soiled nine dollars in a manila envelope. Tinsel never decorated a mill worker's home during the Christmas season—oh, occasionally they splurged and spent a dollar on the Christmas dinner and ate real meat. After this, life proceeded normally as ever. All those explanations seemed to pass between husband and wife.

Bo hadn't bothered to change his dirty shirt today as he always did on Friday's "Goin' up town" day. His face still had yesterday's soot and some of today's

caked into his pores. No, he didn't look especially appealing in his jean overalls, but still Maralee had married him for "his looks," and they as everything else became a disillusionment after marriage. A girl got used to the drab, uneventful mill life. She became accustomed to marriage with a silent man who displayed little outward affection, but was always thinking. He was kindly disposed toward their children as if they were pets to soothe his moods of depression. He was pessimistic, and thus a chronic worrier. No sooner had he passed over one threatening disaster than he foresaw another, and so his life continued.

Bo and his confederates weren't the patriotic rational type of citizens who were taken up with this "strikin' business" for the sole benefit of United Workers, but when the yoke of their employer threw some of them out of a livelihood, if you call it a livelihood, they aroused themselves from the slumbering labor conditions and titled the awakening, "Strike."

Bo barred the piercing wind from entering by quickly shutting the back door of the two and a half room company house that had housed two generations before him. Bo, as did his predecessors, paid the same profiteering price for the place to sleep.

Bo followed the path through an annihilated vegetable garden to the dirt road that led to the mill; he was joined by some of his neighbors. They were talking about the event. They knew their rights—that was the gist of the affair. Their usual passive faces were taut with anticipation. As they came to the end of the dirt road, Bo congregated the dispersed groups lingering outside the mill fence. A rally enlightened them on the subject of the rights of workingmen and they started murmuring about the campaign. Their words although not boisterous were conspicuously frosted as their breath turned into water vapor. They formed a double chain about the entrance of the plant. The cold air ruthlessly slapped their faces into the realization of their plight and added gusto to their blood already tingling with excitement. Like mischievous school boys up to something, they hardly could suppress their anxiety.

Somehow they couldn't conceive of their innate rights being refused and somewhere their hardened and weather-conditioned sentimentality revoked the

idea of futility. It was the Christmas season and trees and decorations weren't the only display to be exhibited—or so some deep-rooted idea of sentiment had been perceived.

\* \* \*

The owner of the cotton mill, Mr. Dauters, was busily working an algebraic equation. He was pondering over the mathematical problem while breakfasting in a cozy, steamheated, gaily decorated breakfast nook.

Mr. Dauters was mumbling, "If 'A' equals the number of men working under the old system at a certain expense and 'B' equals the number needed to run the new machines, then 'X' is the amount of money I'll save this year on salaries."

He straightened his ribboned spectacles and called for a third cup of coffee. "My dear, I do believe that we can take a trip to Bermuda this winter." He turned as if just observing his wife's presence.

A shrunken figure covered by layers of an elaborate satin housecoat was preoccupied in the very debatable problem of deciding whether to drink black coffee and thus eat a muffin or splurge and add sugar to the coffee. She lifted her eyes disturbed at her husband's intrusion, but hearing his last words her face turned on a smile.

"Splendid, but I must complete my work at the day nursery at least until after Christmas." She eased her conscience each year by working vigorously until the holidays; then she obliterated her burden and cast it to the wayside until the next winter. "... such conditions, I just can't understand how your workers can neglect their own flesh and blood." She emphasized the sentence with a breach of etiquette as she dropped her spoon into the coffee cup with a splash and tinkling clatter. She recovered from her culinary disaster. She dismissed any mentioning of the circumstances surrounding their trip and expressed no sudden surprise. It was the accepted thing for the mill owner's family to spend the winter sunning on some island or other. The society section was filled with such items.

Pecking his wife on the cheek perfunctorily, Mr. Dauters set out for his office, feeling that he had successfully fulfilled his burden as a husband. He egotistically complimented his business ingenuity.

\* \* \*

When Mr. Dauters arrived at the mill he was mildly surprised by the formation around the mill, but being a family man and a hen-pecked husband the surprise wasn't too great of a shock. The workers bid him the usual good-morning as if nothing out of the ordinary

had occurred—a kind of holiday spirit prevailed. Employer walked into the mill unmolested and accompanied by Bo. Bo and Dauters joined the fussing superintendent in the presumptuous, scarcely used conference room.

Outside, the weather began to favor the workers and the stoic strikers were rolling their own or chewing. The conversation was light, "Ya, seems like a extra Saturday holiday. Don't mind if we take more'n."

Then someone self-pityingly grumbled, "T'ain't right for some of yaw'l to have plenty to celebrate with and others not to."

In a small cotton-workers community there isn't much fear of new forces to take the strikers' positions. Of course, there were a group of laid-off workers, but shucks, they were kinfolk to the strikers. The niggers daren't "show the whites of their eyes" in these parts. The workers always attached the low wage scale blame to the negro unfortunates.

Within a few hours, Mr. Dauters, Bo, and the superintendent reached an agreement favorable to the strikers' demands which, although not much, still scored a moral victory for the Southerners who "aimed to get what was coming to them."

Bo and his friends triumphantly followed the homeward path, but the victory wasn't visible and they didn't think it unusual. This struggle for existence was fought spasmodically between the owners and the workers. Each generation had to do its bit in combating the anschluss with the machine age that was wearing down their persistent spirit.

Bo thought that he had hurdled one obstacle in the path of his economic struggle and automatically he began to worry about the future. His contemplations were momentarily terminated.

Bo met his youngest daughter shivering and carrying a cold Cola bottle in one hand and balancing the new baby between her bony hip and small arm. Bo without much display of affection relieved the child of her burden and asked, "Honey, give your old man a sip?"

Suddenly, he stroked the child's head and comfortably snuggled the baby under his arm and he laughed foolishly at his instinctive caresses.

Bo trudged on home and his eyes glistened as sentiment transformed his former indifference. He met Maralee at the door of the house. He was tenderly carrying the baby boy underneath one arm and dragging the girl in the other, but in his eyes was the addi-

(Continued on Page 24)



# Talk of the Campus

## *Life Terms*

Now that elections, especially presidential ones, seem to be on and off in the air even on the conservative Duke campus, the students of both camps wish to salute in military fashion—cooperating with National Defense—the succession of Dr. R. L. Flowers to presidency. This is an inevitable choice and reward for loyalty and service to a one-building school that suddenly grew.

The three “Don’ts” of his graduate days at Trinity Park school, “Don’t cheat; don’t participate in hazing; and don’t talk to a member of the opposite sex,” long have been abandoned. During Dr. Flowers’ presidency we look forward to still other liberal concessions.

## *Subtle Like*

An analogy can be drawn between Gilbert and Sullivan’s operetta, “Patience,” satirizing the affectations of the worshippers of aesthetic beauty and the commonplace young man, and the intelligentsia who formerly ruled the *Archive*.

The guest editor of the month literally whipped this issue together within a week—a fact which may be evident. She isn’t abnormal, nor a blasée sophisticate, but a commonplace, young girl. Being a practical no-ed, the guest editor visualizes the necessity of setting up a feminine editorial dictatorship in cooperation with the draft.

## *Turning Red*

A statement from East campus approving the “Rushing” program has caused a Dies investigation. . . . and then there is the story of June Goon who expected to be rushed by a fraternity.

## *Among Our Contributors*

From Mr. William Blackburn’s “tea drinking” class in English composition come the authors of the short stories which appear in this issue. Just a phrase about these new writers:

Betty Bishop a thin sophomore “yankee” from Connecticut. . . . Marjorie Collier a cosmopolitan from New Jersey and Florida. . . . Carl Horn, Jr., a tall, dark Southerner. . . . Jack Heath, an athlete who represents sophisticated New York.

## *Spring Hat Situation*

Not that we want to run any of the other publications because heaven knows we have trouble enough with this one, but we would like to make a suggestion to the editor of the *Chronicle* concerning the much-read section of his editorial page known as Bull Durham. The suggestion is this: why not see if Mr. L\*\* F\*\*\*\*\* can run a whole week without giving a plug to himself and his Mrs. Hat.





*Left:* JEAN HALL, KAPPA ALPHA THETA, in Stroock Glenplaid suit, Cardigan six-button jacket, box-pleated skirt. Neutral grounds, with plaid in contrasting shades of brown and blue.

*Center:* WYNN JONES, DELTA DELTA DELTA, in Mad Plaid skirt with belted waistline and full flare. Man-tailored, long-sleeve shirt under the new "more-fitted-in" Cardigan.

*Right:* LUCILLE KING, DELTA GAMMA, in baby blue herringbone tweed suit. The smart mannish longer-line jacket tops a slim center-pleated skirt.

*Ellis Stone & Co*



# Kiffin Hayes, 1938-39 Editor, Writes--

EDITOR'S NOTE: The following is an excerpt from Kiffin Hayes' letter expressing his views concerning the purpose of a literary magazine.

The province of literary magazines is an insignificant spot on the map. Now, we know, the issues of labor and public finance, and public health are all important.

Tomorrow the poets exploding like bombs. . . .

But today the Struggle.

But what Auden must know is that these tremendous questions are so not-to-be-handled, that art, which we have decided to leave for a better day, must come back in because it is the final tool of education and progress. It is a thing to be proud of to have worked with Ed Post, Bob Wilson, and Lorenz Eitner; we may have been intellectual snobs, pompous undergraduates, half-baked wise fools, but the *Archive* for about four years was as serious, vigorous and hard-working as a magazine could be. We were not so good as we thought we were, but certainly the students were and remain even bigger fools than we had guessed, and you are still blessed with a spirit of Babbitry in high places, not to mention Methodism. We thoroughly enjoyed the petty annoyance we could cause in the University, and the Recording Angel has put us down justified. Specifically, a poem by Zabriskie is a contribution to the intellectual continuum, Eitner's covers and lay-out showed uncompromising good taste, Wilson's dialogues did contribute to the small enlightenment of the campus.

If this sounds too damned superior, remember that there are only a handful of the wise, and the best thing most of us can do, and some of us did it, is to labor toward their condition at a distance, with the zeal of Paul, the obstinacy of the early Christian and the detachment of Gautama the Enlightened.

Every enrollee of a university has the chance to submit himself to wisdom. And oddly enough, were it not the very requirement of its nature, wisdom is not veiled, merely arduous; any high-school teacher can tell you that Plato and Aristotle hold as much of it as two men ever did, that Shakespeare is the great writer, Bach the great musician. To make himself as wise as he can be, any freshman has only to apply himself to the recognized masters.

Incidentally, this democracy one hears of is never going to be worth defending until the citizens have acquired each the knowledge and the method of value judgments. There's no point in whooping against dictators until you've a citizenry which can criticize government and plan its economies. All these things are based on logical, ethical, aesthetic, moral values, and, as Ruskin used to bellow, the tastes of the folk in fine arts is the index of their effective character. Perhaps even, the fine arts can be medicine to the mind diseased. So there's occupation enough for your literary magazine.



# Three Poems by Kiffin Hayes

*Asau yo adharad grhas tatra santv arayah*

—Atharva-Veda

"What house is yonder in the depth, there let  
the witches be."

Smoky place! but without the scent of burning  
This hell-smoke is a fog, slime and fur  
And there is rancid grease, fouled grizzly-bear-skin

Dunghill house; around it miasma turning  
Our torches glaze its windows, gutter, and stir  
No human feet to us.

We are more kin  
Huddled in darkness, fear makes us so, yearning  
For flesh again. Can we not defer  
This obligatory coming, not now go in?

We should prefer to go back now.  
Samuel can wait, fate waits, the future will wait.  
We can come back some other time.

What hint of crime is there to fail our vow  
So little short of fulfillment.

The blackness grows heavier, the gate  
Swings on its hinges shut, the ground is bird-lime.

We are here between gate and house  
Walked into a trap not even baited  
There is no melody no form here—and the pit's wall  
too steep to climb.

## BY THE ROAD

1st—The world moves west till we shall jump in space  
Out of this space; the planet carries us turning

2nd—We sit and trace in the dust the sun and serpent  
And another serpent. Still the sun is burning.

3rd—Must we always sit and wait our fingers clasp  
Worn dusty staves, in sun dust gasping  
Let us go hence.

4th— Keep place!  
Turning we move, moving stand still.

5th—It is ill to move from the path that carries us—  
1st—Carries us? Still why tarry thus? Carry us where?

4th—There

2nd— Where?

1st—There none shall harken

2nd— Unheeding, uncaring

5th—The fleet-fingered harper

His song or his weeping

Suns seven in number

Shall turn without setting

Vultures in slumber

Will wheel unforgetting

The dead in the forest

The slain on the highway

The drowned by the shore

*Gopayanah suastaye, prabudhenah punardadah*

—Taaittiriya Samhita

"Watch over us for our good, give again to us waking"

Now night wheels down her heavy clouds  
The hills dissolve before thy knees  
Along all arteries there sound  
Sleep's rising seas

O Thou who wheelest into day  
A thousand and a thousand skies  
All ye who watch impassively  
The play of life behind man's eyes

Till we shall roll where golden dawns are breaking  
Watch over us for good, grant us again our waking!





*Aim for  
the Best*

**CHESTERFIELD**

*Right here* is the cigarette with high score  
for REAL MILDNESS, BETTER TASTE and COOLER SMOKING.  
Chesterfield's right combination of the world's best cigarette  
tobaccos is winning more and more smokers like yourself.  
Try them . . . you can't buy a better cigarette

*They Satisfy*

# The Career of Danny Burke

(Prize Story)

WE SAT IN the dingy old gym and watched the fighters work. A Greek God in the ring before us went through a dance routine while his opponent crouched, animal-like, waiting for an opening.

"Quit stallin' and slug with him, Corelli! You won't never make no boxer anyhow," yelled Mike beside me.

Old Mike gnawed at his cigar and turned back to me. His blue suit was shiny and his hair was disappearing on top. A stubborn jaw poked through the rolls of fat around his jowls.

"How about some dope on the fight card Friday night, Mike?" I said.

"Well sonny, you can put in yer column that they ain't nothing but a bunch of stumble-bums, the whole lot of 'em. There ain't a boxer in the bunch."

He snorted in disgust.

"Hardin, go work on the heavy bag—sweat some of that alcohol out of your system!"

"They're either swelled-headed punks or third-rate rummies, all of 'em. Sometimes I think I'll quit the racket."

But I knew he was only talking. Mike would never quit. He'd been handling fighters for twenty years. Hard, tough, and softhearted, the smell of arnica and sweaty gyms was as much a part of him as the cheap cigar that always protruded from his features.

"Gawd, how I'd like to have a boxer again. A real comer. Ain't had a top-notch one since Danny Burke, back in 1930. Best damn' middleweight in the country. And Babe Collins."

"Yeah, I've read about 'em," I said, sensing a story.

Mike leaned back and lit a fresh cigar.

"Well, there's a inside story on that that ain't never been printed. Danny come to me back in '29. He was twenty then. He'd been a mechanic and fought amateur a little. I'll never ferget, it was one afternoon in February, he come walkin'—or maybe I oughta say struttin'—in the gym and ast for me.

"I'm tired a' workin' for a livin'," he says, 'I wanta be a fighter. Whatcha got around here in middleweights?—I'll flatten 'em.'

"Well, I had some pretty good fighters in my string then. There was Babe Collins and Ripper Jacobs, and a couple wops that looked pretty good.

"So I says to him—'Now ain't that sweet? Just what the hell makes you think you can box, buddie?'

"'Bring out one of yer punks an' I'll pin his ears back,' he answers, without battin' a eyelash.

"Well, by that time I'd done learned not to pass up anything that might be a comer, so I give him some trunks and put him in with Jerry Smith, a little nigger that was pretty shifty. Well, when he stripped down and I seen his shoulders, I knew he must have some thing. Honest kid, he was beautiful. Little muscles stood out all over him—big chest, nice arms and legs. You always wanta look at their legs, kid. If they ain't got good legs they won't last two years.

"And he was a good lookin' devil too. Too damn good lookin', but I'll tell ya about that later. He had black curly hair and a good jaw, and a mouth like a girl's.

"Well, anyhow, I put him in with this here nigger and in four rounds he would have had the nigger's face all cut to ribbons if it hadn't been for his helmet. Oh, he was cruel—like a fightin' cock. He was outa shape, and was beginnin' to blow a little, but I put him in with Babe Collins, and after he tagged the Babe a couple, Babe got sore and lit into him. Well it woulda' been Babe's decision easy, but when they come out he was marked up plenty.

"So I says to him—'Well kid, do you still wanta fight?'

"'Sure,' he crows, 'gimme time to get in condition and I'll flatten that punk.'

"Hate himself? Oh geez—I've handled some top notchers, and all the good ones hate themselves, but honest kid, I ain't never seen one like this. Anyway that's how I got him.

"Danny worked pretty hard—he hated road work but there was nothing he liked better than gettin' in a ring and makin' a monkey outa some poor punk. After a while it was hard to find him sparrin' partners 'cause if one of 'em tagged him in the face, he'd ligh in and damn' near kill 'em. Oh, he was a sweet fighter, kid. His left hook had more kick in it than a lotta heavies got in their right. Bobbin' and weavin' just come natural to him. After a little polishin' up he was harder to hit than a flyin' bat.

"I began gettin' him some pretty good prelim bouts



*By Carl Horn*

His record for ten fights was six KO's and four decisions. I took it slow an' easy with 'im, not wantin' to push him, but before the year was over he was hollerin' for the champ. I tell ya, he was sensational.

"Well, about this time Babe Collins was ready for a crack at the title. Him and Danny was both middleweights, and naturally they come to hate each other's guts. Danny was jealous of Babe, and Babe thought I was a swelled-headed pretty boy. At first I let 'em spar together, with the Babe gettin' a little the best of it, but after a couple of times when they came damn' near killin' each other, I kept 'em apart.

"But that wasn't the only reason they didn't waste no love on each other. Babe had a girl, a pretty little thing, that he was plannin' on marryin' when he won the title. Name was Mary Sullivan. He was gonna box a coupla years, then hang up the gloves and raise a family. Now Babe was a good-natured little Irishman, and a sweet fighter, only he didn't fight his best unless he was mad, and I'm tellin' you, it was some job to get him mad before every fight. Him and Lou Saunders was the leadin' contenders for a crack at the title, and I had him matched with Saunders for that one.

"Well, about this time Danny—Dapper Dan Burke—was callin' him then—met up with Babe's girl somehow, and took a fancy to her. He was making pretty fair money by then and spendin' most of it on clothes. Oh, he was a dude. He was handsome and I knew it. The women chased after him and he loved it. Well, Babe's girl was a nice girl, and she loved Danny, but she wasn't the kind he'd been used to chasin'. It was sorta like a little spoilt kid wantin' somethin' he couldn't have. So he was hot after her.

"Well, the Babe come stormin' into my office one day and says:

"Mike, you'd better tell that baby-faced punk of yours to lay offa my girl, or I'm gonna mess up his pretty mug so his own mother won't know him!"

"Now Babe was a helluva nice kid—not much to look at, but hard workin' and clean livin', and with temper like any red-headed Irishman's. And he was crazy about this dame. So I knew he meant it.

"So I calls this Burke in and gives him hell.

"Lay offa Babe's girl, see? He's gonna marry her, and if you try anything funny, he'll kill you!"

"Of course I done the wrong thing there—that just made him go after her all the harder.

"He says to me: 'Listen Mike, what I do outside a' workin' hours is my own business, see? And besides,

it oughta be me that's gettin' a crack at Saunders, not that bum. I can pin his ears back any day of the week. When do I get some big fights?'

"As long as you're fightin' under my contract you'll do what I tell ya, see? Now get out.' So he goes sulking out.

"Well, late that spring I get Danny a bout with Red Flynn. He was a top-ranking middleweight, and Danny flattened him in six rounds. I began to wonder if he wasn't right about pinnin' Babe's ears back. The Babe was good, but this kid was sensational. The fans sat up and took notice after that fight. He was a flashy boxer and they loved him. And boy, did he love himself! As soon as they counted ten over Flynn he began hollerin' for a crack at the title.

"Meanwhile he was still seein' Babe's girl, and Babe was worried sick. He and the dame had come near bustin' up over it.

"So to train for his fight with Saunders I took Babe upstate to a health camp. I hadda do somethin' to take his mind off of it.

"Well, in trainin' camp Babe wasn't worth a damn—all he did was worry about that skirt. He was sluggish and listless, and even his sparrin' partners made him look like a bum. And to top it off, when I was rackin' my brain for somethin' to do about it, he got word that she had run off with Burke. I was so mad I coulda shot Burke myself. You'd a thought it woulda made him mad too, but it didn't. He was like a whipped dog.

"He come in to me and says: 'I'm quittin', Mike.'

"Now listen kid,' I tells him, 'I know it's tough, but that ain't no way to take it. You can win the title and get her back.'

"Naw, I'm through,' he says.

"Yeah, I made him go through with it. Huh? Yeah, it was just like I expected. Saunders pushed him around for seven rounds and flattened him in the eighth. After that skirt done him wrong he never did have no fight—no spark. Babe wasn't no better'n average till he got mad anyway. Well, his contract expired after that bout and he quit the game. I sure hated it, too. Didn't see no more of him for nearly a year.

"Anyhow, I went back to handlin' this damn' Danny Burke. I didn't waste no love on him after that, but he was lookin' better'n ever, and the fans was wild about him. He kayoed Johnny de Mizio and

Pete Gardner and I began anglin' for a title bout. By this time he was pretty near perfect. His picture was in all the papers, and already they was offerin' odds on him to take the champ. You shoulda seen him box, kid. He could stand up and pepper a man's head with that left, or he could duck under a jab and pound the guy's belly to a pulp. I seen him break a guy's rib with that right hook. And hard to hit? Say, he come outa mosta his fights without a mark on him.

"And all the time he had Babe's girl back in town with him. It seems he'd made her some vague promises about marriage, but personally I wouldn't've put much faith in 'em.

"Well, to get back to my story, I matched him with this Saunders—the guy that stopped Babe—and Saunders spent three weeks in a hospital after it was over. Oh, this Danny was a killer! Well, that put him right in line for a title shot, and we made the match for the follerin' spring.

"In the meantime his head got bigger'n ever. I noticed there was several women callin' him at his hotel, and he was beginnin' to train on booze a little on the sly. I give him hell about it, but it didn't do no good, so I begin lookin' around for a warm-up bout to get him in shape for the champ.

"Then one day in trainin' I heard one of the boys ask him about Mary.

"Oh, her,' he says, 'I ain't seen her lately—you get tired of anything after you've had enough of it. It's jest as well to break it off now—I don't want her hangin' on to me after I'm champion.'

"Well, it was less than a week later when who should come up to my hotel room but Babe Collins.

"I hear you're lookin' for a bout for Burke before spring,' he says.

"That's right,' I tells him.

"How about puttin' me on, Mike? I won't pull no flopperoo this time,' he says sort of quiet-like.

"Now, look, Babe,' I says, 'I like you—an' I don't wanna see you killed. Go home and fergit it!'

"Don't worry about me gettin' killed. Just get me the match,' he says. Then I look at his eyes—they ain't friendly like they used to be; they got little cold, hard lights in 'em.

"Well, personally I didn't want no part of the thing, but I said somethin' to Danny and he jumps at the chance.

"First he gives a sort of a dry, hard little laugh.

"Why the damn' little punk,' he says. 'To think he could even give Danny Burke a fight!' He has a dirty, ugly look in his eye. 'Sure,' he says—'Sure—I've always wanted a good crack at him. Tell him it's on.'

"So feelin' like a heel I made the match, and after the contract was all signed I began to realize that it wasn't no coincidence that less than a week after Burke threw this Mary over Babe come to me for a bout with 'im. But it was too late then.

"Well, you know the rest—you kin still read about it in the sportin' magazines.

"I'll never ferget how they looked that night, kid. Danny—Dapper Dan—come struttin' in lookin' like a cat gettin' ready to eat a mouse, and Babe's face just looked cold and hard—like a piece of steel. Well, it was the bloodiest fight I ever seen, kid. They come out and went at each other like tigers. Just stood there and slugged, toe to toe. They was both at their best, but I hadn't never seen the Babe fight like that before. He was in a fury. After he caught Danny on that pretty mug, Danny backed away and started using that left. It was beautiful, kid. Just kept flickin' out, like a snake, and catchin' Babe around the eyes. But he kept on comin' in—comin' in. For every one he took he give two. And he took plenty. He'd tear at Danny's



Jean Mignone



mid-section, then catch his jaw with a hook or a uppercut. Danny opened a cut over his eye and the blood half blinded him, but he kept on comin'.

"At the end of the second, Danny was blowin' plenty.

"'Whatsa matter, Mike?' he panted. 'He keeps right on comin' in. I've hit him with everything but the ring post, but he keeps right on comin'!' He sounded for all the world like a little kid that's takin' a beatin' and comes bawlin' to his mama.

"It lasted four rounds. The Babe fought like a wild

man. I seen the end comin' when Danny got up from a count—Babe had him on the canvas three times in the fourth—and rocked back on his heels. One more uppercut and it was all over. Danny was out for fifteen minutes. It broke his jaw too. And I just set there and watched the best damn' middleweight in the country get tore to pieces by a mediocre pug gone wild. Yes sir, that Babe never could fight till he got mad!

"Naw, he never did win the title. Didn't have no fight in him after that one."

## *Love Recalled*

Once deep within a forest's shade,  
Where shadows sweet with sylvan scent  
Led me to swift forgetfulness,  
I found a pool where willows bent—  
Bent low and touched the water's edge  
As if to sigh a lover's pledge.

Long had the willows leaned,  
And every autumn dropped their narrow leaves:  
Tears to the pool, which grieved  
In black, as a deserted woman grieves.

And now the blackened waters held  
A strange content for me, a strange  
Consoling power. Their unseen depths  
And peaceful surface were a range  
For thoughts of slowly-moving Time  
And unseen factors in its rhyme. . . .

Radiant in its white  
A single water-lily blossomed there,  
White as a face I'd known—  
The pool could be no blacker than her hair.

—GRAEME FRASER.

## I

The mountains topped in mist  
 Rear their craggy heads and rock-smooth brows;  
 Like sentinels they wait,  
 Wait the coming of the rain,  
 Wait the swelling of the streams,  
 Waiting patiently, expectantly.  
 Omniscient.

## II

And waiting shall not be in vain:

For the rain comes beating down upon the mountain-  
 tops, filling the valleys, swelling the streams, quick-  
 ening the rivers.

Through the Nantahala Gorge, from Hiwassee and  
 Santeetlah, from Toxaway and Junaluska down to  
 Bryson City.

Sweeping through the streets, rushing on to Clyde and  
 Canton, straining at the banks, flowing over, spread-  
 ing thickly brown and muddy over highways, over  
 houses,

Gathering speed,  
 Hastening,

Taking all things in its path: brushing houses off the  
 mountain with a swirling angry torrent, flattening  
 out the tall green corn fields, grasping at the roots  
 of trees and flinging them above the soggy sod.

Rushing,  
 Churning,  
 Speeding,

Swiftly current rise ahead and fall behind; water  
 reaches out to crush the match-box houses, houses  
 made of toothpicks, quivering and collapsing.

Water rapes the mountains and the lowlands; water  
 knifes them in the back: all the little trickling  
 streams, all the lazy meandering rivers,

Rising up,  
 Rebelling,  
 Revolting against the lowlands,  
 Attacking with a fierce togetherness,  
 Comrades in violence,  
 Friends in destruction.

*And*

*The*

*Floods*

*Came*

Angry, blind, ignorant destroyers who ravage and  
 then look, who obey without asking why, glorying  
 in the power, gleeful in the action, tearing the heart  
 blood from the mountains.

Cruel,  
 Greedy,

Lapping up with hungry mouth  
 The houses and the growing things,  
 Even people who linger too long, trying to save a cow  
 or a car,



Rolling over everything, irresistible,  
 Forceful, crushing and compelling,  
 Biting off a hunk of highway  
 Ripping out the steel spans of a bridge,

Gluttonous,  
 Insatiable,  
 Trying to swallow a state.  
 Laughing as the people cringe,  
 Laughing at the feeble sand bags,  
 Laughing at the toy-like boats,  
 Watching and laughing,  
 Mocking laughter.

*By*

*Eleanor*

*Powell*

### III

Spent at last  
 Exhausted,  
 Appetite gone,  
 Clutching hands  
 Reduced to aimless fingers  
 Swallowed up by the sea.  
 Panting their way  
 To pause and then mingle,  
 Mingle with the nameless waters  
 Mingle with the mighty ocean.  
 Gone . . . into obscurity and eternity.

### IV

The streams have been led back within their banks  
 and yet the water stands in yellow puddles up to  
 the knees of the trees,

The lowest leaves are wet and dirty and the branches  
 are coated with slime.

The tall, bent stalks of dark green corn are covered  
 with a film of mud; swept down in flattened rows  
 in terrible regularity, gaunt mangled marker all  
 pointing toward the sea.

And mud is spread like butter on the highway, slick  
 and greasy to harass the rubber tires which come  
 that way.

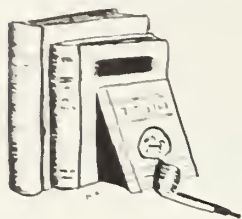
Mud is on the floors of houses, rich brown mud and  
 dull red mud:

Mud on clothing  
 Mud on people  
 Mud in houses  
 Mud.

### V

The mountains are wiped clean with cotton clouds,  
 Wiped free of mist  
 To rear their craggy heads and rock-smooth brows.  
 Like time they will go on,  
 Go on if waters come or go . . .  
 Go into eternity . . .  
 Like time . . .  
 Restful, serene,  
 Timeless.

## Book Reviews



*Sapphira and the Slave Girl*,  
by Willa Cather. Alfred A.  
Knopf, 1940.

*Alexander's Bridge*, *O Pio-  
neers*, *My Antonia*, *One of Ours*,  
*A Lost Lady*, *The Professor's  
House*, *Death Comes for the*

*Archbishop*—this impressive list of titles (and some lesser works) brings us to the latest issue from the pen of Willa Cather, who justly rates a high place in the small circle of leading American novelists.

To some it may seem superfluous to mention Willa Cather's position in American letters. But generations of readers roll forward rapidly, the "great" names of the 20's often leave blank stares of unrecognition on the younger literati of the 40's; new gods jockey the old out of position with terrifying speed.

Willa Cather's place in the development of the American novel is secure enough historically, but the lengthening gaps between publication dates of her work have certainly not contributed to a widening of her audience. And there is grave danger that readers, apprised of Miss Cather's excellence by those of us familiar with her earlier efforts, who now meet her for the first time in *Sapphira and the Slave Girl*, will find little to corroborate the enthusiasm of her admirers.

*Sapphira* is well enough written, exquisitely written, in fact. Miss Cather's ear for prose, her complete mastery of the well-balanced musical sentence, her concern with delicate subtleties deftly insinuated, make it impossible for her to do a bad piece of writing. *Sapphira* is set in the misty blue countryside of Virginia, full of good earth smells, full of a life that now seems so remotely calm and empty of violence—the rigidly ordered existence of the landowner with his business (a mill), a good house, a few slaves, leisure enough to consider, weigh, mull over the minutiae and trivia of existence. What clash and stress there are come to us in muted tones, overtones rather than open conflict. Sapphira's life was not all she wished it, of course. Her husband was a degree or two lower on the social scale of the times (a decade or so before the Civil War) than her station entitled her to; there was a bad strain in his family that tossed dark restless thoughts of marital defections with a lovely mulatto girl, one of their slaves, whom Sapphira subtly fought and tried to rid herself of. And there was a poisonous growth of little-voiced jealousy, engendered by the differences of

race and age, coupled with the normal antagonism aroused in a wife by a suspected "other woman." It is with this theme the book reaches its highest point of emotion and tension.

In less troubled days *Sapphira and the Slave Girl* would have, most probably, made a somewhat greater splash in the literary pool. It is not fair, even now, to relegate Miss Cather to the ivory-tower group of novelists. But it certainly can be said with all justice that she has turned her back on the great sweeping changes the violent crashings of present social orders and civilizations. And this makes the impact of the book on your consciousness slight compared to many books rolling from the presses in the din and roar of 1941. You have to turn a very attentive ear to hear *Sapphira and the Slave Girl*.

—GORDON LEWIS.

*Hearken Unto the Voice*, by Franz Werfel.

I have just lived the life of Jeremiah. I have seen with the clarity of Jeremiah's divinely-inspired prophecies the inevitable destruction of imperial Judah and the immortality of religious Judah—Jirmejahu: "God builds as He destroys."

Franz Werfel has created a truly great work. *Hearken Unto the Voice* is of particular value to the college student who finds theology boring. *Hearken Unto the Voice* with its vivid insight into the life and times of the greatest Old Testament prophet will breach any undergraduate's indifference, just as Nebuchadnezzar's mighty army breached the walls of Jerusalem in 586 B.C.

Franz Werfel has not violated the truth in any essential matter. He has woven into his novel the incidents of Jeremiah's life. Of course he has added much of his own creation, but it is certain that even the professional theologian cannot criticize him for this. Indeed, his novel, as a whole, illuminates the truth about Jeremiah and makes the reader feel that his reconstruction of Jeremiah's life and times is most plausible.

We know from the Old Testament that Jeremiah represents the peak in the development of Old Testament religion. Jeremiah's life was so imbued with high religion that Werfel's novel ultimately is a revelation of high religion.

Progressing through the pages of *Hearken Unto the Voice* we see the theological growth of Jeremiah—the growth to a universal monotheism. All of Jeremiah's emotions are made plain for our comprehen-



sion. We see Jeremiah hesitate to become the Lord's prophet. We understand his struggle against his obligation, but finally he resigns himself to his divine appointment. Somehow the non-sceptical reader can feel that Jeremiah was verily a divinely-appointed prophet.

Reading Werfel's novel we can understand how Jeremiah came to expound the highest ethical implications of real religion. The quality of the man from Anathoth's soul gave him divine inspiration. He was not able to have communion with God whenever he willed, but throughout his career he strained his spiritual capacity so that he might prophecy the divine truth. Jirmejahu was not a seeker of honor or glory; he felt himself to be a tool of God. He prophesied whatever words God put into his soul and was reviled by his people for it. Often his very life was endangered because he spoke the truth. So it is with the greatest men. They speak the truth to a people who refuse to see the truth.

Jeremiah throughout his life denounced mere ritual—petty slavery to the most picayune letter of the law—as an end in itself. He saw that many of the wealthy practiced low religion. They tried to bargain with Zebaoth by offering him sacrifices for his favors. Their religion was merely a veneer under which they committed social injustice, such as keeping the peasants in perpetual slavery, a violation of the jubilee.

The people considered Jerusalem impregnable, and the temple was used by many as a façade to hide their iniquities; so Yahweh, through Nebuchadnezzar, destroyed the city and the temple—even as Jirmejahu, the descendant of Eli, the Priest of Shiloh, prophesied.

Jeremiah gave to high religion an essential idea: the moral obligation of each individual to God. Every person is himself alone responsible for his deeds. Connected with this is Jeremiah's realization that God is a universal God and not just the God of the Jews. Werfel handles this concept neatly with his treatment of Nebuchadnezzar. We get a glimpse into the conqueror's soul, and we see that although he has destroyed the temple, he realizes that Yahweh is greater than the order of the stars, and that he, the great Nebuchadnezzar, is not a divine Marduk, but merely the servant of Yahweh. The importance of the individual's relation to God is expressed beautifully in

Jeremiah's encouragement of the Ethiopian, Ebed-melech, who believes in Yahweh, but cannot forget that his skin is black.

Jeremiah was the teacher of a universal religious ideal. He was a Christ before the Christ.

—ROBERT MELLON.

## Music

In the past few issues we have been trying to familiarize ourselves with many of the great works of music through the medium of records. As we continue this discussion, we would be branded with complete negligence were we to forget Johannes Brahms. Unfortunately Brahms is very difficult to understand in that he had little or no intention of writing for the public. When he wrote a symphony it was with the idea that his intimate friends would enjoy its beauty from a musician's standpoint. Another factor against Brahms' works being unanimously accepted by the general public today is that Beethoven, Mozart, and Wagner have been played time and time again till their themes and melodies have reached the top in public appeal.

RCA has made an excellent recording of the Symphony No. 4 in E Minor, a recording which should give any amateur a perfect opportunity for understanding his works. The Boston Symphony, with Serge Koussevitzky conducting, has done wonders in bringing out the delicate style and precision so typical of Brahms. Our failure to consider this true masterwork of music would defeat the purpose of a well-balanced musical education.

Stokowski dominates the lighter works for the month. Columbia has recorded the ever popular *Invitation to the Dance* with the eminent conductor leading the All-American Youth Orchestra. He also conducts the Philadelphia Orchestra in a Wagnerian album for Victor. This album contains very familiar selections such as the Overture to *Die Meistersinger* and the Prelude to Act 3 of *Lohengrin*. Such public favorites undoubtedly belong in every collector's library—I hope they find their way into yours.

—TURKO.

# Three Dart Shot

*By Jack Heath*

OLD Dave Daily runs a little grill over near my house. He calls it the Shamrock Tavern; I figure that he likes to let people know that he is Irish. There is really little need of putting up a sign just to let people know that he is Irish, for one look at Dave will convince you of that. Dave is a large man, almost huge; he stands some six feet two, and must weigh close to two hundred and fifty pounds. His head is completely bald except for two little clusters of white hair just above each ear. Dave's eyes are big and round, and when he talks they look as large as saucers. His nose is a rather turned-up affair, and when he laughs it has an especially funny wrinkle. Dave plays a lot of golf, and the sun has made his face so full of freckles that he looks like a speckled trout. Old Dave is a happy man; he has a good home, a good wife, and a daughter in college. Dave is also a very popular man in our neighborhood. He keeps his grill clean and quiet, and he has a nice class of customers. Most of us are railroad men, and although we aren't rich, we are all fairly comfortable. Dave isn't wealthy either, and with a daughter in college he has to watch his pennies like the rest of us.

When I haven't anything else to do I go over and shoot darts with Dave just to pass the time away. I almost always go over for a game on Thursday afternoons. I get out of work at two o'clock on Thursdays, and Dave and I usually play darts until five-thirty. At five-thirty the men get out of the shops and drop in to get their checks cashed. You see, Thursday is pay day, and on pay days Dave carries a good bit of money to cash the men's checks.

This particular Thursday afternoon I was over at Dave's place playing darts as usual. We were playing forty-five, and I was going pretty good as I had Dave six to two. We were discussing the war in Europe and sipping our beer between darts. A stranger came in about three o'clock and Dave took time out to draw him a beer. The stranger was a short dark fellow, and he watched us play for some time. Big John Donnelly, the cop on our beat, came in at four o'clock for his regular beer and joined in the game for a couple of rounds. Big John isn't too good, so Dave and I had a few beers on him. John had to leave to go back on the beat after a while. Everybody likes John, especially the kids; he sure is a regular fellow. The stranger had another beer; I guess he must have grown

tired of watching us, for he stuck a nickle in the record player. The record has a lot of drum beating in it, and it threw me off my game. I could have gladly beaten his roof in, but I didn't say anything. I was still ahead of Dave six to five, and as it was nearly time to quit I wanted to finish up ahead for once. I went out and gave Dave a three dart shot to make a twenty-two. If Dave made it in two darts that meant he would win. Most people don't use the bull's eye playing forty-five, but Dave and I call it ten if you make it with your last dart. Dave took good aim and made it with two darts. I groaned, and Dave began to laugh.

Just then the stranger turned from the bar with an evil-looking gun in his hand and told us to "stick 'em up." Dave and I were both taken by surprise. Our hands went up in the air with the precision of a dancing chorus. The stranger kept his eyes on us at all times while he unloaded the cash register; then he went for the safe. The safe was chucked full of hard cash that Dave kept on hand to exchange for the men's checks. There was some four thousand dollars in the safe. He scooped this up, never saying a word. Dave and I just stood there with our hands in the air, not daring to move. The stranger backed to the door and reached for the door knob with his eyes still on us. Just then things began to happen. I saw Dave flick his wrist. The stranger dropped the gun as blood flowed from his hand. In a split second Dave was all over him. The dart had made a nasty hole in his hand. Big John was back again, and the stranger was hauled away.

I went to the hearing with Dave as I was an eye witness. There wasn't any question as to the stranger's guilt; he was sunk. Just before he was taken to his cell he asked one question:

"I was following the game pretty close," he said, "and I knew that you had to make twenty-two. I couldn't hear the darts over the din of the victrola, but twenty-two is a three-dart shot in any man's league. I wanted to make sure that neither of you had a dart in your hand; that's why I waited until the game was over. How did you come to have that extra dart in your fist?"

Old Dave smiled. "It wasn't very fair," he answered, "because we always count the bull's-eye as ten on the last dart."



# Maybe Manhattan

By Marjorie Collier

THE Seventh Avenue express glided away, and the station was a dead quiet. There was no one on the platform except an old woman who sat on a suitcase, bony legs crossed and short skirts shapeless around her knees. The fellow behind the newspaper counter leaned out and looked at her, eyed her carefully and leaned out the other side of his stand so he would have nothing but bare tracks to look at. Women bothered him anyway, especially sitting around cold stations at this time of night by themselves.

He looked around again, saw that she was gone, and began to talk to himself. He always did that, at night—especially when there was no one to bother him.

"Now, my old woman ain't a bad sort. You kind of have to get used to her, though. Like tonight when I come home, what's she do but pull some crack like, 'Late again, huh, Joe? What've you been doing now? Out drinkin' all night I suppose! Aw you get on my nerves! What in the devil you think we're goin' to do for money when you throw it around like you do!' She always says that, kinda grinds her teeth and looks at me kinda hard, tries battlin' me around a little while. Of course, I won't like that. It's my own damn business whether I want to go out and get drunk or not. Women haven't got a thing to do with it. Look at Mat! She can get uglier over my drinkin' than anything else. The way she carries on I tell her I think I'd rather be solid drunk than act like that. But she's such a darn pretty woman, I don't suppose she realized how ugly all that mess is going to make her look. Of course, if she didn't have that yellow hair maybe she wouldn't be so pretty. That yellow hair is always shaking in my face morning and night."

He shrugged his shoulders, "Oh, hell, don't mind if she does get ugly once in a while. I'd let her have her own way anyhow—if I could."

He turned and faced inside of the booth.

"Always kiddin' me about these beautiful women here on the magazine covers. Might think they meant something to me, all those dames with the varnished lips and the dyed hair. The way she tells it you might think I was in love with them. I don't think they look much alongside of her."

Joe began to pace up and down, silent for a moment, "Wonder if she'll have gone to bed when I get home tonight. Might be kind of nice if she'd wait up for me. I could tell her what's been goin' on in this busy place all day. Of course, I won't tell her that

I've been ravin' like this. She might think I was gettin' a little crazy, being down here by myself like this. I wouldn't want her to think I was goin' to miss her so much just because I'm lonely most of the time she ain't around. A wife shouldn't get too important like that. I see her just a little anyway, I don't suppose she knows I love her that much. Maybe one of these days I'll just give up this job sellin' magazines and papers, might try workin' in that box factory on Shadwell Street. Could even come home for lunch then. Good Lord, I hope Mat don't miss me like this."

He stopped his pacing and settled down to thumping the magazines with one of the iron paper weights. Several trains came, stopped quickly, and were gone. People rushed up the stairs and away.

"Must be gettin' late. I wonder what time it is. Must be after ten. Yeh, I'm closin' at ten-thirty tonight. Can't stay any longer. I've had enough of this place."

He pulled a cigar box from under the counter and began making small stacks of nickels and dimes. A man walked up in a heavy trench coat, slouch hat pulled on awkwardly. He flipped a nickel noiselessly on the counter.

"Heh, how about a magazine?"

"Yeh, sure," said Joe, "What-uh-want?"

"Anything at all, make it snappy!"

Joe picked up a Saturday Evening Post from a stack of new ones and handed it to the stranger who took it silently and walked away.

"They all act that way," said Joe, "might think they had a load on their chest the way they carry on. If they can't stand spendin' their money on magazines why in the heck do they do it?"—"Yeh," he mumbled, "I suppose they don't maybe like what they are doin' anymore than me. Want to get a little fun out of life readin' them magazines I suppose."

The cop came down the stairs swinging his club along the hand rail.

"Hello there, Joe! Time to close up, I suppose.—How is the missus?"

"Oh, she's fine. Swell, thanks. I guess I'd better be gettin' home now."

"Yeh, hurry up, Joe. You know your wife won't want you coming home late with some phony excuse. She might have something to say then."

"That's O.K. We get along swell, you ought to know my wife."

*(Continued on Next Page)*

"Yeh, the missus—," said the cop and walked around the stairs and out of sight.

Joe closed up the stand, locked it, and climbed slowly up the stairs. Two or three blocks west and one north he stopped and climbed a narrow stairway going straight up from the street. The stairs creaked naggingly under him.

A harsh woman's voice yelled distinctly, "That ain't your old man comin', is it?"

Silence for a minute as Joe rounded the landing.

"Who, that? Only old Joe! He's the only man that does come in that quiet!"

A cackling laugh, "Yeh, ever since his wife died he ain't quite the same. You know I sometimes wonder if he ain't lonely—."

## STRIKE

(Continued from Page 8)

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Vol. 54  
No. 6

# The Granchine

March  
1941

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# • The Archive •

MARCH, 1941

VOLUME LIV

NUMBER SIX

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North Carolina

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# *Campus Vote for Annual Short Story Contest*

AS ANNOUNCED in the January issue of this magazine, campus contributions for the annual College Short Story contest conducted by Story magazine are to come from the pages of the ARCHIVE. It was hoped that manuscripts turned in expressly for the contest would yield the best stories of the season, and that from them the two manuscripts to be sent to the national contest could be drawn. Because the quantity and quality of this group of manuscripts was low, it has been decided to open the lists to any story which has appeared in the ARCHIVE for 1940-41.

The judges of the stories turned in for the contest were Mr. William Blackburn, chairman; Miss Mary Poteat; Mr. Frank Mitchell. These judges chose, as best of that group, William Thomas' "Still Water Ran Deep" and Betty Baker's "It's Going to Be a Long Winter."

Since the stories sent to the national contest go as representatives of the Duke student body, we feel that it is only right to allow the student body to choose these stories. Those students wishing to exercise their right to vote may do so upon the coupon on this page. Please mark first, second and third choices of stories which appeared in any issue of the ARCHIVE this school-year. Place ballots in the boxes provided for that purpose in the Dope Shops before noon on Saturday, March 22. The two stories which are voted best will be submitted to the national contest, and each will receive a five dollar prize from the ARCHIVE.

**FILL OUT THIS BALLOT NOW!**

*My choice of the best stories appearing in the 1940-41 ARCHIVE is:*

1. \_\_\_\_\_
2. \_\_\_\_\_
3. \_\_\_\_\_



# The Archive

Volume LIV

March, 1941

Number Six

## Go-Getter

J. STEPHEN WINSTEAD, JR., leaned back from his desk and allotted himself exactly five minutes to smoke a cigarette. His little desk clock said quarter past ten. The offices were awfully quiet by ten o'clock. He should be through by midnight. The Haskins Case came up for trial tomorrow. If that witness just kept his head, it was in the bag. That would make three won and none lost in this term of court. Not bad. Not bad at all for a young lawyer hardly two years out of law school, and still on board-and-room wages. He fondled the Phi Beta Kappa key on his watch chain and smiled. He hoped there would be some women on the jury. His good looks and square jaw didn't hurt his case any in a courtroom.

Ten-twenty, said the little clock. He stared at U. S. Supreme Court Reports, no. 94, spread out before him, and his face clouded. Ten-twenty. Old man Anderson, and Stevens, and Gardner, and all the rest of them were probably putting on tails and getting ready for the evening by now, while he sat and pored over a law book. Even the other junior partners kidded him about it. But there'd come a day. . . . Secretly he hated them all. Society lawyers. Making big incomes on the reputation of the firm. Accomplishing nothing. Golf every afternoon, and Thursday-to-Tuesday weekends, while the clerks and junior partners did all the work. No useful function in life. Anything without a useful function had no place in J. Stephen Winstead, Jr.'s, world.

Still, he was pretty lucky to be in the firm. They'd probably give him another raise before long. Old Man Anderson's words of praise sounded on his ears again. "Brilliant young lawyer—makes instantaneous decisions—up and coming—a real go-getter."

Ten-thirty. Ten minutes behind schedule. He'd finish the brief by eleven o'clock

and devote one hour to the closing plea. Again, he returned to U. S. Supreme Court Reports, no. 94.

There was a knock at his door.

"Come in," he snapped, annoyed at being interrupted. The door opened and J. Stephen looked up. It was the Old Man's daughter.

"Er, hello Marian. . . . Come in. Hardly expected to see you up here at night." He rose slowly.

"Why hello, Steve. You see, I was just passing by and saw your light and. . . ."

She was beautiful, as usual. Who wouldn't be beautiful with mink coat, expensive jewelry and all the finishing touches that the finest beauty salons could apply? Even more fervently than he disliked Old Man Anderson did J. Stephen dislike his beautiful daughter and two worthless sons. Or rather he disliked what they stood for. Expensive schools, sleek convertibles, and summer resorts—nothing more to them. Especially this girl. Society dame. No useful purpose in life. Just high-grade parasites, all of 'em.

"Your father left about three today for his golf game."

"Yes, I know. I haven't seen you for so long, I thought I'd stop and say hello."

She sat down and crossed her legs. Nifty enough to make any show on Broadway. Wonder why she hadn't married yet—it had been three years since she'd made her debut.

"And how is your mother, Marian?" he asked politely.

"Oh, she's fine, but she's a little provoked at you for not coming out to see us more. You haven't been out since the dinner dance," she said reproachfully.

"Well, we've been pretty busy here."

*By Carl Horn*

You see, I'm one of those poor unfortunates who have to work for a living. You know, the other half."

He looked at her eyes and wished he hadn't said it. She watched him as he ran his hand through his dark curly hair.

"Uh, how's your golf game these days?" he offered lamely.

"Oh, about the same as ever, I guess. Dad wants me to go down to Atlanta for the Women's North and South Open."

He offered her a cigarette and took one himself.

"I'm afraid my game's a little rusty. Haven't played much lately. We used to have some hot matches when I first came up here from law school, remember?"

"Yes, you should keep it up—you could do something with your game."

There was a silence.

"You do work hard, don't you, Steve?"

"Doing my best," he grinned.

"Dad was telling me all about you. He seems to think you'll make another Clarence Darrow."

Her blond hair fell around her coat collar, and her blue eyes looked quite serious. Perfect. Just about perfect.

"Still riding horseback, Marian? Do you still have Briar?"

"Sure—I think old Briar misses you, Steve—you'll have to come out and go riding again."

"Yeah, I'd like to."

He couldn't figure this girl out. Maybe she was

just used to having her way. Eleven-ten said the clock. He was forty-five minutes behind schedule.

"You should, well, run around more—come out of your shell, sort of. After all, a lawyer has to get around. Dad's always talking about making valuable contacts. There're a lot of influential people you should meet, Steve."

Then suddenly: "Steve, we used to have such fun—why'd you stop coming out?"

What the hell was this dame trying to do, anyhow? The whole family had been awfully nice to him since he joined the firm, but. . . . He should have stayed away from her. They lived in two different worlds, that was all. The idle-rich, and a poor boy starting from scratch.

"Marian, can't you see how foolish this is? Look, I had to go through college on a football scholarship. It's just . . . oh, skip it, you wouldn't understand."

"But Steve, I . . . You think I'm an awful fool, don't you?"

"Yes," he said matter-of-factly.

"I'm sorry. . . ." She rose to go.

Suddenly J. Stephen Winstead, Jr.'s, eyes narrowed. He thought of the Old Man's words. "Up and coming—makes quick decisions—a real go-getter . . . makes quick decisions—a real go-getter." His name on the door. A five-figure income.

As she opened the door, J. Stephen was around the desk and beside her. He took her in his arms.

"Marian," he said tenderly.

## *Correspondence*

A bitter taste inside my mouth—  
The glue  
For sealing up a note to send  
To you.

An empty place within my heart,  
For I  
Have written you the wisest thing—  
Good-bye.

—BIZ DILTS.



# *The First Orchid*

When first it came  
It thrilled her heart; it quickened it  
And satisfied; a longed-for prize.  
It was a thing to flaunt, to admire, to handle carefully,  
Its beauty fragile as the silken web.  
She wore it with outward nonchalance,  
With inward pride.  
Some scoffed and mentioned greater things;  
Some looked with raptured, longing gaze.  
It grew more dear to her.  
Then, despite her care, a crack!  
A bruise bent one dainty petal.  
Sad at first, she held it in her hands  
And mourned.  
But still its beauty shone, quiv'ring and ethereal.  
She grew more careless with the hours;  
She quite forgot that it was there,  
Unless a voice admired  
Or a petal brushed her cheek.  
At last she put it from her  
Into coolness, to preserve and keep.  
She knew not for what,  
Unless a memory, or (although she knew it not)  
To wear again.  
She left it only to return  
Again—again—  
To gaze on it, a little wrinkled at the edges,  
Not beautiful as new, when it was perfect,  
But beautiful because of scars,  
Of memories and fragility.  
She held it in her two hands,  
In coolness,  
Unwilling to let it die although it faded slowly.  
How like their love it was!

*By Betty Baker*

# A WORD FOR EAST

TWO YEARS AGO this spring the Women's Pan-Hel voted to try a plan of deferred rushing with normal relations between sorority women and freshmen the first semester and formal rushing period the second week of the second semester. The movement was for the most part instigated by the administration, who gave as their reasons such advantages as allowing the freshmen to become orientated on the campus before aligning themselves with special social groups, assuring the sororities that their pledges had the grades to be initiated, and, by giving the freshmen more time to see the various Greek groups in action, making it possible for everyone to make the happiest choice. The end of the proving-period for this plan has come. Let us pray that the end of the plan has likewise been reached.

Sororities on the Duke campus are step-children as it is. Not exactly frowned upon by the powers that be, but certainly not aided and abetted in every way as upon certain other large university campi, half the co-ed student body struggles womanfully along trying to satisfy national headquarters of their respective organizations and still find themselves a place here. Greek-letter societies have been set up for women for several well-founded reasons: by joining together in friendship the female students, who are still a minority in higher education, can accomplish many of their purposes and get much of that they deserve but too often are denied by use of the theory that "Together we stand, divided we fall"; a continuous group such as a sorority can orientate new girls on the campus more efficiently than any other group; one of the most natural instincts in the world is the club-joining instinct.

At many of the larger universities sororities solve another problem, that of board and room. We at Duke are not concerned with this aspect, for we are all quartered in dormitories no matter what our sorority affiliations. This is one of the best qualities of the Duke sorority arrangement, because only in this way can the greatest fault of the sorority plan be avoided. That fault is a tendency toward snobbish isolation of the various groups. Because Duke women live together among their sorority sisters and among those otherwise

affiliated, the non-sorority woman has a better chance to hold an equal place on the campus. And because there are no sorority houses the sorority lacks the power to fight back at administrative rulings made without full knowledge of the state of affairs.

Believing that the social sorority is no more important than any other organization on the campus, even less important in a way, the administration has seen fit to limit its membership. Such a limitation is, in some ways, advisable. Keeping the sororities somewhat exclusive makes them mean more both to members and non-members. But when the limit is fifteen new members each year, two evils appear. In the first place, many girls who should belong to a sorority if their capabilities are to be developed cannot join because there is not room for them, and keeping sororities too small increases the tendency to snobbishness which absence of sorority houses endeavors to overcome.

Since sorority women do not live together in regard to their affiliations, some arrangement had to be made whereby they might have a specific place to meet and entertain as a group. The university gave Crowell building for this purpose, and split it into a series of individual rooms with two kitchens for every five sororities. On the surface this sounds like the ideal plan. But Crowell is old and not too well built; the arrangement of doors to rooms makes it one of the better fire-traps in North Carolina; and for the privilege of the space and desultory maid service (any decoration is at the expense of the sorority) members of the Pan-Hellenic Association pay the cut-throat price of \$400 per annum. Any attempts to lower this rate on the part of the sororities have been met with a mysterious contract supposedly held by certain administrative officers and by reminders that the science department would like to move in any time the sororities want to move out. It has been forbidden holders of certain scholarships to take on the expense of a sorority, and yet the administration does nothing to lessen this expense.

But most important of all problems facing sororities

*(Continued on Page 8)*



# THE GREEKS

## WEST

EVERYONE has his own idea of what a fraternity should be. A group of fellows who get along well together, a cosmopolitan group that does not always see eye to eye, but in the long run muddles through and gets what it wants from the friendships that are supposed to be the *raison d'être* of fraternities. . . . These are just a few of the definitions of what a fraternity should be. Here at Duke, there must be more spontaneity from the fraternity men, more love of chapter, and ideals for which the fraternity stands, because at Duke fraternities are not vital, despite the talk that may be given during Rush Week.

There have been constant changes made in the administration of the fraternities, new ideas have been born that are thought to be for the improvement of the system as it stands at Duke. Until this year, there had been no sweeping changes made, however, and rushing, the large item on which the success or failure of a fraternity's year seems to be determined continued to be as completely rotten as usual. Men with ideas was what the Council lacked, and this year men with ideas was exactly what they got. New changes were put through; a restricted rushing system was the first great change, showing in the end what fraternities could sell themselves and what fraternities depended on cars and the glamour of Rush Week to attract men into the fold.

The second, and probably equally important change that was made, was the institution of normal relations starting next year. This plan should have been put through years ago in all fairness to the fraternities and to the freshmen. There is but one criticism to the plan, and that is that it does not go far enough. Why must these normal relations be restricted to the campus? Why can't the fraternity men see the freshmen in their real element on those typically freshman Saturday night *Tavern* fiascos? This, perhaps, will come in time. Fraternity men at Duke realize that they are different from fraternity men at most other colleges. They are fighting competition from an irate administration, and they do not have the friendships, or if one

looks at it from the other side, the unnecessary expenses of a "house."

We can be thankful for a wise Pan-Hellenic Council that has seen the need for a great change and has made great strides toward that change. But we can also censor the individual fraternity for not letting the Pan-Hel's simple plan go through.

The success of this last Rush Week did not depend, in all fraternities who caught a netful of minnows, on the fact that they had sold themselves. It was rather the fact that Durham has many good cutlery stores where shot glasses can be bought, and a beautifully equipped ABC store that carries several different brands of Irish American whiskey.

The Pan-Hellenic Council has done its part in the salvation of fraternities at Duke. The solution to the whole problem now lies in the individual fraternity's attitude. It is particularly evident that if this present rushing system is to continue (and all the fraternities seem to be agreed that it should) a "Quota System" must be put through. It does not help the chapter of a fraternity to pledge thirty men any more than it helps to pledge two. For the good of the fraternity, to avoid internal disputes, and to divide the good men among the different fraternities.

One argument in particular seems to be offered to this plan. Some fraternities feel that it would not be fair to the freshman to deprive him of the fraternity that he chooses before rushing starts. That, however, is basically unsound. Any fraternity man or any freshman will concede that he does not know more than two men in the chapter at the time that he pledges, unless the freshman is a legacy, and he would be taken anyhow. He would be able to find equally as good friendships in another fraternity, and the distribution would be completely happy for everyone.

We can be satisfied that the fraternity system at Duke is definitely on the "upswing." We can be sure that with the help of future Pan-Hellenic Councils, the plans that have been set down now will be successfully carried through, and perhaps some day, fraternities will be as vital at Duke as they should be.

## A WORD FOR THE GREEKS

## EAST

*(Continued from Page 6)*

today is that of rushing. Second-semester rushing was tried and the results are these. By deferring rushing until February it was expected that the new women would become more quickly and easily orientated on the campus. Instead they were caught up in a chaos of continual rushing, of over-emphasis upon sorority life and under-emphasis on the well-rounded curriculum which, by early affiliating themselves with a sorority, they would have espoused at the example of the upperclassmen in their group. The sororities have initiated even fewer pledges in proportion than in other years, first because the likeliest sorority material among new women were too busy being rushed first semester to think of making grades, and second because the office neglected to get the grades out in time for rushing anyhow. The freshmen, being to a great extent cut off from making friendships with upperclassmen, banded together in tight little groups which made formal rushing an emotional upheaval for all members of such a group since they could not stay together in one sorority and were unwilling to break the bonds which tied them together for other bonds. These are only a few of the defects of the second-semester plan. It must be admitted that the freshmen as a whole did *not* make better grades, did *not* become properly orientated, did *not* discover the proper group for them to become affiliated with by processes of reasoning rather than of emotion.

Not only were the freshmen badly treated by the system, but the upperclassmen were forced to spend a much longer time neglecting their rightful duties for the good of rushing, and the entire campus had to go

through the strain of rush week directly after the equally great strain of first semester final examinations.

The best solution to the problem is one combining the good points of Freshman-Week rushing (giving the sororities, who are certainly well experienced in such matters, the job of orientating the new girls in their group from the beginning and going through the strain of rushing when everyone is freshest) and of second-semester rushing (giving sororities and new women time to examine each other objectively, having some idea of the scholastic aptitude of the new women). Such a solution can be reached by adopting a plan of rushing deferred until the seventh week of the first semester. By that time the new women will have found a place for themselves on campus, but not formed such close ties as cannot be slipped aside for stronger and more lasting ones of sorority affiliation. Six Weeks Grades will be in and an indication of the possible scholastic record of the new women will be available. Both sororities and new women will have had time in which to see how each rates on the campus.

The sorority system at Duke must be improved if it is to live and to contribute what it should to the organization of the University. Making such improvements is a big job, but one that can be solved by co-operation of administration and Women's Pan-Hellenic.

*The authors of these articles must remain anonymous for obvious reasons, but it may be admitted that both are members of Greek-letter organizations which "rank high" on their respective campi. By printing these the editors do not necessarily endorse the opinions expressed in them, but merely accord the privilege of free press to the authors.*





# Talk of the Campus

## *In Memoriam*

When Sherwood Anderson heard that D. H. Lawrence had died, he said, "Now he is dead. People should begin to read him now. No one need be jealous of the man. . . ." And now, with the death of Sherwood Anderson last week at Colon, Panama, it can be supposed that the present generation will start to read Sherwood Anderson.

Of the public, a scattering know his *Winesburg, Ohio*; a short story here and there, such as "I'm a Fool," probably one of the two or three greatest short stories ever produced in America; *Dark Laughter* brings a flash of recognition.

But, as in the case of so many of the innovators in the arts, the men who break new paths and bring forth new and richer mediums, Sherwood Anderson never attained the popularity of most of his imitators and the tremendous sales achieved by those he influenced so strongly. The list is long, and in itself is a tribute to the powerful genius of the man. Ernest Hemingway, John Dos Passos, Erskine Caldwell, Scott Fitzgerald, William Faulkner are but a few of the high lights in the American parade led by Anderson.

Sherwood Anderson lived to enrich American literature, and his name is already on the scroll that contains Melville, Poe, Hawthorne, Stephen Crane, the early Wharton and Dreiser. When the great sympathies and fine warm humaneness that were a part of both him and his writing are so rare today in life and literature, his untimely death makes an unfillable void.

## *Ain't You Ashamed Dept.*

Before Christmas vacation a group from the Duke Student Congress proposed that Duke students contribute funds to send a rolling kitchen to Britain. Campus enthusiasm waxed high for about a week and a small sum was gathered. Realizing that just before Christmas was a bad time to ask students to part with their monies, those in charge of the drive were not too dismayed at the smallness of the sum in comparison with what was needed. But after Christmas the situation was no better, the campus had lost interest . . . it no longer amused them to give aid where aid was

badly needed. They preferred to spend their dimes on beer. They gave excuses: we should take care of our own people first, I have to buy so many books this month I just can't contribute, it's too big a project for us to take on.

All right, then, we're a bunch of sissies. We can't accomplish very much as a group because we don't want to bother. Of course, other and smaller and less wealthy schools can raise money for ambulances, kitchens and so forth. But not Duke. We are too wrapped up in our ivory tower to bother, and it is a bother to raise these funds.

Looking at it objectively, Duke is the perfect illustration in a small way of those now-Germanized countries who smiled and murmured, "Oh, it can't happen here." Not that we wish to imply that Duke will be attacked next Thursday by Hitler's boys, but if such a thing did happen, it would be a cinch the Blue Devils would come out on the wrong side of the score.

So let's get serious just once, and let's try to do one thing all together as a group. How about sending that kitchen to Britain by the middle of April? Two to one it can't be done.

## *Whoops! Sorry!*

In a burst of something or other the editor gave three issues this spring to those who are running for editorship next year. The first of these guest issues appeared last month, and on this page of that number appeared a paragraph exposing Bull Durham. The editor has taken the rap for this, and probably she should. She does admit, though, that it wasn't quite ethical. If anyone happens to care about ethics. She must also admit that it was just a good guess, rather than information garnered through the underground channels of the publications office. And, hating to throw Mr. Fracher out of a job without notice like that, the editor makes him an offer to come at the same pay to a similar job on the ARCHIVE. The job consists in sweeping out the ARCHIVE office twice a week, and will require no change of tactics or habits from the ex-Bull.



JANICE COOKE—Kappa Delta—*Egg-shell marquisette with pastel embroidery.*

BETTY DEMERCI—Pi Beta Phi—*Black marquisette and lace over pink slip.*

MARILYN AMBROSE—Kappa Alpha Theta—*Silk jersey, palm green and chartrusse.*

*Ellis Stone & Co*



# *It's Going to Be a Long Winter*

*By Betty Baker*

FUNNY, HOW IN such a short time your life can run almost a whole cycle. A week ago I wouldn't have believed it if anyone had told me this would happen to me. Living had been too peaceful, too humdrum. There wasn't any adventure in my life, no part for a novel, no short-story matter. I didn't do anything but eat and sleep and work at learning to be a doctor some time in the near future. Oh, I played a little, not at hunting or polo, nothing more exciting than an occasional game of golf with Greg, or a movie with him and Chloe. But I never got any closer to war than seeing it in the newsreels until Tuesday evening. It was when I got off the "El," just about five-thirty, that I heard all the noise and saw everyone crowding around the newsstand. Boys were shouting "extra" down the street. I asked the man next to me what had happened, but he didn't answer. I saw a woman crying in a dark corner where the ash cans stood. The man in back of me boomed, "Preposterous!" And then, filtering through the buzz of the crowd, the newsboy's cry came to me, "U. S. Declares War! Read all about it!" I couldn't believe it. It couldn't be true; that didn't happen to us. Not in our generation, not after these last years so full of peace propaganda. . . .

I made my way down the steps, idly watching the cars go crazily back and forth on the street, one thought recurring over and over again . . . WAR. It wasn't until I was almost home that I realized that I hadn't even bought a paper. Somehow it didn't matter. What would happen to us all, I wondered. Phil and Ed and Jack and Chick, they'd all go . . . and Greg, God, he'd be going first! Lucky guy! He always seemed to get the adventures for both of us, even when we were kids. We'd both had the dreams; he'd lived them.

And what would happen to Chloe? I couldn't think very long about Greg, without remembering her. Those two were almost inseparable to me. I even met them on the same day, seven years ago. Why, it's incredible. Seems more like a month that we three walked down the halls, jostling each other in the joyous comradeship that seemed to come to us from the very first. I can shut my eyes now and see them as they always stood each noon, waiting for me under

the clock. Greg, the big hulk, and little Chloe, the two dearest in the world to me. I can still hear him say as he punched me playfully, "What do you say, Slug!"

And now Greg was off to the biggest adventure yet. I didn't stop to think then how ghastly that mess over there was going to be. All I could see was the glory of it. I still felt that way that night when Greg told me he had to go immediately.

"Goddam it, man, you get all the breaks. How I'd love to get a whack at those boys over there. With the two of us at 'em, they couldn't last long, could they?"

Greg laughed at our old joke. No one had ever been able to stand against us nor tear our dreams apart, nor our friendship. This friendship stuff is pretty powerful, I'll tell you, and it was hard to see him going off where I couldn't go.

Those next few days are still confused to me. I can remember helping him throw his stuff together. I can even remember the green socks he carefully packed. They had a mended place in the heel and the imprint of his foot showed because they'd been worn so much. I can remember his tight jaw and the way his muscles stretched when he said goodbye to Chloe for the last time. But that's about all, except those last words we said so many times. "So long, Slug, it's going to be a long winter." They didn't mean anything to either of us then, just one of those things people say.

In the confusion of Greg's leaving I'd almost forgotten about Chloe. After the train pulled out, I looked at her, seeing for the first time the desperation in her face.

"Jim," she said—I could barely hear her—"He's gone. I wish I were going with him."

"Sure," I said, "so do I." I wanted to say more, but I guess she knew how I felt. She always did. We never had to tell her. Greg and I seldom planned anything without thinking of Chloe. Even when we wished to be pioneers or explorers we always had our girl to come back to.

I guided her out to the car without saying any more. Neither of us spoke. I was too busy getting through the mad loop traffic, and I guess she just sat there be-

side me. She must have turned on the radio, because, when we reached the Drake, she leaned up to change the station. I looked at her hand. It was small. There was no polish on her nails. She didn't need it; there was no artificiality about Chloe.

"Come on, punk," I admonished. "We've got to pull out of this. Things don't seem soft to us but they aren't to him either. We've got a job, too, you know."

"They also serve who only stand and wait."

I must have showed that the remark hit home because she said, "Oh, Jim, I'm sorry. I'd forgotten. It must be worse for you. No matter what it's like there, women are supposed to sit home. Can't you do something about your eyes?"

I started to say, "Maybe." All at once I wondered if I wanted to do anything. Here was Chloe, next to me as she'd been a hundred times. But somehow, now, the ghost of Greg that sat at her other side wasn't there. For the first time I was really alone with her. I looked at her again. She seemed little, lost. She pushed an ever-stubborn lock of hair back again. Suddenly I wanted to push it back for her.

"Chloe," I said, "let's stop and eat." That was very inadequate. I didn't want to say that at all. I wanted to say, "Chloe, sweet, let's stop and eat so I don't have to drive this fool car. I want to look at you, to realize you're alone with me. I want to touch you, listen to your voice, no matter what you say."

But even then I didn't quite admit to myself that I was in love with her. I guess it was because I'd been suppressing it so long that even with this sudden new freedom, I couldn't state it bluntly.

We stopped at the Barn and ordered hamburgers. I tried to forget the feeling that kept coming back. I didn't like to let myself think that I was free. There was nothing to stop me from telling her I loved her. Nothing . . . really . . . to make me think she might not love me. Greg had just beaten me to it. Luck had been with him, as always, and he'd met her first; he'd spoken first. If I'd been in his place, I might have married Chloe a year ago. She'd treated us both in the same comradely manner, though, and there was no way of knowing. When she was alone with him, I don't know what it was like, but with the three of us, it was just the old triumvirate. Sometimes, when she was alone with me, we'd talked about Greg, but it was only about things that we both felt.

Desperately I pulled myself out of it and tried to chatter sensibly with Chloe. We didn't mention the

war, just things like the latest songs, and "will you pass the mustard please." Neither of us wanted to probe any deeper into a fresh wound.

I was reluctant to tear my eyes from her. I couldn't tell you exactly what she looks like. I could say she was delicate, in a way, and dark haired. I could tell you she had blue eyes and the firmest, sweetest mouth I've ever seen. But that wouldn't make you understand the way she sort of shines when she smiles and how she looks right at you, into you. It tormented me to think how she'd probably looked at Greg with those same eyes and said so much more.

Time went quickly that night. I'm sure we spent longer than usual eating, but I don't remember very well. I wasn't very hungry, but I had to do something. I still couldn't find courage enough to tell her how I felt. I realized, of course, that I couldn't blurt out and tell her that I loved her. I was afraid to say even the commonest of things because I didn't trust my voice.

On the way home I kept wishing she'd go to sleep so I could look at her oftener. She'd never looked lovely, nor more desirable. The memories I have of her are still mixed up with fur and tousled hair and gardenias. Chloe loved gardenias. Greg and I always kept her as well supplied with them as we could on our meager salaries. He'd bought them for her the night . . . this last time. I thought, "I should be mad with jealousy. I should want to tear those white things to bits. But I don't. I only feel a dull ache for the three of us." The heavy odor of the flowers almost nauseated me and I was glad when we reached the house and I stood again in the cold air.

I walked up to the door with her and opened it. I said goodnight.

"Goodnight, Jim," she answered. "And don't worry, things will turn out all right."

It was then I kissed her. I don't know why, exactly. I'd promised myself I wouldn't. But suddenly I wanted to shout out, "You bet they'll be all right." I didn't, I kissed her instead. Just lightly. Almost as soon as I had my arms about her I let go again. While I waited for her to speak, I suppose it was about a minute, I repeated to myself, "What'll she say, what'll she say?" I don't know what I expected, but I was a little surprised. She just said goodnight again and smiled that same smile and looked at me . . . straight.

A leaf turned over a few times in the wind. A light went off in the house next door. Two men walked along the street. I heard a few words of their con-

(Continued on Page 14)





OUR OWN PATSY GARRETT  
out in front with Chesterfields  
and Fred Waring's Pennsylvanians

*Sure an' the  
Big Parade's to*

*Chesterfield*

... for Chesterfields are made for smokers like yourself, with the three important things you want in a cigarette... *MILDNESS, BETTER TASTE* and *COOLER SMOKING*. Chesterfield's right combination of the world's best cigarette tobaccos has so many things a smoker likes... *that* Chesterfield is just naturally called the smoker's cigarette.

*They Satisfy*

versation: "... and for them over there—well, it'll be a long winter. I can't see who. . . ." Maybe they said more. I didn't hear it. I must have looked funny, 'cause Chloe put her hand on my shoulder for just a moment reassuring me as she'd done to Greg and me so many times. I think I smiled and mumbled good-night or thanks . . . or something.

I went home. Nothing was changed. It was the same place we'd always lived in, we two bachelors. Her picture was on the radio. That was the only thing that seemed different. I stared at it for a long time, automatically taking off my gloves and lighting a cigarette. The room was hot, so I opened a window—wide. The cold air was good, but I still felt as though I were being stifled. I killed the cigarette and went out.

Not thinking where I was going, I headed for the lake front. There's always been something about the damp wind and the far-away city lights that made my problems look different. I walked along the path on the bluff. Gradually the cold wind cleared my head. I noticed that the lights in the quadrangle were lit. Those times Greg and I had stayed up till almost dawn imagining ourselves in Hawaii or India or the early West came back to me—and the first time we showed the house to Chloe. There never were two prouder boys. It was our fraternity and our girl. I could see the three of us riding and dancing and just loafing together for all of those seven years, getting closer and closer, and yet always discovering new things about each other.

Back again in familiar surroundings I began to see my way clear. I couldn't try to take Chloe, not even if it were possible. It would mean going to all the old places and saying the old words and the ghost of our

friendship would follow behind me. But staying here would be too hard now. It was inhuman to expect any man to go through that. I loved her so much that just thinking of her made me want to strangle all those memories.

Then it came to me. I don't know why I hadn't thought of it before. I guess because I wanted to be near Chloe and hang on to this new-found freedom so much that I didn't try to figure a way out. I couldn't get by the Board with my eyes. That was that. The idea of going as a doctor hadn't till then hit me. It seemed like a glorious solution. I went home, at peace again.

When I first told Chloe she begged me not to go. I think without my telling her, she knew that I was going for more than adventure. She must have understood that loving her and Greg so much left me no other path. I guess she saw the grimness, though, the grimness I'll be seeing soon. Finally, she gave in to me. It was best, she admitted.

"I'll trust your judgment," she whispered. "You always seem to figure it the right way. Maybe you and Greg can find some happiness in this mess in some sort of adventure. At least you'll be having it together." The last thing she said was, "Don't forget, Slug, I love you both. I'll be holding my thumbs."

Maybe I was a fool. Often I think I was. I don't know what I'm getting into really, or whether I'll come out alive. If I don't, things will be just as they were before the war; if I do, Chloe will know. If Greg dies, I'll be free to tell her anyway. Things'll work out. It's going to be a long time, but I feel it's the only way. I've a kind of peace even in the midst of this turmoil.

## *Thought for a Night*

Midnight without moon:  
The world is still and bare  
Without you here . . .  
And space an endless void  
That fills my heart with fear.  
Bring back your light  
And wash away the shadows;  
I cannot stand the night . . . alone.

—PHYL PADMORE.





JANE CHESSEON, KAPPA DELTA, two-piece white outfit in Brahman Twill, with Jasmine Gold trim.

BOBBIE WILLIAMS, KAPPA KAPPA GAMMA, Sport outfit in Banyan Green and white, Turban to match.

VEE CLARK, ALPHA PHI, Angora Jerkin outfit in Gentle Green.

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# Still Water Ran Deep

MRS. COLLIER looked at the help wanted page of the newspaper once more before she knocked on the door. Yes, it was the right address, 84 Mulberry Avenue. It was a nice house, too, just the kind she had always imagined herself working in. She rang the doorbell.

After what seemed like an eternity of waiting, a young girl in a maid's uniform answered the door.

"I've come in answer to the ad in the———" She didn't finish because the young girl interrupted her. "I'll tell madam you're here. Wait right here, will you?"

Well, the maid isn't too hospitable, Mrs. Collier decided. But you could never tell what Mrs. Perkins would be like. She sat there in the hall, waiting and wondering. If no one had been hired yet, she would stand a good chance. She could get the recommendations and everything like that that was needed. She looked about the reception hall in which she was seated and off into the large sitting room that was directly opposite her.

The reception room itself was too big for all normal purposes, Mrs. Collier told herself. If it were her home, she'd give more space to some warmer part of the house where more people congregated. It was well-furnished though, nice thick rugs. She let her feet sink into the heavy padding beneath her and imagined herself ordering her own servants around and walking softly over the rugs in a silk house-coat and fuzzy lounging slippers. When she caught herself doing this, she quickly straightened up and busied herself with straightening her thin, grey hair and brushing the lint from her black dress. She had always been a strict adherent to the Ten Commandments and here she found herself coveting again. She chided herself. "If it hadn't been for Tim's death," she said, half aloud, "I'd never be doing anything like that. That's the result of being left so all alone."

She was rather ashamed of having been talking aloud, for when she looked up, the young girl was standing there again saying, "Mrs. Perkins says she'll see you now."

Mrs. Collier got up and followed her. This was going to be her one big chance. Nurses weren't needed much any more, and if she got the job, it would save her from the inevitable starvation that was stalking her so closely.

"Has she hired anyone yet?" she managed to say.

"No, I don't think so." The girl's voice was kinder. "There was a woman here this morning, but I heard Mrs. Perkins say she didn't have the experience."

They were upstairs now. They had climbed that long, winding staircase that Mrs. Collier had seen from the reception room, and were standing in front of a door.

"She's in here," the young girl said.

Mrs. Collier stood outside the door and waited for the maid to announce her. She felt important when she heard Mrs. Perkins say, "Show her in."

When she entered the room, she was taken back. Never had she seen such great height as there was to those walls. They stretched up and up, as if they were reaching for something that they couldn't quite get to. The walls were all decorated with a light paper, and the furniture was Victorian. Nothing seemed to fit in right. Even the little old lady who lay on the ornate day bed in the center of the room was a misfit. Mrs. Collier's eyes turned to her as she said, "Won't you sit over here by me, Mrs. . . .?"

"Collier," she said. "My name is Nettie Collier. I guess you know what I've come for."

"In answer to the ad in the paper."

Mrs. Collier nodded her head.

"Do you have experience? Is there anyone I might write to for a recommendation?" old Mrs. Perkins asked with a slight smile.

"I was Mrs. Robert Jackson's companion for eight years before she died. I think you might be able to get a reference from her son."

"Is there any other work you can do? You see, I am rather hard pressed right at the present."

"I imagine, ma'am," Mrs. Collier continued confidently, "that I can do just about anything that you would like me to do."

"Well, that's fine," the employer answered with a sigh. "Now I can stop worrying." She looked away from Mrs. Collier and gazed at the ceiling vacantly.

All this was making the old servant woman rather uncomfortable and she asked slowly, "Do you mean I'm hired?"

*By Bill Thomas*



"Yes," Mrs. Perkins said. "Yes, I think so. You can start to work right now?"

"I'll have to get my bags, ma'am. They're at my old rooming house."

"Don't bother about that. You'll find a writing pad on my desk over there in the corner. You may write the address on that, and I'll send my chauffeur after them this afternoon."

Mrs. Collier got up to go to the desk.

"While you're up, you may ring for Mildred. She'll show you to your room," Mrs. Perkins added.

Mrs. Collier wrote the address of the rooming house on a scrap of paper that she found on the desk and pulled the decorated cord that hung near her. There was no word from her new employer, and the servant began to wish that Mildred would hurry.

The door opened quietly. Mrs. Collier waited for some word from the old woman on the couch, some word of dismissal, but none came. Softly she whispered to Mildred, "You're to show me to my room."

They closed the door behind them and walked down the hall, sinking into the heavy rugs.

"Did you get the job?" Mildred inquired interestedly.

"Yes, I guess so," Nettie Collier said uncertainly. "It was queer though."

"The old woman, you mean? You ain't seen the half of it."

"What do you mean?"

"She's got what the servants call a wanderlust. That's why her son made her hire a companion. She walks in her sleep. It's a sort of an effect from a shock she had some years ago."

"Shock?"

They had reached a door. Mildred opened it and stood back as Mrs. Collier entered. It was a pleasant enough room, plenty of light and just the right amount of furniture. It could be fixed to suit her, the new servant decided.

"Did you say something about her having a shock?"

"Yes, I don't know exactly how it happened. I think it was when she was in Australia with her husband." Mildred pulled out a crumpled package of cigarettes and offered one to Mrs. Collier.

"No, thank you. I don't smoke."

"You don't mind if I do, do you?" Mildred asked.

"No, not at all. I just never acquired the habit."

Mildred lit the cigarette and went on. "Let's see. Where was I? Oh yes, I think she was scared when she was in Australia with her husband."

Mrs. Collier nodded. "Is Mr. Perkins alive?"

"My God no," Mildred said brazenly, taking long drags on the cigarette. "He died out there."

"How sad," Mrs. Collier said sympathetically. "That may have been the shock."

"No, that ain't it. Wait until you see how she acts in these sleep-walking spells. She calls for some man named Harry. Her husband's name was Paul."

Mildred got up to go, but Mrs. Collier wanted to hear more.

"Tell me, Mildred. I suppose I should know since I'm to take care of her. How long ago did she go to Australia?"

"About ten years ago. She's only forty-four, you know."

Mrs. Collier gasped. "Oh, that couldn't be possible. She looks so old."

"I know. None of us could believe it either. It was such a setback for us when she came back." Mildred threw her cigarette out the window and said, "Look, I've got to be getting back to the kitchen. She might ring for me. When you get ready, come on down and I'll introduce you around and you can have something to eat."

Mrs. Collier promised the maid she would be downstairs in a few minutes, and Mildred closed the door, leaving her alone.

It was about a half hour later, after Mrs. Collier had taken a bath and put on one of the starched linen uniforms that she found in the closet, that she noticed a light shining in a sort of switchboard arrangement over her bed. She went up to it and examined it closely. Under the light that was flickering were the words, "Mrs. Perkins' room." She looked at herself quickly in the mirror and wished that the uniform weren't so short. It did horrible things to her legs. She had no time to worry about anything like that, she told herself, and quickly left the room.

She hesitated outside the door of the room and then knocked. A soft "Come in" came back to her, not at all the same voice that had hired her less than an hour before. She pushed open the door.

Mrs. Perkins stood in the center of the room by the day bed and smiled gra-



ciously over at her new companion and personal maid. "I'm sorry," she was saying charmingly. "I wasn't . . . feeling well when you were here before. I want to get to know you. What did you tell me your name was?"

"Collier, Nettie Collier. That's my married name, ma'am." She was rather surprised at the complete change in her employer.

"I shall call you Nettie then. I think you told me that you had had experience as a companion. Did you travel when you worked for your last employer?"

"Oh, yes ma'am. We did, quite a bit."

"Have you ever been to Australia?"

Mrs. Collier gasped slightly. She didn't know why. "No ma'am. That's one place we never went."

"You and I shall go there one day, Nettie," Mrs. Perkins said. "In about a month or so, as soon as I get my son's permission."

Mrs. Collier couldn't imagine why the woman would tell her such personal things. In her other position, her mistress would never have thought of it. And now she noticed for the first time that Mrs. Perkins held an envelope in her hand.

"You know," she was saying, "I went to Australia ten years ago. My husband went on a business trip and took me along. It's a wonderful country. I should like to have lived there. But my husband died, and I had to come back to my son. He was young then, and Australia is no place for a child, especially an American child."

It seemed to Mrs. Collier that the woman's mind was beginning to wander again, and she found herself helpless as to what she should do. The next time Mrs. Perkins spoke, she was perfectly at ease, and was giving the new servant her instructions.

"In the morning, Nettie, I usually take a walk around the park. Today I don't feel quite well, so I shan't. I should like to have you put out my clothes in the morning. I take these walks by myself." She paused for a moment, trying to think. "Now let me see. Is there anything else for the present?" She looked down at the letter she was holding.

"Since you are my personal maid," she said, "I think it right that you take care of my personal mail. Anything that is postmarked Australia, I want you to be sure to burn. Any other letters you will file in my letter box that is in the bottom drawer of my desk. Is that clear?" she asked, looking at her new servant.

"Oh, yes ma'am," Nettie answered. "Perfectly clear."

It was clear to her that she was to burn the letters

from Australia, but she couldn't understand why. Mrs. Perkins helped to increase the mystery.

"And Nettie, I don't want you to burn these letters down stairs. I'd prefer you took them to your room. I'd do it myself, but I'm afraid someone might discover. You understand?"

"Oh, yes indeed ma'am. I'll burn them."

Mrs. Perkins held out the long white envelope that she was holding. "This," she said, "is the first one." She paused a minute and then said, "I think that is all right now. You may go."

Nettie started toward the door, but stopped when her employer said, "Just a minute, Nettie. I forgot to mention your wages to you. Do you think sixty dollars a month with your room and board will be quite fair?"

Sixty dollars! That was just fifteen more than she had been making before. "Oh, yes ma'am, quite fair, I'm sure."

"Very well," she said. "You may go. I'll call you when I need you."

Mrs. Collier bowed out of the room and then suddenly remembered the envelope. She went back to the door and knocked. To the answer from inside, she opened the door, and said, "I'm sorry, ma'am. I forgot the letter."

Mrs. Perkins was still holding it. "Oh yes," she said coming to Nettie. "Don't forget to burn it."

"Yes ma'am," Nettie said, and left the room.

For some reason or other, the letter terrified Mrs. Collier. She couldn't even explain to herself why it was. She held it out from her and looked at the writing on the envelope. It was a beautiful scroll, done by an educated person one could see at a glance. When she reached her room, she was still wondering what was inside. Perhaps there, she told herself, lay the whole secret to Mrs. Perkins' queer actions. Maybe that would explain why when she had hired her she had looked so old, so feeble. Perhaps that would tell her why, the second time she went to her mistress's room, she found her more vivacious, and yes, even younger looking.

Mrs. Collier heaved a sigh and sat down on her bed. It was a strange case at the best. She pulled a package of matches from her pocket and was about to strike one of them when something inside her made her stop. If she were to take care of this woman, it would be best for her to know just what was wrong with her. Something made her confident that the secret to the whole affair lay in the envelope, and she



rather prided herself with the fact that she could find out in two hours what it had taken the others ten years to partially solve. It was wrong to open other people's mail. She knew that. Yet, she had to understand her patient if they were to get along together. She shrugged her shoulder and looked inside the envelope. Pulling the paper out from the inside, she read:

Marie darling,

The other night, something about the smell in the fields here made me think about you and the last night before we said goodbye for what has seemed an eternity. It was only my foolishness that ended it for us. I can see it all so clearly now. Paul was right when he said I had no claim on you. You were right too when you said I did. I'm that person who comes into people's lives and makes a perfect hell for everyone concerned.

I haven't given up though. I know you'll come back here again. I'm teaching Mary Lou to love you as much as I do. She's a young lady now, quite busy being a mother to a group of dolls.

I still can't quite find forgiveness in my soul for doing what I did. Paul and you belonged together. But no one will ever know that we planned his death. No one will ever know that we can't live without each other. That will all be over soon when you come back to me.

Eternally,

Harry

Mrs. Collier shivered as she put the letter back in the envelope. A lot of things were clear to her now. Her mistress was in love with a man from Australia; they together had killed Mr. Perkins because they were in love; and this Harry was the man that she called for when she walked in her sleep at night. But till she couldn't understand other things. Why did he stay here if she loved him? Why didn't she go to him? Who was this little girl, Mary Lou, that he had spoken of?

She struck a match and set fire to the letter. It was strange the feeling that came over her as she saw the small flame eat out the inked words. She felt guilty at having known what was in the letter and she was also a bit frightened at the prospect of having to wait on a murderess. The tears were coming to her eyes when Mildred knocked on the door and stuck her head in.

"Ain't you coming down to the kitchen? The servants are waiting there to meet you," she called.

Nettie stifled her tears and said, "I'll be down in a few minutes." She made sure that not a word of the

letter was left uncharred, and giving her hair a final push into place, she shortly followed Mildred down the steps.

\* \* \*

The events of the day had tired Nettie Collier completely, so she retired to her room at ten o'clock the first night, after having put her charge into bed. By twelve, she was sound asleep herself, but an impatient knock at the door awakened her. She slowly went to the door, only half aware of the pounding. It was Mildred who stepped quickly into the room and faced her. Something had happened. A look of terror was in her eyes.

"What's the matter?" Mrs. Collier asked, completely awake now.

"She's walking around again. You'd better come yourself. See if you can get her back to bed."

Nettie slipped into her worn woolen robe, which along with her other clothes the chauffeur had brought to her room early that night, and went out into the dark hall. All of the servants were there, standing in their doorways, watching their mistress.

Mrs. Perkins was walking slowly along the upper hall, opposite her room, and seemed to be half-sobbing. Long, mournful cries came from her, and she kept calling for Harry.

Nettie Collier shook nervously. There was a chill wind in the hall that would do her mistress no good. She walked after her, and taking her by the arm, led her back to the bedroom. Mrs. Collier knew well that waking people from sleep-walking was dangerous, and she disliked forcibly handling her mistress. She was rather surprised, therefore, when she got her back to the room and found that Mrs. Perkins still slept. Putting her into bed, she carefully pulled the pillows around her and tucked the covers under her neck.

Mildred appeared in the doorway. "Anything I can do?" she asked.

"No, nothing right now," Mrs. Collier answered. "I'm going to sit with her for the rest of the night. You go back to bed."

"Call me if you need me," Mildred said, closing the door behind her.

About three o'clock in the morning, Mrs. Perkins moved uncomfortably and opened her eyes. She reached out for Nettie's hand, and finding it, pulled her servant to her.

"Is there something I can get you, ma'am?" Nettie asked, her heart pounding.

"Nettie," Mrs. Perkins whispered, "have you ever been to Australia?"

Mrs. Collier's mind wandered back to an earlier time that same first day of her stay in the house, and remembered that same question being asked her.

"No ma'am," she answered patiently, "I've never been there."

"You and I are going to go, Nettie. We're going to go tomorrow."

Nettie knew that she would have to humor the woman and let her think that they would leave in the morning. She comforted her and helped her make plans, knowing very well that they would not go.

"Harry needs me," she said. "We'll go tomorrow. Remind me that we must go, will you?"

"Of course, ma'am, I'll remind you," Nettie promised.

"Please don't forget that we must go. I shall, I know."

Something about the woman's tone of voice made Mrs. Collier wakeful for the rest of the night. Undoubtedly Mrs. Perkins was serious. She wanted to leave for Australia the next day. It was something that had to be done. She emphasized the point to Mrs. Collier before she went back to sleep.

"There is something there that I must do. You will have to help me, too."

Mrs. Collier thought that she was never so glad to see a morning come as she was that day after she had witnessed Mrs. Perkins' sleepwalking. A good breakfast made her feel stronger and she went into her employer's room in good spirits. The woman lay there on the bed looking quite the same, Nettie thought, as the first time she had seen her. She looked old, beaten. The hand that she held out to the servant looked withered and was shaking.

"I keep thinking," she said softly, "that I told you something last night. Something important. Can you recall what it was?"

Nettie was afraid of what the outcome of her information would be, but she said:

"You made me promise that I would go to Australia with you. That is all I remember."

Mrs. Perkins smiled. "Yes," she said, "yes, that was it. Did I say when we were to leave?"

"You said today."

"It is important that we go today then," she said, striving to lift herself from the bed.

Nettie hurried to her. "You mustn't exert yourself, ma'am. Your nerves."

Mrs. Perkins brushed her aside and climbed from the bed. Anxiously she crossed the room to her desk and picking up the telephone receiver, she dialed number. Mrs. Collier was too stunned to move. She stood by the bed and listened to her sickly employer talk on the phone.

"I want to speak to my son." She paused and waited a minute. "Hello, John. I hired a personal maid yesterday as you told me to. I've decided that she and I will go to Australia for a while. . . . No, my dear. You told me that when I got someone to go with me you would give your consent. . . . When? We're leaving today. If you want to see me I guess you'll have to come now."

There was more to the conversation, but Mrs. Collier was not listening. She was trying to convince herself that she wanted to go to Australia.

\* \* \*

The two women sailed late that night, taking the best accommodations they could get on the boat. For the next two years, Mrs. Collier wrote frequent letters to Mildred, each one of them being a little more personal, and each one telling a little more the secret of their employer's life. Then suddenly the letters stopped and after two weeks a small envelope came to the house addressed to Mildred. It was from Mrs. Perkins:

Dear Mildred,

I am greatly grieved as I write this. Nettie was found murdered yesterday in a little grove near here. She had been a good servant and a wonderful friend. She took care of my personal affairs so that I did not have to worry at all. It is a shame that she did not live to come back with me, for I am sailing in three weeks.



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One of my closest friends, a Mr. Harry Barton, and I found her. She had been gone from home for two days. I am bringing him back with me to be a sort of manager of my estate. I have also adopted a small child. Well, he's fourteen years old. People told me she looked like me and she has no parents. I need a young person about to righten things up for me. She has already started to call me Mother.

What I want you to do is have a bedroom fixed as nicely as you can for her. I think it would be nice to put her name over her bed and do the room in maple. Oh, I almost forgot. Her name is Mary Lou.

With kindest regards to the household, I am,

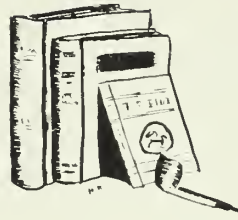
Marie Louise Perkins

Mildred had shed a tear when she read of Nettie's death. She had liked the old woman who had seemed so stable, so upright, in the short time she had been in the house. But her shock at hearing of the murder was swallowed up by her astonishment at hearing that her mistress had adopted a child.

"You can never tell about some people," she said, holding up the letter. "Still water sure does run deep."

And she never really knew how true that statement was.

## Book Reviews



*Reflections in a Golden Eye*, by Carson McCullers. Houghton-Mifflin, 1941.

If the jacket-blurb biography of Carson McCullers is accurate in putting her age at twenty-three years, Carson McCullers became disillusioned at the age of three. Only twenty years of complete lack of illusionary and conventional ideals could produce such a morbid mind as this young Southerner has.

In her second book, *Reflections in a Golden Eye*, Mrs. McCullers has become more proficient technically, but she lacks the inspiration which created the characters of the deaf-mute Singer and Mick in *The Heart Is a Lonely Hunter*. Although both books move through the garbage-cluttered alleys of life, the later one provides less interesting companions. It seems a shame that, having got control of her medium, Mrs. McCullers could not also get control of her subconscious or wherever she mothers the muck which she spreads thickly through her writing.

The story in *Reflections in a Golden Eye* takes place at an army post . . . an army post at which neither the officers nor the enlisted men seem to need to bother with affairs military. It concerns the slightly moronic wife of a tactical officer and her affair with the officer next door. Also present are the hysterical wife of the officer next door (who performs upon herself one of the silliest and most gruesome operations in modern fiction), her Oriental "garçon de maison," and a quietly virginal soldier who happens to see the tactical officer's wife nude one evening and spends the rest of his nights hovering as a silent sentinel over her bed.

The biggest drawback to the story is that the characters do not contrast with one another and therefore move along in a sort of co-eval mire. From the major to the houseboy each is the answer to a psychoanalyst's prayer. Mrs. McCullers draws her picture with skilled craftsmanship, then spoils the canvas with splotchy colors all out of the same tube. In its morbidity the story approaches humor . . . a grotesque humor caused by exaggeration.

The book will probably reach some popular success, however, for it is pornographic enough to appeal to the best-seller public, and it is beautifully enough made to win a Graphic Arts prize for format.

—BETILU PORTERFIELD.

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*Popular*—Benny Goodman's "Perfidia"; Let the Door Knob Hitcha"; Charlie Spivak "Hey Sit Down Bud."

*Album of the Month*—Ein Heldenleben (A Hero's Life) by Richard Strauss. Artur Rodzinski conducting the Cleveland Orchestra. Set No. 441, \$5.50, Columbia Masterworks.

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BLOCKS

PUNCH

*The Wounded Don't Cry*, by Quentin Reynolds.  
Published by E. T. Dutton, 1940.

In World War I—or, if you prefer—Part One of the World War, literature dealing with the war didn't appear at all until cessation of hostilities. There was some good writing being done by correspondents such as Heywood Broun, Irvin S. Cobb, and others who formed a golden circle on the fronts. But, aside from a desultory effort here and there, led off by a shabby hysterical book called *Over the Top* by one Arthur Guy Empey, nothing came from the presses until E. E. Cummings brought out his magnificent *The Enormous Room*, and Dos Passos appeared with *Three Soldiers*, and Henri Barbusse offered his great sprawling book *Under Fire*. And, instead of 1918, it was 1928 and 1929 before the flood of war books really started, topped by *All Quiet on the Western Front*.

Part Two of this insane madness of world revolution has seen a complete about-face from the writing element. Possibly the *newsworthiness* of books is more strongly felt; probably the deep fear intellectuals and quasi-intellectuals have over the crashing of civilizations and cultures, has driven them to greater vocalness. At any rate, the book lists are crowded with books tumbling from presses: a novel on the evacuation of Dunkirk; Rauschning's pertinent exposures of Hitler and Hitlerian methods and prophecies; the best seller, *Out of the Night*; and one of the most readable and timely volumes by a crack correspondent, Quentin Reynolds, *The Wounded Don't Cry*, written in London to the accompaniment of shattering bombs and flaming incendiaries.

Reynold's facile, loping prose at first glosses the horror of the death-choked air of London. But not for long. Through a certain hard-boiled cynicism, and some excellent correspondent-anecdotes—particularly the section of the book showing the magnificent courage of the English that allows them to maintain a grim but hearty humor in contemplation of their plight—the pattern of a people living under the strain of imminent death and destruction comes vividly into view. More than any other volume I've read, *The Wounded Don't Cry* brings with camera-sharp clearness the actualities of daily existence in England, the black processional of defeat and despair when Paris was evacuated, the hour-by-hour life of the cool, hard-fighting youngsters of the R. A. F.

It's a valuable book for the mentally alive. And its smashing sale of almost a printing a day indicates that not all America slumbers with the Fascist-minded Lindberghs and Wheelers.

—GORDON LEWIS.

## A Kiss

*Sense Impression*

*By Donald R. Brown*

PERHAPS UNDER ordinary circumstances it would have been like kissing any other girl. This was even, probably, just "any other girl," for there was nothing to distinguish her particularly. She had all the equipment necessary to make her a woman, and all the passion necessary to make her desirable enough to hold in one's arms. But that can be said about almost any woman except, perhaps, some of our feminine political luminaries. No, she was no different from any other girl to John, except that he called her "ma belle amie" when they were alone together, or when he wanted to ask her a question. Like any other girl who is in love, she had found accidentally something, some little unimportant thing, that pleased him. She liked to hold his thumb when he put his arm around her shoulder. She blinked her eyes when she wanted him to kiss her. Those were just two of those traits that are so dear to two people in love, but the fact that they exist makes the lovers just two ordinary people. This was just a girl.

The circumstances were different, however. John had gone through a hectic, chaotic day. Ideas and experiences had flooded in upon him in rapid succession, too mixed up for him to sort or to recognize them as they paraded before him in bewildering array. Now it was quiet. The office, that little two-by-four place with the fan that did not cool but moved hot spaces of air from one position to another, had been uncomfortable and crowded. It was a treat, then, to be able to get away to this quiet hillside, with its long, tall waving blades of grass, where he could look up at the moon and see it as though it were a shining silver

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AT

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patch beneath a watery weed bed. He liked the damp, rather lacquered feeling of the thicker blades.

For awhile he just lay there, soaking in the coolness of a faint wind that seemed to come from nowhere at all. It wasn't even strong enough to move the lock of fine, blond hair that fell over his forehead. It was the coolness of an old jug which had stood long in a deep, darkened cellar. He thought there was nothing quite so soothing, and for a minute or so he almost forgot that he was not alone. The girl beside him rested her head on his arm, which was around her shoulder, and she was holding his thumb.

Neither had said anything for a long, long time, and now she turned her head and looked at him, as he gazed up into the sky, his eyes nearly closed, his lips parted ever so slightly. She wanted to kiss him then, but she waited, enjoying the inspection of his profiled face in the half light. The light of the moon directly on his face had the same effect as if there had been an electric light behind his head, for it made everything about the face just hazy enough to be dreamable. She liked the slightly puckered look of his upper lip and the little groove that ran vertically down the middle of it. Best of all she liked the angle made by the graceful downward sweep of his lower lip and the faint bulge of his chin. She looked at it a long time, and then, freeing his thumb she ran her index finger over the spot she was looking at. Her touch was light, and the tickling sensation pleased John. He allowed her to go on for awhile, and then he turned his head down to her and smiled with his eyes, the corners wrinkling just enough to suggest a smile. She blinked at him.

He turned on his side ever so little and pulled her to him. At first only their lips met. Their first evening kiss was always the tenderest and yet so often the

most satisfying. Tonight he felt that he wanted to experience a whole lifetime in this first kiss. But life is slow, he thought to himself, and so this will be slow. His eyes searched hers, as their heads came closer together, with that quizzical, loving look she knew so well in them. She had never asked him about that look, for she knew that it was nothing that he could explain, and if he were conscious of it, he would perhaps stop it, and she loved that look so well. She watched his face until he was so near that everything was blurred, and then she closed her own eyes. "I wonder what he is thinking," she asked herself.

Relaxed as his body may have been, John's mind was still active. He knew that the things he was thinking had nothing to do with what he was doing, but in a bewildered way he could not explain why he thought thus. The first contact with her lips reacted on him like the sound of escaping air from an air-sealed coffee can. It made him eager to be impetuous, but he figured that Life was not eager and impetuous, and tonight was all of Life. His lips brushed hers lightly, and there was a feeling like the soft resilience of velvet, or the tenacious smoothness of heavy satin. He mulled these impressions over in his mind and liked them. There was something, he thought, poetic about them. "The soft resilience of velvet, the tenacious smoothness of heavy satin." Yes, those were pretty and apt words."

The soothing, insinuating scent of her perfume reached him. He knew it was Coty's "Chypre," for he had seen a bottle of it on her dresser the night before. And he remembered the first time that he had ever noticed the odor. It was a long time before, when they had week-ended in the mountains, and he always attached to it the memory of the whirr of wind in pine trees, glossy needles on a tawny



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forest floor, and tall, straight, dark forms of trees scraping low-hanging clouds. Like scudding lumps of gray darkness, puffy clouds on a deep blue, sky back drop, memories, thoughts, words and events crowded past his mind's eye:

The utter lonesomeness of a wintery lake; the hazy, exaggerated fullness of an angora-sweatered breast; the whirring shuffle of pages flying past his fingers as he opened a book and the leaves flew out fan-like; the military appearance of ordered numbers in countless rows; the chapped redness of a new-born babe; the whining crescendo of gears on a bus climbing a hill; the brilliant whiteness of steel flowing into ingots; the mustiness of a funeral parlor; the sharp odor of a hospital corridor; the uncertain rustling of a taffeta skirt; the dusty sheen of a fine silk tie. It never occurred to him that none of these thoughts meant anything by itself, or with the other thoughts which preceded and followed it.

He felt the beating of her heart against his breast

and he remembered the pounding of the sea in his ears as he lay beneath a cliff one day, stretched on his back on the warm, sunny, narrow strand. It was a dull sound, but there was life in every beat and measure of it. Then he heard music, climactic music that would suit the attaining of the highest passions. Far in the distance, almost inaudible, was the eeriness of "Kyrie Eleison," and he listened to the otherworldliness of it, entranced, mystified and terrified by it. Then like Life, and the kiss which was coming to an end, the music changed. Now he was hearing the spiraling passage of the 1812 Overture—around and around and around and down and around and down and down and down and around, slower and slower, more and more insistent, down and down and down and around and then pausing. And then the beauty of the following anthem-like strains came to him and made him sad and happy and bewildered and big and small and afraid, and he buried his face in the soft silkiness of her hair with a sob.



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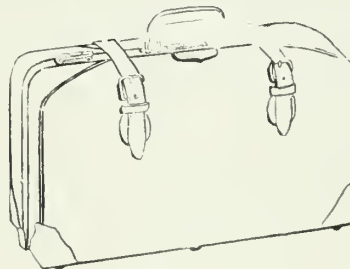
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Vol. 54  
No. 7

# The Chronicle

April  
1941

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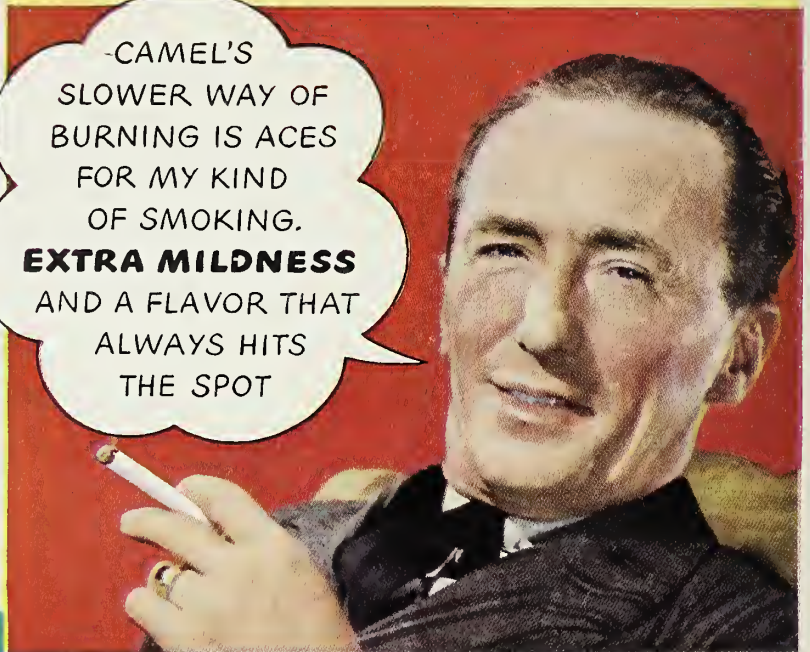
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BURNING IS ACES  
FOR MY KIND  
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APRIL, 1941

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*Within*

*these walls*

*of Higher Learning*

*Half our Life is spent--*

*That half of Life which all our yearning*

*Later may resent.*



# The Archive

Volume LIV

April, 1941

Number Seven

## Beauty and I Are Hiding Here

I WAS THINKING of how beautiful Susan was—her shining black hair, large mouth and eyes—green eyes they were too—a brilliant green. They were that because they were hard-looking. Candlelight never caught a faint, warm glow in them as it did in other women's eyes—it rather caught a metallic glint.

We were at either end of the dinner table—fully three yards apart. Suddenly Sable stirred on her perch very, very near to Susan's chair. "I hate you, I hate you," she called shrilly. So strange that our silence should be broken by Sable—so strange. For a parrot, she had always been unusually quiet.

As I looked at her more closely, I could have sworn I saw a diabolical grin around the edges of her beak. I laughed nervously under my breath. She ruffled her feathers a little and shifted her weight from one foot to the other, peering down at me with the one eye that could be seen glinting in the candlelight.

And then I noticed the strangest thing—Sable's mistress wore a Chinese green dress much the same color as Sable's feathers; and although her body was lithe and supple, there was a straightness that ran inside her, a stiffness almost under the draped lines of crepe, that made the mistress resemble her parrot. How very, very odd—. I began to examine each heavily shadowed wrinkle in her dress. What a pair they were with the faint glow from the candles wavering all about their forms!

Susan moved her hand to her lap and lifted her napkin to the table. It was a slow, lingering movement—how surprisingly tender it seemed—almost like Marie's. I caught my breath—Marie who had been Susan's sister, a person so different from her, so sweet, but not nearly so fascinating. That was

too bad, too. I had loved Susan so much more—. But I didn't want to think about that. It was rather horrible. Susan had so unknowingly commanded me to do what I did. Hers was the only power I had ever known that could command mine.

I suddenly realized that Susan was speaking. I was very relieved. To be sure my musings had been interesting, but I had been all the time waiting with a strained impatience for her to speak.

"I am sorry I have seemed so quiet," she was saying, almost without feeling. "However I have something to tell you that will merit your patience. I have decided that the fascination you hold for me means that I do love—." She broke off suddenly, waiting evidently for me to speak and watching me closely. I sat still.

Finally she continued. "I will marry you, Stanley," she said quickly.

I laughed uncertainly. Somehow I couldn't believe that—, but she was smiling, and, of course, that was why she had been so quiet. And yet I had never known her to be timid—it had been Marie that had been timid.

I forced myself to answer her brightly—after all she was going to marry me, and I should be happy. "Susan I am delighted. You know what this means to me."

How unnatural my voice sounded. I didn't even get up and go over to her. "Perhaps," I thought, "some heavy wine would rid me of this dullness."

When Rivers brought in the wine, I noticed that Susan drank very hurriedly. After some time she began to talk. At first her conversation was extremely clever and biting. Then her brilliant, restrained repartee gave way to a flow of ecstatic exclamations.

Meanwhile Sable became un-

*By Carol McClelland*

usually restless. She walked up and down her perch screaming, "I hate you," at increasingly frequent intervals. Susan paid no attention to her at all, but, as time went on, I became so irritated, then so overpoweringly angry at her monotonous impertinence that the idea of strangling her became very pleasing to my mind.

But then I could not displease Susan. She would be mine. I was crazy with love for her and I was so sure that I could blot out whatever had caused that long hesitation of hers—once I had her in my arms. In my arms—that was right—that was what was important.

I found myself saying very thickly, "How soon will you marry me, Susan? I have longed—"

She cut me off sharply. "Right now," she said and poured a portion of an untouched glass of wine into mine. "Come, you drink to us. I—I can't drink any more."

I must have peered across the candlelit table at her rather crazily, for she shuddered—quite distinctly. I didn't want to frighten her. Really, I didn't, but there was something in the peculiar way she had spoken that—and if there was anything I'd always hated, it was women who married when they weren't in love. That was it—married when they weren't in love—that was what was going through my mind—women who married when they weren't in love—

I said, "Susan, is there something I can help you with? Are you afraid of something, darling?" My tone was disgustingly tender. I felt empty inside.

"I am afraid of you," she said.

I laughed quickly. "Afraid—of me? Why, Susan, how ridiculous." I got up and walked unsteadily toward her.

I have said she was beautiful. Her fair skin, bright eyes, and dark hair glistened in the candlelight.

"Why are you going to marry me then?" I asked.

"Because I am brave enough to love what I fear," was her unflinching answer. I found a strange sincerity in her voice.

I leaned over toward her. She was breathing hard and fast. I put my hand on her shoulder.

She looked up at me defiantly. "You are a murderer," she said quietly.

I stared at her, unbelieving. My hand pressed down hard. She did not move.

"You murdered my sister—Marie," she continued. "She was your wife and you murdered her for me. I know."

My head began to swim. I could no longer hear distinctly what she was saying. She knew, she had known, maybe she had known all along—. O God! she was brave to tell me like that. She was brave—there, beneath my hand.

I turned toward the table and reached out for my wine glass. As I sipped it nervously, I could feel her staring at me. I turned toward her. Something in her expression restrained my hand.

Suddenly I felt something soft rub against my coat-sleeve. I looked down into Sable's glinting eyes. "I hate you," she screamed. Just as I reached out to grasp her neck, I felt a sharp pain in my chest. It seemed I was paralyzed.

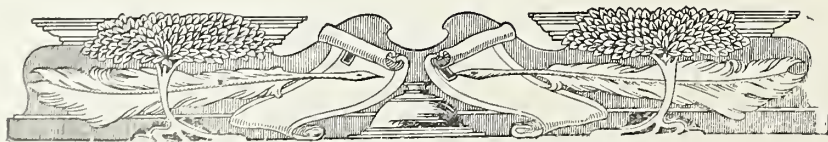
Susan was laughing. Tears began to stream down her cheeks—she was crying, too. Then it was that I felt all hot—poison—poison—can you imagine! Susan's arm rubbed against my coat-sleeve. I gasped as I looked down at her. She had tried to murder me. Perhaps she had—God—! But, still, I could move a little. My arms—yes, my arms were moving. Yes, yes, I could strangle her very easily. I felt my hands gripping her throat. I heard her scream; then I lost consciousness.

When I awoke, it was morning. Sable was standing near me, pecking at her Mistress' gown. I got up unsteadily and dragged the body out of the house, where I buried it.

Susan was beautiful even in death. Yes, she was—and now I have her bird that is so like her. The bird and I are happy. She is beautiful like Susan. We hide here together and are happy.

"Don't we, dear, dear, Sable?"

"I hate you—"





# *Sunday Night in Stokes County*

*By Marjorie Collier*

Y'as suh, I was jes a settin' there in my seat feelin' as fidgety as an ole hen. My insides was jumpin' up and down somepin awful, and I couldn' think of the worse thing that'd happen to me. I was jes in a peril-liss mood. I know that ain't no mood to be in when you is a settin' in church tryin' to be good. 'Course I hadn' been to church for jes ages, and I felt mighty uneasy with all dem good folks jes starin' me up and down.

Lord, I'd been in nuf trouble for de pas' couple o' weeks and I figured that maybe this comin' to church might kinda change my luck. See, I'm not really sech a bad nigger. Jes that old Ermie Collins; she thought I'se the ugliest guy dat done step down on dish-here earth. 'Course maybe I did kinda give her cause to get fretted, but she sure acted like I'se an evil man.

Ermie and me been goin' together for a long time den. Le's see, I done met her one Easter Sunday comin' out o' church. Boy, she did look mighty pretty that day! Had on a yallow dress and wid dem great big brown eyes she looked like a sunflower jes in full bloom. Well, aftuh I walked her home from church we kinda got to talkin', and we been goin' together aftuh that.

That summer was jes easy. They don' have no church here for us Baptists in the summer, so Ermie didn' have no chance to bother me 'bout comin' to church no moah! We had a big ole time Sat-uh-day nights. Sunday nights I dropped down to huh house, and we'd set on de porch, but aftuh a while I'd kinda drift off unconcern like, an she jes thought maybe I'm goin' home to read de Bible or somepin. Well, I don' mind tellin' you I wasn' goin' home, no suh, not yet.

Sunday nights we boys kinda got de habit o' meetin' down at Niles' grocery store. Das de on'y place dey keep open on a Sunday jes so de gals and boys can come and get ice-cream and candy sticks, stuff like dat. But we boys kinda got a notion maybe it's not so bad an idea iff in we make a little club and meet in de back of de stoah every Sunday night. 'Course we don' mean nothin' bad noah underhandy 'bout it,

so we let's de wimmin folk come in the front of the stoah whenever they likes.

Well, one Sunday I lef' Ermie at her house with lots of regrets like dat. She done took it all right so I come boundin' up to de stoah and we boys 'gan playin' a little game o' poker. We done played a right handy number o' nights all ready, and I been winnin' jes a lot o' money. 'Course, I din' say nothin' to Ermie 'bout it jes in case she'd think I'd been wastin' my time. I din' want her to believe I'se shiftless or anythin', and I know she don' like that kind of fellah.

But this particulah Sunday it was mighty hot, and we done lef' open the doah 'tween the back room and the stoah. I was sittin' practically in the line of vision if anyone walk'd in the front. 'Course I had my back to the doah, and den the three aces I had in my hand was takin' all my 'tention. So what'd I do but aks for two cards. I jes came to look at dem and whoopee! "Four aces"! I yell like old devil himself done got me. But what you think done happen' den. De boys dey don' say nothin', jes look at me like I was de unhappiest guy on earth. I was struck dumb. I jes looked 'round, an den in back, and ere was Ermie. Boy! I done turn all green inside jes de way she 'gin lookin' at me.

"Mistah Niles," she says, "would you please give me half poun' yoh ca'mel candy?"

Brother Niles done jump to his feet and shuffle out real quick. She concentrate on starin' at him right den, and I jes hold on dem four aces! But all she say was, "You all shure doin' de Lord's work today, Brother Niles. I wouldn' let sech people in the stoah if I was you!" And den she turn 'round and hoist her head in my direction, and she sail out like she goin' burn all her bridges right there. Phew! I done know dat was de las I was goin' see o' Ermie!

But dis heah Sunday, 'bout two weeks aftuh that when I was sittin' in church, you 'membuh my tellin' 'bout feelin' kinda uneasy. Well, I sorta come to hear Ermie, but I wasn't goin' let her know. I knew all de time Ermie was kinda a religious woman. I done see'd

all de little old gals listenin' to her like she's de Lord God herself. She got a Sunday school class or somepin like dat, and I guess she's a mighty good teachuh! She's sure wrap' up in de church, but 'course I nevu' let that influence me none 'cause all summer when we 'bin goin' together they don' have no church anyway. Dis heah Sunday was de furst Sunday o' de yeah, and I done heah dat Ermie goin' give a talk right from de pulpit, so natchally I had to come. 'Course all dis fidgetin I been doin' was right in de back seat 'cause I don' want Ermie to see me foah nothin. She's liable jes to get up and shout, "Dere he is, de wickedest man in Stokes' county! -Right dere!"

Yas suh, I know dat gal have de spunk say 'mos anythin' right in de Lord's house, too. 'Course I don' know near so much 'bout de Lord's house, but I sure get mighty scared.

When I settin' dere Sunday night waitin' for de program to begin I cast my eyes 'round and heah's dis big ole sign sayin', "No talkin', no sleepin', no irrev'rance to God in dis Church!" I betcha Ermie done put dat sign dere jes to worry ignorant sinners like me. Boy, I was sure feelin' pen-y-tent right den. I was takin' out good time to think 'bout dem sins like dat poker playin' I done dat Sunday night, when jes 'like dat someone say, "Miss Ermie Collins will read a paper enti-tled Charactuh!"

I sure look up den, and dere was Ermie walkin' cross de floah jes as sure as you please. She got a nice figuh, too, but she don' make so much noise 'bout it like mos' wimmin. I jes thought she' so far away maybe she won' see me, but she jes plunk down dat speech paper and 'gan starin' right out to me.

"My subject is charactuh!" she say, "Now I don' mean any old piece of yoh charactuh dat makes you different from anybody else. No suh, I mean yoh real charactuh, yoh good, moral charactuh!"

Den she done step forward a mite and she search' 'round foh a while and den she looked at me. I don' tremble any moh, I'm jes frozen right dere!

"'Course dere some people I know who don' take care of dere charactuh. Dey jes lets it grow up willy-nilly and what's it do but get wild and go to seed and

don' do nobody no good. Dey take dere precious charactuh dat de good Lord done give 'em and dey wastes it! Das right. Dey wastes it and it don' do nobody no good, not even dem-selves. 'Cause what is dey doin'?"

Yas suh, I done feel de floah shake under me, but I jes couldn' run den.

"Dey is spendin' deh time and dere precious selves gamblin' and takin' money away from dose dat needs it worse'n dey do. Den what's goin' to happen to dem, brothers and sisters? You don' know? Well, you jes watch dose sinners dat gamble dere money away some o' dese Sunday nights down in Niles' store! Oh yes, brothers and sisters! You won' find de Lord lookin' out foah dem, no moah. No suh!"

I jes ran in sweat right den and dere, but no one start to grab me yet, I done hold on little bit moah 'cause Ermie jes couldn' talk much moah, de way she yellin' den!

"Dat is pitiful now, ain't it, when you see your brothers losin dere self-respec' and dere friends, too! But how de Lord goin' take care of dem if they not goin' take care of dere own charactuh! What dese sinners gotta do is fertilize dere charactuh with doin' good and lovin' de Lord! If dey don' dey get so low and wild dat de lowest thing jes goin' step on dem and crush dem out! 'Course we don' wanta see dat happen, brothers and sisters! But we Baptist chillun done all we can. Jes dem sinners have gotta stop dis gamblin' fore dey frow dere charactuh all away!"

Ermie done pick up de papers lyin' dere on de pulpit and raise 'em in her hand, and shakes em right at me. I don' duck right den. When I look up quick dey was floatin' to de groun' where Ermie done frow 'em, and she's walkin' to her seat!

Boy, I ducked den. I ran out of dat church so fast dey don' see nothin' of me. Yas suh, I don' see no moah of dat church since den. 'Course dat was a long time ago, and I don' know as if I could 'member zackly right. Oh yes, jes one time I was dere again. Me and Ermie done got married there dat Christmas, but dat wasn't on a Sunday night, aftuh all!"





# Three Poems . . .

## *Morning*

Men sleep soundly  
And are unaware  
Of morning's hesitancy.  
Diluted darkness pales into purple penumbra.  
Rising mist mingles with hanging clouds  
To form a vaporous backdrop  
For floating fairy-forms, swimming trees,  
And moist black earth.  
Feeble stars, clinging falteringly to an  
Unstable horizon, are lost in smoky blue;  
Fingers of rose, yellow, gold  
Explode, splashing land and sky.  
Landscape lists attentive.  
Enter Sun.  
Men awake  
And sweat and curse.

—RICHARD KLISIEWSKI.

## *Awakening*

The drink was cold but I said  
"Touch your lips to mine,"  
And felt the chill of life gone cold—  
Then the thrill  
Of marble imitation turn to living actuality:  
For slowly through the damp softness  
Came a vibrant warmth,  
A pulsing flood  
Of blood  
That brought the thought that this was life  
And taught  
Us both to know, to know, to know!  
As one  
The two hearts beat,  
And we . . . at last . . . were one . . .

--GRAEME FRASER.

## *Soft Music and Ink*

Soft music fills  
The room with drowsiness;  
The soothing strains  
Of Mendelssohn and Brahms,  
Rich in their fullness of melody and depth,  
Make my pen heavy as it writes these lines.

The thin blue line,  
Turning, twisting, twining  
As it forms the word,  
Dries almost before it becomes complete.

The flashing gold tip  
Lifts for an instant;  
Tired fingers relax,  
And the black pen falls  
With a muffled pat on the half-done page,  
Rolls over once  
And stops.

By TRESS E. PITTINGER, JR.

# The Eighth at Dinner

By Marilyn McGlaughlin

SHE CAME down the steps of the brownstone boarding house and, ducking her head against the powdery snow that was falling, walked quickly to the corner and dropped the letter through the mailbox slot. The letter went chunk! to the bottom of the box. She stood a moment digging her hands into her pockets, thinking of it going home, stamped "Boston, Mass." like that, confirming her first careless line: *I am enrolled at school now, and making out well in Boston.* That was what they would want to think, of course, that she was making out well. She looked down the street at the grey, sprawling mass of Trinity Church, hazy in the chalky air. Old South was in exploring distance from the boarding house, too, and she had no friends and nothing better to do, so she turned down the street toward Copley Square. She wished, once she had started, that she hadn't decided to go, for the wind cut through her tweed reefer and her fingers stiffened in the thin suede gloves. Her room at Mrs. Fox's was unbearably cold, but it was better than walking in the streets. She hurried along with desperate, rushing steps. When she got to Old South she pulled open its ponderous doors and went in. She stamped her feet over a heater in the vestibule and tried to tug off her gloves. She heard the janitor coming, and went quickly into the afternoon chapel and sat down in one of the rear pews. But the janitor came in anyway. She told him she was sight-seeing.

He clasped his hands over the back of the pew, looking down respectfully at her, at her tweed reefer, and the well-cut felt hat and suede gloves. "Oh, that's all right, miss," he assured her, "I just have to look in and see. Sometimes we get these tramps, come in just to get out of the cold."

"Oh, out of the cold," the girl repeated numbly.

The janitor took her around to see the children's chapel, fitted out with a miniature pulpit and tiny choir stalls. The girl rubbed her aching hands together and admired it for him. He was very pleased, and went on to tell her that the small chandeliers with the wrought-iron birds perched on them were imported from Spain a long, long time ago.

And when she was back for a supper of baked beans at Mrs. Fox's, she even remembered that he said Old South was built in 1669.

"My, you've become quite a historian, haven't you, Lois?" one of the two austere maiden ladies at her table remarked. The first time she had seen the two of them in the parlor of the boarding house, one, in a muted tone, had been deprecating the fact that anyone ever saw humor in *Esquire*. Now, when she met them in the hallway, or ate dinner with them, confronted by the stiffness of moire bosoms and choker-necks and pompadour hair-do's, she thought of that discreet whisper in the parlor, "I really can't understand what type of mind a magazine like that would appeal to—"

They were talking about going to a Russian Church service New Year's eve while they nibbled at their salad. "There's nothing quite so inspiring," one of them said.

"Beautiful, beautiful," the other echoed.

That night Lois braved the cold to see a movie downtown, alone.

Creamed codfish for breakfast. Lois sat across the table from the two maiden ladies, and one of them told her she had gone to Radcliffe when college women were called bluestockings, and Lois said, "oh." She had never had codfish for breakfast before but she ate hers resolutely.

"Well, my dear," one of the spinsters said, and Lois knew that the question she dreaded was coming. "What have you been doing with yourself?"

"I saw Old South and I've been practicing piano and I went to the movies—"

"All alone?" one of them asked solicitously. "You should go out, see some young people. I know just the family. The Vochanens. Mr. Vochanen is a trustee of this pharmaceutical school you're enrolled at. They'd love to have you over."

Lois lifted a fork defensively. "No, really, I don't like to impose—"

The maiden lady in the chokerneck dress would have none of it. The Vochanens would be delighted. Lois was in her room reading when the lackadaisical maid shuffled in and told her she was wanted on the phone. Lois rushed down to the parlor and closed the door of the phone booth behind her, with the presentiment that it was Mrs. Vochanen. It was. Would she like to come to dinner on Thurs- (Continued on Page 20)



# Talk of the Campus

## Notes and Comments

Once again at Duke a musical comedy is being conceived; once again a miscarriage seems predictable. The idea is an excellent one, the carrying out of production on "Say When" would fill a long-existing gap in student entertainment; but this is Duke and such things can't happen here.

As now planned, the entire show is done by students . . . students have written the music and the script, students are directing singing, dancing, production, and students are playing the roles . . . and it will appeal mostly to students and other members of the Duke community. Duke has sufficient talent upon which to draw not only for casting purposes but also for creative work on the show. "Say When" introduces a group of songs which would pull any musical through at least a few performances. For once there is sufficient financial backing, a lack of which was largely responsible for the failure of former attempts. It would seem upon the surface that the musical could not fail.

But, as is common with student engineered affairs here, there are too many fingers in the pie, each one busily pinching the others instead of stirring up the pie itself. The campus is ready to co-operate, anxious to support the show by coming to pay good money to see it. It is the organization itself that must pull in its belt, decide who does what, with which, to whom once and for all, and shake hands all around. If settle-

ments on this score can be made, look out *Triangle* and *Hasty Pudding*!

## Note to Notes

One nice thing has happened to date as a result of the Hoof and Horn group. It is refreshing to see emerging from the melee of new-formed feuds among members of the group a friendship between erstwhile-enemies Fracher and Porterfield. Either Fracher has accepted the *Archive* pose, or Porterfield is not satisfied with the publicity he is giving her in Bull Durham.

## Brown Barnyard

It isn't really letting out state secrets that the young ladies of Brown House and their guests use the porch above the post office for purposes of acquiring a bodily color to match their pancake makeup; but it may be news to you that the porch is also the home of several young animals who came in celebration of Easter. Easter Saturday afternoon presented a scene upon the roof which only a master could immortalize. Gathered in worship to the sun were some fifty females in various stages of dress and its opposite; three baby ducklings and a couple small and scared rabbits; a certain housemother with a broom and encouragements to the girls to clean up; several airplanes circling around and dropping propaganda. We begin to suspect that this is a country club, in its own inimitable way.

# *A Tragic Hero*

WELL, YES, I guess you could say that I knew him when. You see, I was a foreign correspondent over there for the years when he was coming up. And even before that, when I studied over there, I remember passing through the village where he lived, and meeting him then—of course, that was only a chance meeting, but I didn't forget it—it was one of my last impressions of the Old World before my father was transferred back here—and then, of course, there was Otto. Or maybe I'd better start at the beginning, it's rather confused in my mind, too.

My father was in the United States diplomatic service, and for many years, while he was shifted from state to state in Europe, I spent all my holidays traveling in the remote parts of those countries. I stayed in the inns of the tiny villages—you really get to know people that way—I guess that's the reason I couldn't stay over there when all this started. Too many people on both sides were my friends. You know, I have a theory that if—oh, pardon it. I just can't seem to stop myself from wandering now and then. But to get back, the first time I met him was on one of those trips. Train connections were poor in that little Austrian town. I'd only intended to stay there overnight, but I missed the train and had to spend the weekend. I headed for the tavern—they're the center of life in those villages—and just as I was about to enter, I heard all this yelling, and a big brute of a man, completely sodden, came lumbering out of the tavern, swearing at a young boy he was chasing. The boy was a little younger than I, but decidedly on the puny side, homely as he could be, and whimpering. Luckily for him, the big man couldn't quite manage the curb, and subsided in a heap in the street, where he immediately curled up and went to sleep, which didn't seem to disturb the traffic much in that sleepy little town. The boy just stood and looked at him without uttering a sound, but with the most awful hate in his eyes I have ever seen. I watched him as he crossed to a shabby little house, and went in the gate. A tired, patient little woman opened the door. I think I have never seen anyone so sad looking. She held the door open for him, and seemed to be very worried about something. Whatever her frantic queries were about, the boy only looked at her and shrugged.

Somehow, the scene was out of place in the quiet little town, and it haunted me the rest of the night.

I was walking through the country the next morning, and I noticed someone lying in the grass in one of the fields along the road. I recognized the boy and walked toward him. He was sobbing—a sort of hysterical weeping—a trait which I understand he has kept to this day. I don't know what it was that made me go up to him that day, and I can't imagine how we managed to start a conversation. Anyhow, he managed to dry up his tears and turn his interest to something else. Let me see, I believe, yes—that's right. First we talked about America. He had noticed I spoke with an accent, and asked me all about myself. He didn't seem at that time to be overintelligent, but I put it down to the natural backwardness of the lower-class countryman. And he was young—younger than I'd expected. And then we talked about him. He was bitter, the bitterest person I'd ever met for one that young. I don't imagine he often talked to others as he talked that morning. But it was some sort of a release, and of course, he knew he'd never see me again. The whole thing was hate. Hate against his drunkard father, the man who'd chased him out of the tavern, hate against his father's coarse friends who laughed at him, hate against the amused townspeople who thought that there was something not quite nice about his family, and who really didn't even approve of his sad little mother. There was hate, too, against the sordidness of his home and surroundings, and against the life his father was cutting out for him, a life as a public servant, definitely opposed to that artistic life he felt destined for—oh yes, even then he felt there was some great destiny for him. And I felt sorry for him then, so sorry, for he felt so hopeless, and so bound up in bitterness. It isn't good for one so young to feel no happiness. And then we walked back to the village together, and that was all. Oh yes, I promised to send him cards from my travels. He wanted to travel so much, he said. And then when I finally got my train and met my father, he told me we were going back to America. I beg your pardon? Oh—oh yes, I sent him cards, all along the way home, and from America. I got a letter from him once—just a dirty little note, very stilted, saying that he was happy to state that his



father was dead, sorry to say that his mother was ill, and that he was in Vienna studying painting. That was all.

Then there was Otto. Otto was our gardener later on when we were in Washington. A big, happy Austrian, he was. One day he told me that he came from the same little town, so of course I hunted through my drawers for the name of my young friend, and asked him about the boy. He just stopped a minute. Then he shook his head and said, "Poor boy, he never had a chance." And of course that stirred my interest. Every time I could I questioned him, and finally, he told me more. It was a sordid tale, one you can and probably have read in modern books and current magazines. There was the cruel father, the unhappy mother, family quarrels, and all of this in a background of sordidness stretching back several generations. And of the unhappy Vienna experience, which I have mentioned, he told me more. After his father's death, when the boy ran away from home, Vienna did not stretch out its arms to the ignorant dreamer, as he had imagined it would. All the city offered him was poverty, and more hatred, something else to be marked down to seek revenge against someday. The boy who had dreamed great art found no way to express it, as he had imagined he would once he was away from home. And in a city of great art, there was no place for his painfully inadequate scratchings. And at the end, Otto would always shake his ponderous head and sigh, "There is no place in the world for the uneducated man who is physically weak. There is less place for the sentimental dreamer. And with all these qualities bound together with a fierce hate in one man, what can you expect?" Otto went back during the first World War. His parting was rather a sentimental one—he didn't want to go—I guess he rather felt that America was his home, then, but he was called back, and the old ties were too strong to ignore. But after it was over, Otto would write to me once in a while—he missed America, and he was lonely in the veterans' hospital where he would always stay. And it was through Otto that I had my third meeting with him.

Poor eyesight had kept me chained to a desk in Washington during the war, and I felt that I had missed something. So, when my paper offered me a job as foreign correspondent, I snatched it, grateful for the chance of adventure, and of seeing again the old places I had loved. And, when I travelled near that veterans' hospital, I stopped to see the old fellow. He

called me to lean way over, for he had something he wanted only me to see. Then, from under his pillow, he drew a number of dirty pamphlets. They were the kind of propaganda that all new radical movements put out at the beginning. *The Social Revolution Party*, they were called.

"He gave them to me," he told me proudly. "He lay there in the next bed to me for a time during the war, and we talked about you, too. He remembered you. And when he left, he said he'd remember me, too. He came back several times with these pamphlets. That was before he got so busy. He doesn't come now. But he'll be great, just like he said he would be. He'll lead his country to great things."

It took me a while to understand that this man he was praising was the bitter Austrian boy we had both known, and the one that he had mocked, back in the garden in Washington. So I asked him more, and he frowned.

"I can't explain it. When I think of it, he still seems pathetic. He's never happy, and his ideas aren't at all the things I really believe, but he has some power of making you agree with him. Yes, he'll be great."

"But Otto," I asked, "what about his art?"

"Art? Oh yes, I remember. Well, I guess he feels his destiny lies in some other field. But he will be great."

"I'd like to meet him again, Otto."

"He's awfully busy—but he's interested in foreigners, they say. Perhaps if I gave you a note to him—of course he's awfully busy—"

I thanked Otto and took the note. I didn't bother with it then. He really wasn't particularly important, and I too was busy. It was several years later when I remembered the note. He had become a man to be reckoned with then. So I took a chance one day, and sent up Otto's letter with one of mine. I don't know which one worked, but I received word that he would see me. I spent three hours with him, but I never cabled a word to my paper. This is the first I've ever told anyone about it. No, I'm sorry. I can't tell you just what was said. Oh yes, I remember it very distinctly. I don't think I could ever forget. Yes, I realize all the wrong things he has come to stand for today, yet I couldn't hate him. That's where all the trouble comes from. There is already too much hate. In those three hours he broke down and just talked as he had long ago when we were both young. All that hate and

*By Marianne Eder*

bitterness are now the things that he is running his country on. You say he has everything. I say he has nothing. All of us strive only for happiness and that's the one thing he's never had. He's a tragic character. Never forget that. He has no friends, he's afraid to have friends. He's uneducated in the midst of the

greatest intellects. He's inferior to all those he has displaced, and he knows that. He's bitter, lonely, unhappy. He failed in the one thing he wanted most, his art. He's never even fulfilled his boyhood desire to travel. He's a tragic hero.

## *Sterile Tor*

Remember the day when I showed you a hill—  
That sterile remnant of cast-up land—  
That was one of the things I'd found myself?  
I'd feared before you'd not understand,

And you didn't. Your eyes weren't able to see  
What I had sought in the barrenness there;  
I knew in a minute—though you didn't reveal  
By companionable silence—that you'd never care

About my hill. I simply said,  
"I guess that you'll discover your own  
Great hill sometime." And I didn't mind  
Your lack of eagerness. I had known.

We both stood as bleak as the skeletal tree—  
Just one—that bound with wanton claws  
A rock to the earth. How strange that I  
Felt envious there of its pride because

It didn't flinch at the blades of the wind,  
That slashed like scythes at its scabby skin,  
The way I did. When folds of sky  
Showed jaundiced lining, did it begin

To whimper? So long it had stood  
Defying the rain, the flaying cold!  
It seemed to be guarding a tacit pride  
In knowing some secret the sky might hold

That's only for fruitless pines and things  
As strong as they—the weathered rock,  
Cold, venously black, yet facing the sky  
With strength to return its imperial mock.

We stood there together, my face to the wind  
And yours watching mine; I took up your hand  
And pressed it in mine—for I'd noticed that you  
Were shaking with cold and could not understand.

I'll wait until you have learned for yourself  
How weak you are, and then I might  
Just say what I knew you couldn't feel then,  
"We two are together, and it's all right."

*By Boots Moore*





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# "A Man's Best Friend--"

(Archive Prize Story)

By Carl Horn

Jess sprawled under the big oak tree, watching the cars speed by over the hot concrete—mostly Yankee cars, heading north for the winter. He didn't move except to brush at a fly, or to wipe the sweat off his forehead. Behind him lay old Judge Browning's 300 acres of farm land that he, Jess, was supposed to be working. Well, old Browning could go to hell—it was just too damn' hot for a white man to be out in a tobacco field today.

He watched a big sedan with a Connecticut license come flashing toward him. It had a little trailer on the back. As it sped past him he noticed that the back door of the trailer was open, and as the car rounded the curve Jess saw a dog fall out onto the highway. The big sedan showed no signs of slowing up. Jess watched the dog try to rise, stumble, and fall to the pavement.

Reluctant to leave his spot in the shade, the big man grunted, got up, and sauntered toward the animal.

"Why, it's a bird dawg. I'll be damned. Let's have a look at yuh, mutt. Yo're probably worth money." He bent over the dog. "Yes suh, a real Llewellyn setter. I betcha you got papers too. Why, pore little feller—his leg's broke! An' he's jest a pup. Ain't more'n six or seven months old!"

He picked the dog up and carried him back to his little tarpaper shack, several hundred yards from the road. Had Jess's neighbors seen this, they would have wondered at his actions. He'd been a tenant farmer in Murray County for three years now, and the best that they could say for him was that he wasn't half as mean as usual when he was sober. Even the niggers who helped him with the tobacco hated him.

Jess made a splint for the dog's leg, and fixed him a box with rags, in the kitchen. He was glad to have an excuse to stay out of the hot, sunny fields, so he left the niggers to do most of the work, while he sat in the shade and nursed the setter. Every night he fed the pup its cornbread and buttermilk; the leg began to heal, but the dog remained thin.

Jess lived alone. Some folks said that he had left a wife and three kids in Georgia to starve, before he came to Murray County, and others said no, he was just too sorry and mean for any woman to have him, but nobody knew.

By October the pup was able to walk around. News of it spread to the neighboring farms, and folks said that Jess was better to the dog than he'd ever been to any white man.

The pup would meet Jess every day when he came out of the fields, and Jess would grin and scratch the pups ears and play with it. The two hounds that he kept around the house avoided him and cringed when he called them.

"I'm glad you turned out to be a bitch," he said to the setter. "I gotta feelin' yo're gonna bring me luck some day. So I'll call yuh Lucky."

Like all puppies, Lucky was an amiable creature. At first she missed her clean white kennel, and the other dogs, but she learned to love this big rawboned, unshaven man in overalls. It didn't matter to her that he was dirty, or that other men despised him—to her he was the source of all food, petting, and kind words. But she was puzzled and frightened the first time Jess came home drunk. He'd sort of laid off corn liquor when she'd first come to him, but after her leg had gotten well and he'd quit worrying about her owner coming back and finding her, he returned to his Saturday night binges in town.

The night that he staggered in and tripped over her box in the kitchen she would never forget. He had pitched forward on his face, cursing wildly. Sensing trouble, she had tried to crawl behind the stove, but she was not quick enough.

"Why you goddam little mutt," he screamed.

She lay still on her belly and whimpered. Jess pulled himself up and lurched toward her. Lucky wagged her tail and looked pleadingly. She was rewarded by a sudden kick that sent her sprawling and shot hot pains through her chest. With a yelp of fright and pain she made for the door, but a strong hand had her by the scruff of the neck. Jess held her with her front quarters in the air while his hand rained awful, stinging blows across her back. Finally the cursing ceased and he released her, falling into a drunken stupor.

The next morning she was sore all over and limped away to a safe distance whenever Jess approached. But he took no notice of her, and after a few days he resumed the kind words and (Continued on Page 16)



## Book Reviews



*Out of the Night*, by Jan Valtin (Harry Krebs). Alliance Publishing Company. \$3.50.

The sadistic, masochistic members of the fanatical corps of Nazi and Communist secret police have long been unmyster-

ious and too commonplace to the peoples of Europe. Americans, with safe Hollywoodized minds, have consistently laughed them off as another cinematic invention of Alfred Hitchcock or Frank Capra. *Out of the Night* blasted a path far beyond that of the erudite hierophants whose puzzlings with the world revolution leave the average reader in a knot tied by etymological pyrotechnics. It reached the man in the street, and it knocked the snivelling remnants of the American Communist Party into an alley and left it biting itself with rage.

"It's a lie, I've been robbed" were the yells that rolled from the back alley presses of "The Party"—those magnificent "friends of the people" whose necks broke from efforts to kiss certain extremities of their own after Great White Father Stalin and that apostle of sweetness and light and worshipper of the proletariat—Adolph Hitler—staged an international lovefest.

Yet here were names and dates, Krebs' own prison records, here and abroad; here was a record that showed all the machinations of doublecrossing, ruthlessness, the sheer brutality of fanatics fired with a new religion of nihilism; here was the result of the new "secret weapon," a "weapon" that turned out to be terror, blackmail, gangsterism, the methods of the Black Mafia and Al Capone, all dressed up for the international parade.

It was a little hard for Americans to swallow. Certainly some of *Out of the Night* was storyized, made palatable for fast reading with good continuity, a few dashes of sex, minute descriptions of details invented rather than accurately remembered.

Yet, twelve countries had fallen with the aid of "secret weapons," the weapons of fear, terror, sabotage, blackmail, the weapons Valtin writes of. Then the editors of *Life* went after the book and its author, to determine authenticity, as had its publishers and men of undoubted literary integrity such as Dr. Henry Seidel Canby. The verdict was unanimous that Valtin's book is basically authentic.

When the Communists try to shrug off the book by

hurling charges of "sensationalism" and "pure phantasy," it should be recalled by all who have read the book that no single incident in its pages approaches the dramatic and the melodramatic, the movie-thriller details of the death of a former Duke student in Mexico while acting as bodyguard to Trotsky—torture followed by being tossed into a pit of lye. This bit of "persuasion" by the Party, and the subsequent butchering of Trotsky, coming over the Associated Press wires, make the details of the Valtin book seem even a little restrained.

—DON LOUIS.

*Some Poems and a Devotion of John Donne*. Poet of the Month Series. New Directions, 1941.

This year John Donne has been resurrected by virtue of his *Devotions*, one of which gave Ernest Hemingway the title for his last book *For Whom the Bell Tolls*. Aware of the fact that people in the street who never realized such a man as Donne had existed were now able to quote him to the extent of "Any man's death diminishes me, because I am involved in Man-kinde; And therefore never send to know for whom the bell tolls; It tolls for thee." New Directions has devoted its Anniversary Issue in the Poet of the Month Series to Donne.

The booklet contains a well-chosen selection from Donne's work; besides the Hemingway *Devotion*, it includes the well-known "Elegy on His Mistress," the most famous of his love poems and six of the religious sonnets which were the product of Donne's later and more godly life as Dean of St. Paul's, London. As a poet, Donne is witty and extravagant in ideas; he was looked upon by his contemporaries with raised eyebrows because of his disregard of form in an age when form was the ultimate test of excellence, but this very failing makes him more close to present-day readers trained by revolt against convention in poetry.

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## “A MAN’S BEST FRIEND—”

(Continued from Page 14)



JOHN HANFORD, KAPPA ALPHA, is wearing one of the new “College Cord Gabs” from The Young Men’s Shop—the most talked about fabric stylings of ’41. It’s different and original . . . in diagonals and twills . . . unmistakably new, featuring the longer jackets with low set pockets . . . also the new “ease” waist, sweeping lapels and slacks that drape fuller to the knee and smaller at the bottoms. In the new Mocha shades and . . . but don’t let us stop you if you were on your way to see these “College Cord Gabs!”

*The Young Men’s Shop*

EAST MAIN AT CHURCH

petting even with a note of shame in his voice. Three times this happened, and then Lucky learned to sleep outdoors to avoid this man who was a just master during the daytime and a demon at night.

Autumn came, tinting and withering the flat countryside. One day Jess released her from the barnyard, and she set out to explore her new home. She romped gaily through the fields, investigating strange new smells and noises. As she skirted a broomstraw patch, her attention was drawn to an exciting new *scent*. She wormed her way through the tall grass—there was an explosive whirr, and dozens of little brown bullets shot out of the weeds. Trembling with excitement she chased them until they disappeared in the distance. But that tantalizing *scent* was still there.

Her formal introduction to Bob White came a few days later. That Saturday, Jess, instead of going to town as was his wont, brought out a funny-looking long stick, called Lucky and headed for the fields. She followed at his heels as he had taught her. When they came to the stubby brush, he spoke to her quietly, almost kindly, and sent her into the midst of it. Delighted with this new game she did not yet understand, Lucky darted madly about, enjoying her new freedom. As she trotted by a thicket she caught a whiff of that tantalizing scent again, and once more there was a roar and the air was filled with brown bullets. She heard Jess shout “Woah!” but she plunged after them till they were gone. When he reached her he took her back to the spot where she had first sniffed *the scent*, and she trembled with its intoxicating effect.

Jess tied a long rope about her neck, tied the other end to his belt, and led her to a fringe of woods at the edge of the field. She trotted about sniffing, got wind of *the scent* again and sprang in its direction. The rope drew taut, the knot tightened, and she was thrown off her feet, gasping for breath. This time a single bird exploded from the brush, and as she watched in wonderment Jess raised the big stick to his shoulder, there was a loud bang, and the brown bullet crumpled to earth in a cloud of feathers. She darted toward it, but once more the rope restrained her. Jess walked over and picked up the dead bird. He thrust it under her nose and let her take long, thrilling sniffs of it.

So went Lucky’s first lesson in quail hunting. Many others followed, and they were hard, never-to-be-for-



gotten lessons. She learned to come to a staunch point, but only after many chokings by Jess's make-shift check-line. She would never forget the horrible lesson she learned about not chasing rabbits. One day she had chased one, and Jess had shot it in front of her. He had cursed her and beat her until it seemed that her back would break, and then made her walk many long, painful miles with the offensive thing dangling from her neck. Learning to retrieve had been the hardest of all. How could she forget to hold a bird gently when her mouth had stayed sore for weeks from being forced to retrieve a dead quail after Jess had killed it and driven sharp nails through its body? And she still had little pin point scars on her rump where Jess had filled her with bird-shot for ranging out too far. Yes, the lesson had been a hard one, but Lucky had learned it well. And when she was hunting she forgot everything else, even Jess's cruelty. All that winter he hunted her, driving her, ironing out little puppy faults, and instilling obedience through fear.

When summer came the coveys broke up to mate. There was no more hunting, and Lucky lolled around in the shade with a restless, lonely feeling. Jess's kind words came less frequently now; he gave her orders in sharp, curt tones. He still got drunk, but when he staggered home she avoided him carefully. Then sometimes he would call her gently, and she would come cringing to him, crawling on her belly, and he would scratch her ears, run his fingers through her silky hair and speak to her softly. Lucky would wag her tail and lick his hand. Then she would forget about the beatings and sharp words and remember only this.

Toward the end of the summer Jess began to do a little poaching. Together they would go out in the early morning and she would point the young broods. When he flushed them the mother quail would run through the brush crying sharply, while the young birds burst into the air. Jess's gun would go bang, and when one of the tiny things fell, Lucky would dart out to bring it back. But she couldn't understand why these birds were smaller than the ones last winter.

Autumn returned, and with it the hunting season. Jess's voice was always cold and businesslike now. Lucky hunted carefully because she had learned that the reward for a mistake was a beating.

\* \* \*

Big Jess fingered his hat nervously as he waited outside of Judge Browning's law offices. A polite young

woman said, "Judge Browning will see you now." He walked in.

"Why hello Jess; what can I do for you?" the white-haired man asked, rising from his desk.

"I gotta bird dawg I wantcha to look at, Judge."

"Bird dog? Where did *you* get—Why I didn't know you went in for bird dogs, Jess."

"This'n's jest a pup. Ain't more'n a year'n a half old. I been breakin' her."

A new light beamed in the old man's kindly eyes.

"What kind, Jess? How is she? Here, have a seat."

Craftily Jess noted the old man's new interest.

"Llewellyn setter—I bought her from a feller. She ain't got no papers, but I knowed a thoroughbred when I seen one. She's got a long range nose and she's steady as a five year old."

"Who's she out of?" the Judge inquired.

Jess's eyes dropped. "The feller didn't say."

"She's pretty good, eh?"

"Yes suh."

"Well suppose I bring John Nance and come out and hunt with you next Saturday."

"All right, suh," Jess agreed.

Early Saturday morning the Judge's station wagon pulled into Jess's front yard. Out tumbled the two middle-aged men in worn shooting coats, with shiny, custom-made guns, and a couple of trim looking pointers.

Jess greeted the two. "We'll jest strike out from here," he announced.

"Lucky! C'mere." The little setter trotted up, half cringing. The two men looked her over carefully and exchanged questioning glances.

"Let's go down by the lespedeza field first. There's a big covey that uses in there," Jess offered.

Lucky followed the two pointers nervously. She wasn't used to hunting with other dogs—hadn't since Jess borrowed the sheriff's dog to teach her to back a point. When they reached the edge of the field the pointers loped through, quartering it at a mad pace. She trotted around the edge, her nose held high.

"She'll have to be a mighty good dog to keep up with Rex and Belle," the Judge told Jess.

"Jest wait," he replied quietly.

Lucky trotted through the edge of the thick grass. There was *the scent* again. Tensely she crept toward it and froze into a solid point.

"Woah—Lucky's got 'em," Jess called out behind her.

"But—Rex and Belle are over there," the Judge said.

"Come and see for yourself," Jess told him. He tiptoed over to her.

"Well I'll be damned," said the Judge.

He walked in—the covey rose. Shotguns barked and two birds dropped. Old John Nance swore as he ejected an empty shell. At a signal from Jess, Lucky darted out and returned with a bird. One of the pointers had the other.

And so the morning passed. Jess went in early to prepare dinner for the men. Lucky followed the pointers back to the house, while the Judge and John trudged along behind, their game pockets bulging.

John chuckled. "Well Russell, it looks to me like that little setter sort of showed Rex and Belle up today. Let's see—we found five coveys and Lord knows how many singles. Well, that Lucky found four of the coveys and most of the single birds. And if you've ever seen anything prettier than her pointing on that log, or swimming across the creek with that cripple, I'd like to know it. And she can't be more than two years old!"

"I'd like to know where that devil got her, John," replied the Judge. "Probably stole her. She's field trial strain. A little man-shy—he's probably beaten her—but she's damned near perfect!"

The dogs flopped down on the front porch while the men ate. Lucky chewed burs out of her coat and repelled the advances of Rex.

Inside Jess and the Judge were talking.

"Where'd you get that dog, Gardner?" the Judge stared at him levelly.

"I told you I bought her from a feller"—Jess glared defiantly.

"You say you trained her?"

"That's right."

"How much do you want for her, Gardner?"

There was a long silence.

"Two hundred and fifty dollars."

"Two hundred and fif—for a dog that's not even registered?"

"She ran rings around both them two hundred and fifty dollar pointers of yours, didn't she?" he asked impudently.

And so when Judge Browning's station wagon pulled out of the drive that night, Lucky was in it, and Jess had a check for two hundred and fifty dollars. The next day he was seen in town, swaggering around in a new suit, very drunk. Also the next day, and the next.

\* \* \*

Lucky liked her new home. There were clean kennels and a large wire-enclosed run, and other dogs. There were no more beatings, or harsh words. Everything was contentment. Two children took her out of the run and romped with her, patted her, and spoke kind words. She liked the Judge best of all. With him she went hunting once or twice a week. She would sit at his feet while he talked to her in low tones and ran his hand over her head. Lucky learned to like people, to wag her tail and greet them without fear. She filled out until her ribs no longer showed; her coat grew sleek and shiny.

Summer came again. The hunts ceased, but the petting, kind words, and good food continued. Once she dreamed that Jess was beating her again, and she woke yelping with fear. She remembered him quite well, although she had not seen him for nearly a year. The smell of his clothes, his deep voice, and his varying moods were all very familiar.

As the summer passed and drew to a close, things had not been going so well with Lucky's former master as they had with her. He had stood before a stern county judge and heard him say, "Guilty of drunkenness and disorderly conduct. I sentence you to 30 days on the roads, or twenty-five dollars and the costs." To raise the twenty-five dollars Jess had to sell his shotgun and some other personal belongings. But still worse, old Judge Browning, now running for Senator as an ardent dry, had given him 30 days notice to vacate the farm that he had allowed to go to seed. So Jess had been cut loose to drift.

\* \* \*

Big Jess moodily packed his things in the old Model T truck and prepared to leave for Georgia the next morning. Wearily he loaded broken-down furniture.

"Let's see now—gotta have some rope to tie this chair on." He rummaged through an old box, fished out a piece.

"Well, I'll be damned!" he exclaimed, holding it up. "Lucky's old check-line. Well I'll be damned," he repeated slowly. His eyes narrowed. "Mebbe I'd better leave tonight."

The moon shone brightly over Judge Browning's kennels. Several blocks away from the house Jess brought the old truck to a quiet stop, and began to walk noiselessly. The nigger who lived back of the kennels ought to be asleep by now. He crept up to the wire enclosure, noting the large padlock on the door. He surveyed its height, and noted the barbed wire around the top of the fence.



"Lucky!" he called in a half whisper. "Lucky! C'mere girl!" A nose poked out of the first kennel. Her collar rattled as she trotted to the edge of the fence. There was a short bark from the other end of the enclosure, then silence.

"C'mon girl. Here, Lucky!"

The little setter whined and scratched at the earth beneath the fence.

Jess turned as if to go, still calling softly. He motioned to the top of the fence.

"Jump!" he ordered.

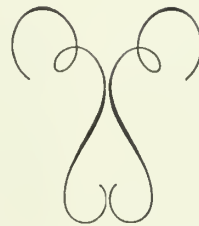
Lucky drew back and sprang. She yelped with pain as the barbed wire bit into her hind legs, and fell back inside.

Jess called again. She sat motionless, watching him. He walked away a little farther.

"Here, Lucky!"

Blood shone through her white coat where the barbed wire had torn the flesh. Jess turned his back and took a few more steps. Lucky sprang again, clawed at the barbed wire top and fell—outside.

Together man and dog hurried off through the darkness.



## *Solution*

You brought me to the state approaching death;  
a living, walking wasted life that sought  
to be set free from its sad burden, breath . . .  
and so I died, but peace was dearly bought.  
The sun burned through the open casement, bright  
and mocking at my hope of being free;  
I did not stand there long constrained in life,  
for death had now too great a claim on me—  
I even welcomed it, and banned all right,  
all hope to live—for with you gone I knew  
the state I cherished, simulating life  
might not have been then worth the living through.

—MARILYN MCGLAUGHLIN.

## THE EIGHTH AT DINNER

*(Continued from Page 8)*

day? a solicitous voice inquired. Don't dress, Mrs. Vochanen said, and we'll call for you. Lois hung up the receiver. Don't dress, indeed! She rummaged about in her bag for her best dress, and went down to the basement to press it.

The next afternoon she was sitting on the couch in the parlor, fidgeting with the tucking of the skirt and wondering how long it would be before the Vochanens came. She bit her lip. How waiting piqued her! She was nervous, and got up and strolled to the window and swept aside the heavy lace curtains to look out on Chandler Street. A row of high narrow brick houses lined the street. She walked back to the table and turned through a magazine. The flamboyant advertisements slipped through her fingers, meaningless.

The two maiden ladies were at the other end of the parlor, playing parcheesi. They were the only people about, except Mrs. Fox, who was in her office going through business papers. Lois sighed, and went over to the window again.

She clenched the heavy lace curtains in one hand. It was a beautiful car, a long sleek, sweeping limousine and it was drawing up in front of the house, in front of Mrs. Fox's! When the chauffeur leaped from the car, Lois recovered her decorum sufficiently to let the curtain drop into place, and to walk to the table and begin turning aimlessly through a magazine again.

He was asking in the office for her. Then Mrs. Fox came to the parlor and told her the car was waiting. Lois dropped the magazine as though she hadn't known the car was there at all, and smoothed her dress self-consciously. The two maiden ladies appraised her while the chauffeur helped her into her coat, and one of them said, "I'm sure you'll have a delightful time, my dear," and beamed at having manoeuvred to bring it about.

Lois felt a little stilted as she went down the walk with the man. She was not sure about how she should treat a chauffeur, or what would be appropriate to say. But he was very nice, and when he asked kindly, "Would you like to ride up in front with me?" she said, "I'd love to."

They drove over to Beacon Hill and Lois gazed through the window at the tall, unapproachable houses of the people who filled the society pages of the *Boston Herald*. They drew up in front of one of these houses and Lois almost forgot she wasn't supposed to

open the car door for herself. She sat there primly with her hands clasped in her lap, waiting while the chauffeur came around to open it for her.

A maid opened the door and took her coat. Lois seemed to Lois, standing by helplessly, that a look of disdain flickered on the woman's face when she shook out the old tweed reefer and saw the label inside the collar: Mitchell Bros., Manitowac, Wisconsin. But she was composed, crisp and perfunctory when she turned back to Lois and said, "Won't you come into the living room, please?"

It was a great carpeted room lighted by bay windows at one end and windows at the side shielded by drapes, and a tiny woman was walking across all that vastness and lightness to meet her.

"Lois, I'm Mrs. Vochanen," she said kindly, and stood there, a little thing with all the great expanse of beige carpet behind her, and the lounges at the side of the room, and the exquisite carved chairs and the corner alcoves stacked with books. She wore some sort of wine silk that brought a ruddy glow to her cheeks. She was such a little thing, Lois towered above her.

"I'm so glad you could come, you make the eighth at dinner," Mrs. Vochanen said brightly, and took her arm to propel her across the room. A portly man with greying hair was rising leisurely from a chair that was hidden in the alcove where the fireplace was.

"Glad to see you, Lois," he said heartily. "I see Nichols got you over safely."

"Oh, yes," Lois said anxiously.

"Funny thing, your going to pharmaceutical school. Isn't it rather a rare thing for a girl to get into?"

"My father owns a drugstore in Manitowac," Lois explained miserably.

"Ah, yes, yes," Mr. Vochanen said. "Practical enough. You've got a flare for chemistry, I take it?"

"Well," Lois said, more miserable than ever, "I got a chemistry prize in high school."

"Won't you sit down, Lois?" Mrs. Vochanen said. "Berty will be in from his skating soon."

"That's our son and heir. You'd think he was six to hear Margaret talk about him, and here he's just out of Princeton."

Lois took a chair in a corner near the bay windows and slid her feet underneath it. She tucked her hands in her lap and lowered her head a little, as though she would have liked to efface herself altogether, if that had been possible.

"Well, here's Eleanor," Mrs. Vochanen announced in her bright, lilting voice, as a girl came through the



chway and strolled into the room. "Eleanor, this is Lois."

"Oh, yes, you're the girl who's taking up pharmacy, isn't that right?" Eleanor said directly. She stood in the center of the vast beige carpet, completely self-possessed, completely in command of the situation. He was in blue wool, and wore pumps, and Lois remembered the way she stood there in the center of the room, suave and sure and easily at home. The pumps had something to do with it, for when she moved toward the fireplace, she moved in a brisk, assured way, and the heels of her pumps tapped across the tile of the hearth.

A maid came in and spoke to Mrs. Vochanen. "All right, just as soon as Bert and his friend come in," Mrs. Vochanen said, dismissing her.

"I should think Bert could try to get to dinner on time just once, if only for the novelty of it," Eleanor told her father petulantly.

While he was saying something in an appealing way, Mrs. Vochanen came up to the table near Lois. It was crowded with a fascinating array of things: an assortment of tobaccos in a tray, a little silver box, books carelessly put down, a knitting bag. Mrs. Vochanen picked up a case and snapped it open. "Cigarette?" she asked crisply and offered the case to Lois. "I don't—no, thank you," she said, embarrassed at the cool, level gaze Eleanor shot at her from the fireplace alcove.

"Good girl," Mr. Vochanen said in a kind of mock heartiness. "So rare to find a youngster nowadays who abstains."

"It's only that I can't afford it," Lois said, and wished she hadn't said anything. Eleanor had lit a cigarette now, and was scrutinizing her curiously from the safe distance of the fireplace.

A buzzer rang, and Mr. Vochanen rose from his chair. "That must be the Semlows," he said, and rolled toward the door.

"Dr. Semlow teaches over in Cambridge," Mrs. Vochanen told Lois, and then the maid ushered in a tall, spare man and his wife.

"Hello Ivan. How're you, Claire?"

"Well, Paul, old stuffing!"

The three of them walked across the living room, chatting. Claire Semlow had taken Mr. Vochanen's arm possessively, and they were laughing at some private joke, and seemed a trifle annoyed when Mrs. Vochanen interrupted to introduce Lois. Lois said, anxiously, that she was very glad to meet them all.

"Hel-lo, Elly," they said, turning from Lois to greet the girl at the fireplace, who stood with her arms crossed, the smoking cigarette dangling between two fingers. Lois was struck by the difference between the cold formality with which they had acknowledged her, and this burst of spontaneous enthusiasm for the calm, cold girl in blue. But after all, she argued with herself, they must have known Eleanor for years. Still, the feeling that she was a little of an outsider persisted.

"Bert will be back when he's through practicing to take Sonya Henie's place," Eleanor told the Semlows.

There was the sound of shouting and stamping in the hall, and Mrs. Vochanen, a little perturbed, got up. "I suppose I'll have to see what I can do to quell the riot."

". . . but Bert, you should be more considerate . . ." her voice drifted in from the hall while Mr. Vochanen talked easily with the Semlows.

"If you expected us to get back in such a hurry," her son was saying as they came into the living room, "why didn't you send Nichols over for us?"

"Nichols had to go across Copley Square to pick up Lois, dear, Lois," she repeated, as he bounded exuberantly toward the Semlows, as though admonishing him, "We have a guest, can't you see?"

"Hello there, Dr. Semlow," Bert cried, clapping him on the shoulder and then with his mother's gently reproving voice prodding him on, he turned to Lois and said carelessly, "Oh, hello. You're the girl who's going to be the pharmacist. Only woman pharmacist in existence, huh?" he grinned. "Oh, Lois," he nodded over his shoulder as his companion came across the room at a slow, loping walk. "This is my pardner in crime, Lloyd Snedecker."

"Well, are we almost ready to enter the ice follies?" Eleanor addressed them caustically. She leaned against the wall near the fireplace, her head tilted back, looking at them mockingly through half-closed eyes.

Lois felt warmed by the cheerful way Bert had spoken, the casual camaraderie in his manner, but she remembered too, the displeased way he had spoken to his mother because she had to have the chauffeur.

"Ah, don't pay any attention to her, Lloyd," Bert was saying of Eleanor with fraternal depreciation. "She never gets any exercise. She has no more stamina than a hunk of milk-fed protoplasm."

"Dad!" Eleanor cried, "Are you going to sit there and let him *say* such things?"

"Eh, what's that, old girl?" Mr. Vochanen asked, turning from the Semlows.

"He said I was a—a protoplasm!" Eleanor exploded.

"I believe we all were, dear, originally," her father said, and went on talking to the Semlows.

Lloyd burst out: "I'll see you New Year's eve, Elly, won't I? We're making the rounds, starting with the dance at the Copley-Plaza."

"And then the Wrights and then we hold the wake at the Voegel's and after that—"

"Oh stop!" Mrs. Vochanen exclaimed in pseudo-horror. "What you young people will go through for a good time!"

"And you're going to have a gay old time on New Year's, Lois, I suppose?" Bert asked, turning to her.

Lois, who had been hoping that they would not notice her, was a little startled.

"Of course she is!" Lloyd exclaimed in a burst of cordiality. "It's not everyone who can see sedate old Back Bay in a rip-roaring mood for the first time."

"But not at the Copley-Plaza," Lois thought grimly.

When they went in to dinner, Bert took Lois' arm companionably. He pulled out her chair politely too, and she sat down. Dr. Semlow was on her left and he was telling Mrs. Vochanen that Constantinople got the worst of things, always, in these wars.

Lois took a sip of the purplish punch in her glass. The table was spread with lace and there was a for-

midable array of silver service at her plate. Tall candleabra and roses were at the center.

Bert put down his emptied glass with a satisfied "Ah! Pluto water."

"Bert," his mother said reprovingly.

"The astonishing thing about this war—" Mr. Vochanen was saying by way of introduction to his favorite topic. Mrs. Semlow was turning toward him ready to be interested.

"Lois, you'll never believe it," Mrs. Vochanen told her, "but I got these napkins as a bridge prize."

"They're very nice," Lois said dutifully.

"Mother has furnished the entire house with bridge prizes," Bert grinned.

At the other end of the table Mr. Vochanen was becoming thoroughly embroiled in world politics. He was now acting as ex officio intermediary for all countries of both hemispheres. "Of course, there is the aspect of personalities when we come to ambassadors . . ." he was saying.

"Now you take the Kennedys," Mrs. Vochanen contributed. The maid was putting their plates before them, removing the punch glasses.

"All sixteen of them," Eleanor said. "They've been presented at the court of England, but naturally, Boston doesn't recognize them. Irish Kennedys! They might as well be O'Rourkes!"

"What did you say your name was, Lois?" Bert asked.

"O'Malveney," she was obliged to acknowledge.

Bert smiled across at Eleanor maliciously.

"What courses are you taking up, Lois, at pharmaceutical school?" Mrs. Vochanen asked hastily.

Lois told her, with the sense of enumerating some very dull items.

The waitress was passing a tomato-rice dish, and when she came to Bert, he said to her confidentially "Come around again, Minnie," and Minnie smiled and came to Lois and held the dish. While Lois helped herself silently she could not help but think of the warm camaraderie there had been between them, feeling of belonging and family.

By the time the dessert course arrived Mr. Vochanen was holding an examination of England's policy from the time of the Revolution on. Mrs. Semlow's smile seemed penciled, and her eyes kept straying about the room with the level appraisal of one who has always been surrounded by things of quality—sterling silver, unobtrusive servants, beautiful paintings. Lois gathered that the Semlows were refugees, but not the pitiful

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humble, grateful sort that people in Manitowac thought of as refugees. The Semlows were arrogant in their assumption that this new world should provide them with all that the old world had denied them, now that the old order was breaking down abroad.

After dinner they wandered into the living room, and Lois watched Eleanor stroll into the conservatory with Lloyd, tossing her hair in a taunting way and walking very near him, so that their shoulders touched. Bert settled on the floor near Lois and pulled a magazine out of the rack.

"Looks like Elly has him in her clutches," he muttered, following them with his eyes. "Going out to look at the pwetty tittle flowers."

He smiled after them mockingly. Lois laughed a little, uneasy that she should be laughing.

"Say, how are the sisters Bronte?" he asked suddenly, looking up at her.

"The wha—oh!" She remembered the two austere maiden ladies in the choker necks, back at the boarding house.

"Oh, they're . . . they're all right, I guess."

"Still extant?" Bert twinkled. He thumbed through the pages of *Esquire* that was spread on the floor before him.

"Do you know what they said? I once heard one of them whispering to the other in the parlor, 'I can't understand what type of mind a magazine like *Esquire* would appeal to!'"

They both laughed merrily at the suggestion.

Lois felt grateful to Bert because he was nice to her, not nice in the way Mrs. Vochanen was when sheussed around her and tried to make her comfortable, but really nice. She knew when they shared a joke that it was just the two of them on one side and everyone else on the other. And she knew that Bert was her friend in a way that the others could never be—the four worldly people across the broad carpeted room, discussing politics, or the supercilious girl in blue or Lloyd, who could only think about a riotous New Year's Eve.

When Lloyd and Eleanor came back from the conservatory, Bert dropped the *Esquire* into the magazine rack and called across the room to them, "Ready to announce your engagement yet?"

"But this is the twentieth century," Elly retorted scornfully. And she looked around the little circle with a smug satisfaction at her quip.

"Bert, I thought I'd take Elly down to the Junior League for a quiet afternoon bungling bundles for

Britain," Lloyd said easily. "Anything to keep her out of mischief."

Elly tittered and leaned back against him.

"Whatever you say. I'll call Nichols. Hey, Minnie! Is Nichols around anywhere?"

"Oh, Bert, dear . . ." It was Mrs. Vochanen coming across the room, conscious of her role as the good hostess. "Nichols will have to be here to take Lois back. So don't you think Lloyd and Elly could take a cab or the subway—"

"Oh, let her walk, the old porpoise!" Bert said impatiently. He had risen to his feet, and stood towering above his mother.

"I'd better go now anyway, Mrs. Vochanen. Couldn't—they—just drop me off on the way?" Lois implored her.

Mrs. Vochanen's face lit with the inspiration of the plan. "We don't like to rush you off, dear child—"

"Oh, no, no. It's not rushing me off at all. And I know we all have plans for this evening—New Year's—"

"Of course we do," Elly rejoined. "We'd be glad to drop you, Lois. . . ."

Mrs. Vochanen gave a relieved glance about, now that everything was settled.

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"Guess I'll come down town with you if it won't overcrowd the bus," Bert announced.

"Oh, Bert, you *would*," Elly pouted.

"Is this the virtuous sock-knitter I hear?" Bert chided her.

Mr. Vochanen accompanied them to the hall and helped Lois into her coat. "You'll soon be hard at work, I suppose?" he asked conversationally.

"Oh, yes," Lois said. "I'll have school work and I've got a job evenings, to help earn my way through."

"Ah, yes, yes," Mr. Vochanen said absently, and adjusted his pince-nez. Lois wondered if he tried to shunt aside the thought of poor people so that he could go on living, smug and secure, in that great beautiful house? Did he assuage his social conscience by condescending to have someone like her for dinner? Was this kindness? Was this humanity? She looked around the little circle in the vestibule, making the necessary civil remarks of leave-taking. And she knew that Mrs. Vochanen was glad to have had her because she made an eighth at dinner. An eighth at dinner! That was all she was in their lives, except perhaps for Bert. There was something jolly and friendly and human about Bert as he helped her into the car, and the rest of them piled in. They were only a few minutes driving back to Chandler Street.

"You said you had plans for New Year's, Lois,"

Bert said. "What are you going to do with yourself?"

"Well," Lois was hesitant. "I thought it would be nice to spend a quiet New Year's, so I'm planning on going to a Russian church service with some friends."

"Oh." His face was studiously polite.

"They say it's a beautiful thing to see."

"I'm sure it is, and a lot saner than tearing all over town, too."

"Well, here we are." The limousine was pulling up before Mrs. Fox's brownstone boarding house.

Bert jumped out of the car a moment while Lois alighted.

"It must be funny, seeing Boston for the first time," he said quizzically.

"Yes, I'm afraid I don't know much about it yet."

"I tell you what, Lois," he said enthusiastically. Lois looked at him hopefully. Would he suggest some sort of escapade that they—that the two of them—Lois was breathless, and felt immensely grateful to him. "One of the things you just can't miss, Lois, and it's in walking distance—that's Old South. You really ought to see it."

"Oh, yes." Lois stood twisting one suede glove. "Well, goodbye, Bert, it's been lots of fun."

"Goodbye," Bert yelled gaily and sprang back into the car. It roared away down Chandler Street, hemmed in by stiff tall brownstones.

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Vol. 54  
No. 8

# The Granchville

May  
1941

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MAY, 1941

VOLUME LIV

NUMBER EIGHT

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# The Archive

Volume LIV

May, 1941

Number Eight

## Gin and Rum and Destiny

A TALL BLONDE, beautiful but hard looking, sidled up to the bar and took her arm from her top-hatted and betailed escort.

"Scotch and soda," she ordered crisply. The man took a double scotch. "Black & White," he added.

The frail bartender gazed blankly at them for a moment and wearily began to fill the order. No unopened Black & White. The new scotch was up behind the fat blonde proprietress and cashier. "Slummers," she remarked huskily. They looked out of place in the dingy dark barroom.

The bartender poured out one jigger, then the double, and then another double for himself. "Damn, Art, you'll break me," said the cashier, but she didn't seem mad.

"I gotta or I can't go on," Art said weakly.

After the couple had gone Art came back to the end of the bar nearest the entrance, where Flo bore her weight on a high stool. He poured himself another drink, and Flo again looked disapprovingly at him.

"You'll be drunk."

"Damn it, if you knew what I went through," he said.

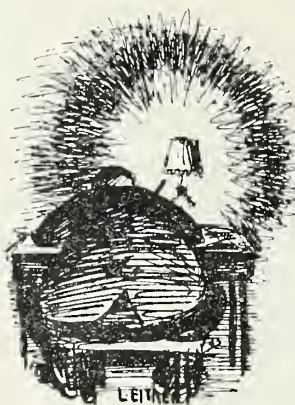
"Closing time pretty soon, Art," she said, looking up at the clock showing 3:30 through a dirty pane of glass. "You waste all your time trying to write instead of sleeping and you can't take the late hours."

"That isn't it," he said wistfully. "I know I can write, but when I sit there at the typewriter it just doesn't come out."

Flo had read some of his stuff. It stank, she thought, but she never told him so. She liked Art a lot, and no

bartender had received so many favors from her before. "It's not so bad," she said understandingly, but she didn't begin to.

Art had another drink and then another. By four he was drunk and crying. "What am I, a great writer, doing here pouring out drinks behind a bar?" he moaned.



Flo performed Art's closing duties, wiped clean the bar, and then tried to comfort the poor writer. She held his thin small form close to her and rested his dark, fine-featured head on her soft, full bosom. Art took one more drink and left for his boardinghouse room. The last drink livened Art considerably. Each step he covered more and more ground until he was almost floating. He laughed unendingly at the weaving lamp posts. His keyhole moved from side to side and

up and down, as he sneaked up on it with his key.

All Art saw in his room, after struggling to turn on the dim light, was his typewriter. Everywhere he looked he saw his typewriter, Remington Rand, Remington Rand. And there was a nice clean white sheet of paper in the roll. He sat down at an oilcloth-covered table and began to play on the Remington, as if on the console of a great organ. He filled one page and then another. Art wrote on and in the morning when he woke, he remembered nothing but the very beginning of his intoxication. Scattered on the table were sheets of paper filled with typewritten words. The typing was awful, but the words made sense. They expressed all that was pent up in Art in lines that read like poetry.

"Damn good, Art," said Flo after reading the novel-



ette. The words, she said, were like poetry. It was sort of mixed up and hazy, but like a lot of people do she figured it was too deep for her to understand, so must be good.

Flo had a publisher friend that used to patronize her bar in the days before his success. He still dropped by occasionally just to see her. Flo was a business woman, and this writer looked like a damn good investment. Her friend Mr. Tailer, the publisher, was short and pudgy. He liked the prose style and said that the haziness of the atmosphere was very effective.

There were tears in Art's eyes as Flo laid down her beplumed hat on the bar and announced the results of her visit to the publisher. At last someone appreciated his genius, and Flo was impressed by the large advance check.

On August eighth Flo married her fortune in the Little Church Around the Corner. The wedding was small and quiet. The bigness of the bride and the delicacy of the groom provided striking incongruity, but the wedding was reported in the literary chit-chat columns of the country as that of "that promising young author, Art Rimsky." Flo started a scrapbook with the clippings.

On August fifteenth the Book of the Month Club announced *Jenny Was an Orphan* as the selection for the next month. It was Mr. Tailer who had suggested taking the title from a famous poem, as was the current fashion.

On September seventh the novelette was put on sale throughout the nation. It was an immediate success. Walter Winchell predicted a success almost equal to *Gone with the Wind*.

Clifton Fadiman reviewed it in the *New Yorker*:

For a first novel Mr. Rimsky's work shows great promise and is decidedly the work of a mature mind. . . . The carefully studied and thoughtful vagueness, almost confusion at times, gives hint of vast sociological themes lying deep in the foundations of the novel. A particularly vivid and moving scene at the climax when the tempestuous heroine disembowels herself with a Chinese dagger unleashes the full power of the author's genius.

"A great novel" was the comment given in the review of *Time Magazine's* literary editors. "Only Bette Davis could do justice to the disemboweling scene of the climax" the article recorded and continued to refer to the heroine as the "Bette Davis part." Warner Bros. was not far behind *Time*, and Bette Davis won another award from the Motion Picture Academy of

Arts and Sciences, chiefly for her work in the disemboweling scene. For the cinema the title was changed to "She Couldn't Say No."

Mrs. Rimsky's rise to fame and fortune proved the fruitfulness of her investment. She gave herself airs and subleased the saloon. She dressed more expensively but with a vulgar, gaudy taste. She rented a house for herself and her husband and decorated it rather luxuriously. Art gave her all the money. He didn't love her, but she was good and kind to him and had in a large part been responsible for his success. There was a mutual affection between them. They got up late in the mornings and ate a leisurely breakfast. Then they sat around and read the papers. In the afternoon Flo dropped around to the saloon. She was no longer officially connected with it, but she enjoyed going back to gossip patronizingly with her old patrons. Art usually visited his publisher to see how the sales were coming. Sometimes he looked in at book stores and, pretending to be a customer, asked the salesmen's opinion of his hit.

Flo was not long in urging him to write again. His publisher echoed her plea. And soon after Art's book store salesmen joined the chorus in a demand for a new work, he began to talk grandly and to drop hints about his new novel. But when he tried to write, he could no more write than he could write before. He sat before his typewriter that he had kept for sentimental reasons, and he sat. He wrote a little, but he tore it up. To use Flo's words, "It stank."

One Saturday night after Flo had gone across town to visit her brother, Art sat before his typewriter in his green-finished study. He held his thin head in his long artistic hands, supported by his elbows pressing on the keys. The silent wind moved the expensive drapes. Suddenly he yelled to the empty house, "I can't do it. I can't write." And he poured himself a double scotch at the little chromium bar built into the corner. He drank it, poured himself another, and then just drank from the bottle. Pretty soon he was high, then he was drunk, and then he was very drunk. He picked the Remington off the floor and began to write. With difficulty he inserted the sheets of paper, but he wrote on, so easily and clearly did the words come to his mind. Flo came home about half past one, but she saw he was writing and went to bed without interrupting him.

The next morning, the night before was only a vague memory and a headache to Art, but there scat-

*By Dud Moynan*

tered on the study floor was a new novelette. *Wives Who Shoot Their Husbands* was an even more spectacular success than its predecessor, for it had the advantage of a well-known author. It was not a pleasant tale and at the finish the heroine disemboweled herself as her children listened to the "Lone Ranger" in the next room.

Flo moved her husband into a more sumptuous house and gave up visiting the bar. It was beneath her, she said. "I could never go back to that life." She was sincere in her appreciation of her husband. She frequently told him she could never live without him.

Art now began to be invited to speak at literary teas given by women's afternoon culture societies. He told them about his life, his books, his ideas about love, everything but that he wrote only when he was dead drunk. He kept it a secret from the world, from everyone but Flo. How could he be a great author, when he could only write when he had no control over himself? He suffered deeply from these pangs of inability. Flo was not greatly concerned. She didn't understand what it meant to him. If he could only

write when he was drunk, she'd gladly furnish the liquor.

Mr. Rimsky received and accepted an invitation to lecture to a writing class at Columbia. Until a girl with sloe-eyed sun glasses confronted him with the repetition of the disemboweling, he was in his glory. He passed the question off by saying that he always felt more at home in disemboweling, which got a laugh anyway. But even more serious was a question of how he achieved his vagueness, posed by a man with a silly blond mustache, but fortunately for Art, another student answered the question for him in a pseudo-English accent. When Art left the class, he was extremely depressed and needed a drink. But he had sworn off drinking. The idea of it drove him almost crazy. When he got home, Flo suggested he have a drink. He gave her a pained and at the same time furious look and left the house.

The next morning the city's newspapers headlined the finding of the body of Arthur Rimsky, prominent author, floating in the Hudson. The second editions reported his wife's death, by her own hand, by disemboweling.

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## *Last Kiss*

Tomorrow when the new-born sun  
Shall first appear—unclothed and pink—  
and cause the morning clouds to blush,  
Then far from noise of city streets  
and far from man-made towers I'll be—  
but close, ah close, where sings the thrush.

—GRAEME FRASER.



# Pray for Rain

*By Bill Thomas*

THE HEAT still hung over the farm after the sun had almost disappeared behind the trees. It had been another hot day, another day without rain, without even a breeze.

A thin little woman stood against a weatherbeaten pillar of her front porch and watched the setting sun. There were beads of perspiration on her forehead and her grey hair hung damply over her face. She lifted her head high and tried to find a little fresh air to breathe, but there was only the smell of the dry ground and the withered flowers that lined themselves along the path that led to the back of the house.

A tall, lank figure appeared on this path and walked around to the front of the house. He sat down wearily on the steps, and heaving a sigh, he pulled a piece of brown grass from the ground and listlessly put it in his mouth.

"Don't look like there's ever gonna be an end to this dry spell, does it, Ma?" he asked softly, looking off at the sun-painted hills.

Ma Barker did not answer. She kept looking off through the trees, watching the sun go down, a big orange ball that painted the countryside. She was tired, dreadfully tired, and she brushed at a wisp of hair that persisted in hanging over her face.

"There ain't no need fer me to come tomorrow, I guess," the tall man continued. "I can't do nothin' any more. The ground's too dry fer me to do anything."

"No. I guess there ain't no need fer you to show up tomorrow," Ma said in a tired voice. "Gale can probably make better use of you at home."

She paused a minute and turned to an old rocking chair that occupied one end of the porch. It was the only bit of furniture there and it was as weatherbeaten and worn looking as the porch itself.

"If Adam was here, he'd know what to do. He'd never let the farm get this way."

"There ain't nothin' to do, Ma, if it don't rain. You can't do a thing if it don't rain."

She continued to look at the chair.

"Adam would know what to do," she said confidently.

"Is there anything else I can do before I go? Gale ain't feelin' so well now, what with the heat and the baby still nursin'. I like to get home and help around the house some."

"No, you go ahead, Sam. I guess there ain't nothin' more today."

Sam got up to go.

"There's some chicken broth on the kitchen table in a bowl," Ma continued wearily. "It has some wax paper over the top of it. Take it home to Gale. It'll do her good."

Sam walked up the steps and went into the house. As he passed her, he stopped and put his big hands on her shoulders. She looked up at him.

"Are you sure you'll be all right here by yourself?" he asked.

"I'm all right," she said. "Go along now. Gale'll be needin' you."

She watched him until he had disappeared into the kitchen. A minute or so later, she heard the screen door in the back part of the house close, and then everything was quiet. She knew she was alone and she was afraid.

She turned around and watched the sun again. It was hidden behind the trees, but she could still see its rays over the farthest hill. She felt herself being weighted down by the stifling air around her. The pine trees seemed to be the only thing in the surrounding countryside that had any desire to live and fight for life. They stood tall and firm, and seemed determined, and yes, even proud.

She brushed the sweat from her forehead again and started down the steps. There was a hole in the bottom step where the wood had been worn through. Sam could probably find a piece of wood in the barn that would fit in there. She told herself she must remember about that. Someone might hurt himself. She reached the bottom of the steps and took the beaten path around

the side of the house. She looked off into the corn field and stared at the plants there. Then she walked toward them. They were all bent over, trying to find a little coolness in the earth. On the far end of the garden, the bean poles completely dominated the wilted little plants that tried to cling to them.

"It don't seem like there's any use," Ma told herself sadly. "Everything's dead."

She looked up at the farmhouse. It was nothing but a silhouette now and it seemed to be retiring within itself.

"Even the house is tired," she said. "Even the house don't see no use in going on."

She started to walk back along the same path and stopped at a big tree that was near the house and reached up to the second story. She examined the heart that had been cut into the trunk and the initials "M. B." and "A. P." She gazed at the heart for a while and then rubbed her calloused fingers over it. Even Mary had had to leave her. She must have known what was going to happen. She had to know because she had preferred a hard life in the mill to being here with her.

She made her way around to the back of the house and pulled open the screen door. It squeaked mournfully as it fell back into place. The table was all laid out with her evening meal. She looked at the small bottle of milk, the bread on the little pink plate that had been her mother's, and the tarnished silverware, all tossed together in the middle of the table.

But it was too hot to eat, Ma decided. She walked softly into the living room and went up the steps to the second floor. The warm air struck her as she entered her room and she walked over and pushed up the window. Her dress clung to her and she sighed resignedly as she took it off and hung it over a chair. Then she unlaced her dusty shoes and placed them carefully under the bed. She lay down on the soft spread and tried once more to breathe some fresh air. It was completely still. She let her head sink into the soft pillow beneath her and she stared directly at the ceiling.

"Adam," she called quietly. "Adam, can you hear me?"

She waited a minute and then continued.

"Adam, I want to come with you. I'm lonesome here. There ain't no point in goin' on. Everything's still now, Adam. There ain't nothin' more for me to do. I can come if you'll let me. Can I come, Adam?"

She sunk deeper into the bed and relaxed completely. She only breathed occasionally, and then the breaths came long and hard. She could feel herself going. There was a mist before her eyes. She was tired, tired, tired, and she knew that she was gradually slipping away.

Outside, the big pines were moving slightly. A light breeze blew the needles back and forth, back and forth. And then it came. They were only small drops in the beginning, slapping the leaves of the big tree outside Ma's window, the tree that had Mary's initials cut in it. Then they began to come harder and they beat down on the shingled roof of the farmhouse.

A breeze came through the window and blew across the small form on the bed. Ma raised herself up slowly. It was hard to come back. She fought now. She couldn't die. Something inside her made her fight. She had at least to try.

She finally pulled herself to a sitting position on the bed. The sound of the rain came incessantly, still beating out that strange rhythm on the roof. Ma staggered to the window, holding on to the chair as she passed it. Her dress was still there, damp with perspiration.

She fell down in front of the window and slowly groped to find the ledge. When her hands touched the branches of the tree, it felt damp. She quickly pulled it back in and licked it, hungrily, tasting and relishing each drop of water. Then she began to sob.

She pulled herself to her feet and staggered to the side of the bed. Her shoes. That was all she could think of. Her shoes. She had to have them. She pulled them out from underneath the bed and put them on. She rushed out of the bedroom door and hurried down the steps. A breeze blew through her half-naked body as she opened the front door and stepped out on the porch.

The cornfield seemed to have taken on new life already, the ground was drinking the rain hungrily, and the chair, Adam's chair, was rocking back and forth with the breeze. Ma clutched at her breast when she saw the chair moving, and then began to walk slowly toward it. She stood there looking at it for a minute, and then falling on her knees, she sobbed, "I kin wait, Adam. I kin wait now, just a little longer."

The rain continued to fall, and the pine trees in the distance continued with their desire to live.



# Old Friends

*By Hazel Eggers*

THE WAITRESS waited impatiently for Lionel to order. Ralph drummed his fingers on the table.

"What's it to be, old man?"

Lionel frowned.

"Oh, I'll take the same," he said, as if the effort of deciding for himself was too much.

"Yes, sir." The waitress made a sweeping motion with her pencil and walked away from the table on stiff high heels.

"Well?"

Ralph's pudgy face looked sympathetic. He kept drumming his fingers. The wedding ring on his left hand went up and down, up and down. Lionel lit a cigaret.

"Well what?"

Ralph shook his head.

"It's all right, old man. I know about it. We won't talk if you don't want to. But I thought maybe you wanted to get it off your chest."

Lionel flicked the ash on the floor. Damn these second-rate hotels, he thought, no ash trays on the table.

Ralph went on, "Remember the old talks we used to have? Maybe it would help you to talk now. We're old friends you know. Buddies!"

Lionel stared at Ralph through the smoke of his cigaret. What a funny tie, he thought. Ralph never had taste in his ties, or in anything. He hasn't changed. Stodgier, though. He had been a clear-faced boy. But now, his features were heavy. Drumming his fingers like that. Why doesn't he stop?

"Lionel." Ralph was staring at him. "You haven't said a word."

Lionel smiled.

"That's quite a tie, Ralph. Did your wife pick it out?"

"No, no, picked it out myself." Ralph pulled it out from under his coat and looked at it. "Little wild, don't you think?" His heavy lips widened into a sheepish smile.

Lionel shook his head. "Not at all. Not at all."

The waitress came back with the drinks. Ralph was still smiling when he looked at her.

"A lot of business, tonight, eh?"

"Yeah," she said and turned away.

Ralph watched her until she disappeared through the swinging door to the kitchen. Then he turned to Lionel.

"To get to the point, old man," he said, fingering his glass, "I really thought you wanted to talk to me about Isabel. People say you've been so down and out lately. Awful moody. You don't have to tell me a thing if you don't want to—but I thought maybe it might help. People have said so many things."

"People?" Lionel shrugged. "Who? Why should anybody say anything?"

"Well, you know how it is. Everybody has thought for years you would marry Isabel as soon as you got on your feet. Then she double-crosses you like that."

Lionel looked peeved. Isabel hadn't double-crossed him, he thought. How could she? They hardly knew each other now. She had changed. They both had changed. He was glad she had married. But he was sorry for her. She didn't love Max. But marriage was right for Isabel. He realized Ralph was waiting for an answer. His pudgy face looked hurt. Double chin at twenty-seven, Lionel thought. He unconsciously put his hand up to his own lean face.

"Isabel couldn't double-cross anybody, Ralph. Why did you say that? You know her better than that."

"Of course. Of course." Ralph looked relieved. The hurt in his face turned to sympathy. "She did play perfectly fair. You would say that. But she broke your heart. I understand you've lost all your old enthusiasm. Everybody says so. Moody again. Just like you used to be. Whatever happened, Lionel?"

"We fell out of love, Ralph. That's all. One day suddenly we realized it. I looked at her—but I felt nothing."

Ralph shook his head. "Sure. That's a fine story—to tell anybody but me. But we're old friends, Lionel. I'll understand. Don't think I'll pity you. I just want to help you."

Lionel looked amused. In college, Ralph had tagged after him. It was always Lionel who had given advice. He had liked Ralph. They were old friends. But he annoyed him now. He wondered if Ralph had joined the Lion's Club. He thought he'd ask him. But then he said instead:

"It's kind of you, Ralph. But there's nothing wrong, you know."

"Why the moods, then?"

"Oh, the moods." Lionel finished his drink and lit another cigaret.

"I'm disappointed in myself."

"In yourself."

Ralph saw their waitress go by and signaled to her.

"Two of the same. Yourself? Why don't you get good and mad at Isabel and forget yourself. Stop kidding. Feeling sorry for yourself is no good. Introversion and things. Bad for a man at your age, you know."

"You think I still love Isabel?"

"Won't you even admit it—to me?"

"Ralph, you just don't understand. Let me tell you about it."

At last Ralph settled back and stopped moving his nervous fingers. He was a little flushed from his drink. He still looked sympathetic but he looked satisfied.

"I don't know how to begin," Lionel said slowly.

He didn't want to tell Ralph, at all. It seemed as though he hardly knew him. Just as it had been with Isabel. Age had changed Ralph. Both of them had settled into little molds with faults caricatured on the outside. But Ralph was too old a friend to hurt. Persistent, too.

"It was really like I said. One day I realized I didn't love her. I never asked her to marry me, you

know. I couldn't. Finances. She always wanted to marry. So you can't blame her for turning to Max. He thought he'd won a victory over me. You know Max. But it wasn't that at all. I never asked Isabel to wait."

"But I heard you've been going around as if your heart was broken."

"Not exactly that, Ralph. But something just the opposite—dead inside."

"Well?"

Ralph looked triumphant.

"Dead inside—and you never cared for her?"

"I didn't say I never cared for her. I didn't say that. I loved her as much as I could anyone," the words came out slowly. "But the horror of it is that it could die. My moods worry you. If I didn't have them, it should worry you more."

Lionel was tired. He wished he had not come. He looked beyond the table at the busy restaurant.

"Yes, her marriage was the greatest tragedy of my life—but not the way you think of it. When I got her wedding invitation, it was just as though a casual friend had sent it. That's the tragedy."

"Look here, old man, aren't you going in circles a little?"

Ralph started to drum his fingers on the table again.

"No," Lionel answered wearily. "Don't you understand?"

Ralph shook his head. Then he turned to find the waitress again. Lionel lit another cigaret and stared into space. From the corner of his eye, he could see Ralph's wedding ring move up and down. Why did he do that? Lionel was irritated. No, Ralph couldn't understand. He looked at him more directly. Ralph wanted to help, he thought. Ralph, his old friend. Old friend? This man? The ground began falling from beneath him. Lionel knew, then, he was in one of his moods, again.

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Alone with me—

In love with him—

I wish I were

A seraphim.

—CYNTHIA BENNETT.



# *For the Right to Live*

"DAMN," growled Old Bill as, for the third time, the top button refused to slide into its hole. Being ninety-four had its bad points and having hands that trembled so much that you couldn't button up your own coat properly was one of them. Any other day wouldn't matter, but today!

"Martha," a voice that gave evidence of once having been powerful enough for a general bellowed, "Come help me get into this coat or I'll never be ready for the committee. Martha, do you hear me?"

Martha, being dutiful middle-aged, came puffing up the stairs to help the old soldier. Cuss him. He could button his own coat if he wasn't so excited about making the speech that he couldn't stand still! A green president couldn't get more of a thrill out of his first address to Congress. For six weeks now he had been fussing over what he was to say. Even at meals he talked about it. Bad on his heart but it gave him something to do even though it was a waste of time. As if anybody was going to listen to a word that Grandad had to say. An old man in his dotage! They only asked him because he was the last veteran in town. They didn't want to hear those same stories again. Good Lord, any child of four had heard everyone of them.

When Martha had performed her task she patted the withered chin and said, "Now listen, darling, I'm leaving now so that I'll get there in time for a good seat. I'll be right out in front where you can see me. Don't overdo. If you get tired, tell them, and you won't need to walk all the way in the parade. And the front door. Remember that the key goes under the second flower pot. Now you will remember and you will be careful?"

"Of course, of course," Old Bill grumbled as he pulled his collar away from his throat. Here she was treating him like a child and he was an old man. Yes, an old man. The last old man in town, but still strong and with his wits about him.

"You look *so* good in your uniform," and Martha was gone.

Old Bill took a last look into the mirror and pulled his cap a fraction further forward. Looked pretty nice. Good to get back into the suit again. Martha

kept it in shape just as she tried to run his life. Funny about women, but he didn't have time to think of that. Soon he would be up there on the platform surrounded by crepe paper and looking down on all those faces, people who wanted to hear him talk because he had fought in the War. Well, he'd tell them what it was like.

Going down the stairs slowly and carefully, Old Bill wondered what Mayor Abernethy was going to say when he introduced him. Would he say that he'd been a captain and would he tell them of the charge that he led at Bull Run? No matter what he said it would be good to stand up there and talk. The crowd was going to enjoy it. Tonight at supper people would laugh and say, "Did you hear the one Old Bill told about the sergeant and the mule?" He had planned it for a long time and it was a good speech.

As he walked back and forth across the living room, Old Bill thought about the speech. As the last veteran his was all the attention on Memorial Day. It would be much better if some of the old boys could have come back to hear him at the ceremony tell about the old days and to watch him strut down Broad Street at the head of the parade. Even being the center of attention was lonely when your friends were gone.

"Ladies and gentlemen. I don't want to speak to you today. Instead I want to tell you about one of the most wonderful exhibitions of courage I ever witnessed. Back there in the War of the States I knew a young man—." Jim was dead now and so was Charlie and Mac had gone too, but he still could talk about them and make people remember them and witness the deeds that they had done just as he, standing there in the mud, heard the shots and saw the blood splash all about him. War was glorious, but it was cruel too, and men were cruel and it all came to sorrow. Just fighting you don't see it that way yourself and men don't like to talk about what really happens to them inside when they see other men die. You like to remember what you're fighting for but you want to forget that it's all in vain and that you're losing people you love while you kill strangers who have never even spoken to you. But Old Bill knew what it was all about and

maybe he could make the people see it today. Old Bill had fought valiantly in one war and had lost a

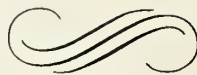
*By Laura Turner*

son, Young Bill, just as valiantly in another and that is how he knew. He knew that war meant only death, and nothing else. If only the young people knew. If he could just make them feel, then perhaps they could live long enough to see a world without bullets and without women sobbing in the night.

But where was the committee? Old Bill came out of his thoughts to discover that they were long overdue. His speech should have been made by this time and the parade begun. What was wrong? And then

he heard the voices. The soaring bugles and the throbbing drums told him what had happened. For a moment he could not move and then quickly the door was opened and Old Bill hurried down the walk and across the lawn to the corner of the block.

The parade marched gaily past with excited children chasing after it. Only one little boy noticed that on the corner where Fifth meets Broad an old man in a faded but well-pressed uniform stood stiffly at attention and he wondered why.



## *Love*

Love; how often have I heard that word  
Uttered from a hollow heart,  
Spoken lightly, just as a bird  
Would fly, swift as a dart.

Love; the very word is like a light,  
Lifting me from care,  
Transporting me to a dizzy height  
Then tumbling me into despair.

Love's powers are like some mystic drug,  
Reaching out o'er land and sea,  
Enveloping with its opiate hug  
Everyone, even to eternity.

Pharaohs, Emperors, Kings of old,  
Have been bound in love's sweet grasp,  
Have tendered Venus wealth and gold—  
Have furled her standards from their masts.

Love has filled time's endless realms,  
Has trod on every path and way;  
It transcends thought and overwhelms  
Man's universe, existing night and day.

So tell me someone what is love,  
That man can throw it to the winds,  
That it can lift his soul above  
To raptures, or drag it down to sins.

*Helen Schmidt*



# Talk of the Campus

## *Notes and Comments*

There are times when we should like to take the supposedly-existent heads of the Duke student body and mash them together into a bloody pulp. By heads we do not mean leaders, we mean that which is to be carried erect to mark the name of man, by way of misquoting. One such time was the night that the Women's Forum brought John Mason Brown to the East Campus Auditorium for his current talk on his perennial subject, "Broadway in Review."

Now, we realize that outside of the members of Mrs. White's drama course and a few Duke Players, Duke students are peculiarly unimpressed by the stage. Support (and especially the lack thereof) of Duke Players' productions has so indicated. We also realize that Duke students much prefer to spend every evening swilling beer at one of the just-off-the-campus spots (and loudly complain that there is nothing else to do) rather than approach anything that even slightly smells of culture.

Culture scares hell out of the Duke student. He is afraid he might learn something if he attends a lecture not specifically required; he has acquired facility in not learning anything from lectures required.

To get back to John Mason Brown: outside of the fact that his subject was a universally interesting one to people of the supposed intellectual status of the college bred and being bred, and that he is hailed by a large majority of those interested in the theatre as one of its most eminent critics, John Mason Brown is one of the most amusing speakers going the rounds today. Brown has cults in the outlying hamlets of America (we speak as a New Yorker, since his subject is Broadway) who wait in eager anticipation for his yearly talk on matters concerning the season in the American theatre. Duke sponsors but a tiny group who follow the right horses.

At Brown's lecture, which was free and probably the only time on his entire tour at which there was no cover charge, there were gathered sixty persons. Of these, ten were small children who had come in to get out of the rain and to escape going home to be told to go to bed because tomorrow is a school day. Duke has supported another campus function.

## *Last Will and Suggestions*

It is always a prerogative of the elderly to advise the neophytes: we who are about to leave Duke wish to hand on two projects for advancing the University which came to our minds too late to be set into motion by us. As is to be expected from a literary magazine, our projects are both concerned with the arts.

First, we should like to suggest that there be a new era for Duke Players, an era assuring them of the support they deserve. The publications and athletics are supported, at least financially, by collection of fees at the beginning of each semester. Why not also assess each student for his Duke Players' tickets on his bill for the term? Such a plan would make it possible for the Players to present the best productions for the best audiences, and would enable people who never realized what entertainment the Players provide to learn by experience.

Secondly, we feel that a university as large as Duke should have practical art courses. The student who is especially interested in painting may now attend classes under Kaj Klitgaard in town . . . but why not make it possible for all Duke students who so desire to learn to so express themselves in regular classes at the University? We suggest that Duke secure the services of Mr. Klitgaard, or someone with similar talents, to conduct courses in practical art as soon as possible.

## *The Story Ends*

This is the last issue published by the staff of 1940-41.

During the past year the ARCHIVE has undergone a number of changes, some of them bad, some of them good, according to your own opinion. The first major departure came when a woman was elected editor, the first feminine hand on the tiller in some fifty years of publication. As has been proposed by several of the poets, the female of the species is more practical than the male; the magazine this year has attempted to appeal to the campus and still not lose its propriety. We hope that, through the use of varied stories, color, attractive advertising of a kind new to Duke publications and other means, we have pleased our readers.

*(Continued on Page 31)*



*Left*—DOTTIE STIVERS—ZETA TAU ALPHA—in Navy dotted swiss, lace trim, off-shoulder style.

*Center*—ISABEL FALK—ALPHA DELTA PI—in Rose Print voile.

*Right*—KITSIE BLAIR—KAPPA KAPPA GAMMA—in printed Pique Formal with solid self top.

*Ellis Stone & Co*



# Back to the Poconos

By Robert Wetmore

She stopped hesitantly before the entrance to the hotel dining room. The headwaiter bent indifferently.

"A table for one, Madame?"

"No sir. I mean, no, I'm waiting for a fellow, thanks." And she dismissed him with a wide smile.

She always went to downtown luncheon dates fifteen minutes early. It was nice to be seen sitting in the best places smoking. She patted her blonde hair and started for the love seat opposite the cloak room.

Then she saw him. He was sitting at a small corner table. And with a girl. The nerve. Her hand rested mechanically on her hip, and the corners of her mouth drooped unpleasantly. Critically, she eyed the girl sitting across from him playing with her lipstick and looking up into his face.

Well, he couldn't toss her over for some finishing school brat. She'd fix him.

She sat down on the love seat and crossed her knees. The best thing to do was wait. They'd have to pass right by her when they left. She'd tear the little fool's hair out.

Her spike heels pecked into the carpet.

No man was going to throw her over because he thought that he was too good for her. Getting promoted in the D.A.'s office didn't mean anything, anyway.

She sneered.

She could be a lady the same as anyone. Hadn't she been trying! She'd made him take her to all the most expensive places: a lady had to have experience.

Across from her, one of the hat-check girls whispered excitedly, "Hey, Marge. Put down that true confession mush and come see this dame."

"Is she a honey?"

"Come here and look. I want'ja to see the hat. She's got good supports."

"Yeah, but look at that hat!"

"Ain't it a stinko. Gad."

Belle noticed the girls smiling at her and smiled back at them. Ada Mae in her newspaper column just that morning had said that a lady always was nice to the help. Those girls were probably envious of her

hat. She patted it tenderly. A large white bird was imprisoned on a flat, black cartwheel by yards of yellow net, the ends of which Belle had tied in a drooping bow under her chin.

"Definitely class," the saleslady had said. Definitely.

She turned impatiently so that she could see the small corner table. Dan and the girl were getting up. It's about time, she thought. Will I tell him a car-full! Say, what the hell!

Dan was sitting back down, and the girl was leaving alone. Belle looked at her watch. About five minutes until time for her date. So, he was going to sit there and act innocent. She rose and tapped across the polished floor to the table.

"Hey, Danny, dear," she called.

He closed his eyes resignedly. They sat down.

"Danny, darling, you're awfully early, aren't you?"

"What? Cut it, Belle. You look as if you had just swallowed the canary."

"I look like that! You've got your nerve. Don't play innocent with me. I saw you and that girl."

"Shut up. Not so loud, you suspicious little fool. That was Sarah, my sister. You don't think I'd bring anyone else here and take the chance of your running in on us, do you? Sarah just got in from school and. . . . Well, don't you believe me?"

"Oh. Your sister. She was awfully pretty, Dan."

How silly she had been to get so excited. Just his sister. That was a relief. She turned her attention to the menu.

"I believe you, Dan. I'm sorry I made such a fuss." She paused and then added impulsively, "Would you like to go back to the Poconos for another week-end?"

Don't ever let me lose the power to make him grin like that, she prayed. Then she saw the lipstick.

"Sarah left her lipstick," she said.

Surely and quickly he reached for it and dropped it in his pocket.

"Glad you saw it. That's her favorite."

He sighed quietly, thankful that she hadn't seen the *Joan and Dan* engraved on the little gold case.

He signaled for the waiter.

# Kaj Klitgaard

By Gordon Lewis

LATE in the last century, a guardian secretary at Charles Scribners' Sons one day was astonished to have a tall, slender man timidly ask if he might leave a manuscript for someone to read. She was barely able to answer, or to reassure the man that he could interview her employers, before he had fled. The manuscript got into the hands of Scribners' readers; it grossed over a million dollars: it was *Treasure Island*, and the modest man was Robert Louis Stevenson.

I don't believe Kaj Klitgaard, as of 1941, has the timidity of Stevenson, if that is what caused Stevenson's rapid retreat from a pleasant girl employee; but I vote him a modesty comparable to Stevenson's lack of temerity.

He approaches you with a smile deep in blue eyes that have scanned most of the world's seas. He has the air of a man who is not at all impressed with himself, or what he is doing, and certainly with no concern about whom he is impressing. He looks at you to ask first if you are a person who is in the know . . . the creative "know" . . . and, with quick decision, if he thinks you are he speaks quietly about those little pleasantries of life, good observations about fine things, that bring a richness to any room or conversation. You feel pretty good about the morning, or the afternoon or evening, after he's talked to you for a few minutes, and war and hate and your mundane worries are halted in midair; and, you say, well, here is a man who has carefully guarded the good moments, who has associated with true values, who has shot the sun with an accurate sextant and hasn't got off the course. Nothing threw this man from what he felt was true and fine, and a perpetual inquiry into what it should be.

I first knew Kaj Klitgaard as an artist and a teacher of art. During our conversations, his rich and varied experiences gradually formed into an intriguing pattern. Born in Denmark, not too happy about school, the sea presented to him a promise of freedom, a prom-

ise to find something within himself. You gather from hearing him tell of his years on the seas that he feels all sailors become something of the artist; that their isolation and routines breed contemplation and introspection not granted us who live in burned gasoline vapors with the roar of machines pressing our ears.

It was about this time I learned he was also a man of letters, with one of the best sea novels of our day already in the shelves: *Seven Months and Seven Days*. He then added as a footnote that another novel would be published in a few weeks, *The Deep*. "And then," he said, "I have another book, one on art, being published next fall." These simple notations of his work were announced in a manner followed by few published authors in 1941.

He seldom "talks shop" in the technical way so many artists do. But the place of art in life, a deep sense of values given the world by the creative . . . these bring salient observations drawn from inner richness built through long thoughtful years.

You can get the feel and the sense of what I am saying from reading his novel, *The Deep*. It is not autobiographical as such, but it is autobiography as are all good books whose authors mold and shape the life they've seen about them for the printed page. In it the painter shows through the writer, and the painter-writer consciousness

that guides you through the story of a Danish boy produces for you a fine experience.

Kaj Klitgaard now lives in Durham with his wife, a painter in her own right, Georgina Klitgaard. Together they conduct the Durham School of Art. Klitgaard himself moves easily from brush to typewriter, and with the same facility talks in simple sentences of great subjects.

"I like," he said the other day, "the colors and tones of the Carolina countryside. I hope I stay here."

This is echoed by all who know him.







ELLEN DREW

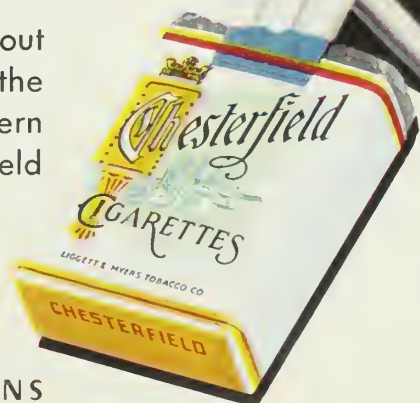
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# Trapped

WILLIE'S TOES were as red as strawberries. He was trudging through the woods in the early morning coldness with his small, serious face intent upon this undertaking. He swept the back of his hand across his face and sniffed once or twice. The cold made his nose run.

Following close on his heels was a lively little boy with pinkish hair and an urchin face. This was Pete, Willie's cousin and ardent follower. He seemed to be lighted by an inner warmth of personality which completely shut out the cold. Doggedly bringing up the rear was Susan, younger than Willie and a little older than her brother Pete. She had a rather grim, do-or-die expression on her small, bright-eyed face. Her teeth were clicking together, and her hands and feet were blue with cold; but she would have scorned any suggestions of turning back.

The three plunged on into the wooded section, silent and purposeful. The fog had settled thinly around them, but it thickened a few feet away, obscuring everything in its path. The gray chill before sunrise lay suspended over the mountains. The woods seemed still and dead except for the three small moving figures.

It was easy to see that they were farm children. Barefoot, even in November, familiar with the unmarked paths, they plodded on at an hour which city children know only by hearsay. They were making an early morning visit to their rabbit traps. Willie and Pete had each set several traps, but Susan, being merely a girl, had set one lone trap. However, she was going to look after it herself because she didn't trust the boys a hair's breadth. She was afraid that they might take her rabbit and forget to mention it at all.

Suddenly, Pete let out a whoop, and the three broke into a trot. One of the traps had been sighted. Maybe . . . but, no, it was very empty. The wooden door, still open, mutely admitted its failure. With their spirits only slightly dampened, they hastened on to the other traps. One by one, they found them, and every one was empty. When they paused to look at Susan's trap, she winked back the tears. She did want a rabbit so much. She just wanted to show those old boys. They thought they were so smart!

Pete didn't seem to care much

one way or the other, but Willie had his heart set on a rabbit. Why, just think, he could sell the skin for two cents and the rabbit itself for ten cents! He would have so much money he couldn't even spend it all at one time. Wouldn't Granddaddy be proud of him when he brought home a wriggling, furry rabbit?

They approached the last trap rather dejectedly with hope almost gone. Willie's face was puckered like a green persimmon. With clumsy, stiffened fingers, he pulled aside the thick underbrush and looked at the trap. The door was closed. There must be something in it! Perhaps, they *would* have a rabbit to take home after all. Willie smiled; Pete grinned; and Susan danced up and down in her excitement crying, "See what it is! See what it is!"

"Aw, it's just an ol' rabbit," Willie said, trying unsuccessfully to hide his elation. "We'll take it home and look at it after we get warm. Then we'll shoot it and skin it."

The two little boys carried the trap home between them, with Susan running ahead and stopping every so often to hurry them up. Finally, they arrived at the old farmhouse greeted by a barking of the dogs, and the "good mawin's" of a few sleepy Negroes. Triumphant bearing the trap, they received excited interrogations as to its contents. When they replied that they weren't sure, the darkies grew even more curious. Putting it on the back porch and leaving one of the colored boys to stand guard, they hurried inside to warm their crimson noses, fingers and toes. The big wood fire sent out waves of heat to envelop them and to give them feeling once more. Hastily gulping down their breakfast, of which Pete partook heartily and the other two ate almost nothing, they went out again. This time they were accompanied by Willie's little sister Annie, soft-voiced, dark-haired and completely dominated by Susan.

The four crowded around the trap, from which strange sounds were coming—gnawing sounds. The colored boy rolled his eyes and said, "Mistah Willie, that doan sound like any rabbit Ah evah heard. Ah believes you've got suthin' else."

Willie peered in the air-holes at the top of his home-made wooden trap.

*By Eleanor Powell*



"It didn't look like rabbit fur to me either. Maybe it's a—a— . . . Granddaddy!" he yelled, "Come and see what I've got."

An old man with a long white beard and a cane came crookedly toward them. He was Granddaddy Milton who had raised both Willie and Pete. His own son and son-in-law had died when the little boys were only a few years old. Granddaddy had fought in the Civil War, and many an evening had been spent listening to his tales of battles with the "Damn Yankees." Granddaddy had never forgiven them for winning the war. He took it as a personal insult.

"Why, Willie boy," he said, "looks to me as though you'd caught a mink. Skin might be worth about two dollars."

"A mink! *Two* dollars! Oh, Granddaddy, you must be kidding. Nobody would give that much money for an animal skin."

"Yes, they would, son. You'd better take it to town and sell it. I wouldn't advise you to skin it though, you might ruin the pelt. Just kill it."

Saying this, he went back to his business of managing the farm. The little group sat down on the steps and watched him hobble off. They just sat there

and thought and thought and thought. Willie did his thinking out loud.

"How'm I gonna kill the ol' mink without ruining his skin? I've just got to do that so's I kin take 'im into town to sell. *Two* dollars, gee!"

He scratched his head and jumped up. "I know," he shrieked, "we'll drown him in the rain barrel, trap and all!"

This was no sooner said than attempted, and he ran to get the trap. In his haste, he completely overlooked such a little thing as nailing the door shut. The wooden trap dropped into the rain barrel with a splash and the four stood there gasping. Pete, tongue in cheek; Susan, nervously hopping; Annie completely bewildered; and Willie with keen exuberance!

Then quick as a flash, a dripping streak of fur came out of the rain barrel over Willie's head, hit the ground and ran toward the woods before any of them realized what was happening. Not a dog was in sight—usually they overran the place. The darkies' mouths dropped open. Willie was groping blindly in thin air. Then he couldn't stand it any longer. He gazed off into the distance where the cherished mink had fled, and the tears streamed down his face over the freckles and splashed on the blue overalls below.



## *Good-Bye*

I remember

Golden gleams on a polished floor,  
Sunlight streaming through the open door,  
Green leaves dancing in the summer light,  
Bluebirds singing, gay and bright,  
And the dark black cloud  
That blotted them out  
When you said  
Good-bye.

—PAT.



BUD SMITH, ALPHA TAU OMEGA and JANE LEONARD, KAPPA KAPPA GAMMA meet TOMMIE THOMAS, ALPHA DELTA PI and BOB FOREMAN, KAPPA ALPHA at Walgreen's.

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## *Au Revoir*

The party that I'm going to tonight  
Will be the last before the wedding day.  
Tomorrow, then, the girl I love will wed  
Another man—and I'll be far away.  
I'll catch the latest westbound train tonight  
And leave the hustling, bustling town behind.  
They say the peace and quiet of country life  
Is good for men who have a troubled mind.

I'd planned to bring my dignity tonight,  
But stepping from the car, forgot my poise  
And upward glanced at man-made towers that raise  
Her pent-house close to stars, and far from noise  
Of city streets that now seem hard to leave.  
But no, I must forget that I'm to part  
With what I've known so well—forget and smile,  
While elevators hum: it's all an art.

But here's the roof, and there's her door flung wide.  
How sickening seem the laughter and the smell  
Of old gardenias mingling with the smoke,  
The foolish gestures, and the tales they tell.  
And then it comes—"The men should kiss the bride  
Tonight," cries some young fool with too much wine,  
"Tomorrow's honeymoon must not delay!"  
She laughs and tells them all to form a line.

I wince at that, for I had planned to miss—  
By being absent from the wedding scene—  
The inane kissing, last goodbyes. . . And yet,  
They must not know I feel the pain so keen!  
I'll play indifferent to the bitter end:  
One last mad whirl before I make my bow—  
*Lift high the glass*—and one last kiss for lips  
That break my heart tomorrow with a vow.

—GRAEME FRASER.





# *For Tomorrow We Die*

*By Bettina Porterfield*

WHEN SHE came down into the dormitory parlor Terry was at the piano playing monotonous boogie-woogie basses as he always did while he was waiting for her. But he jumped up as soon as he heard her come in, not waiting for her to come over and sit beside him, perhaps to play the upper part to his bass. They never spoke until they left the piano, not even to greet each other. But today he jumped up and came to her.

"Hi honey," he said, smiling the way he did with his left eyebrow lifting at the same moment with his lips.

"Hello, Terry."

"I borrowed Jake's car for the evening . . . we can do something big if you want. Did you get special permission?"

"Uh-huh. Until eleven thirty. I couldn't get any more."

"Not twelve? Not even for my last night?"

"You know the university thinks that sin begins at midnight. . . ." He didn't laugh as he usually did; he didn't answer "They'll find out some day that it *can* happen in broad daylight." He took her arm and started toward the outer door.

"The car's in back," he said.

It was almost a gesture when he held the door for her and helped her into the car. He got in at the other side and took out his wallet.

"Twenty-five dollars," he held the bill out, "all for tonight. What'll we do to splurge?"

"I don't know how you can spend that much in this town in one night."

"Liquor. We need liquor first." He put the money away and started the car.

All the way downtown they sat silent in their own little entities. Once she looked at him but his face was blank, his eyes seeing only the street and not exactly seeing that.

"Scotch?" he asked when he got out in front of the ABC store.

"Scotch."

When he came back again he dropped the package on the back seat and lit cigarettes for them.

"Where do you want to eat?"

"I don't care much, Terry. Where would you like to go?"

"Tavern?"

"Too many people."

"You want to eat here in town?"

"I don't care, really, Terry. Wherever you like."

"How about that chicken place on the Chapel Hill road?"

"Swell."

He started the car and kept intent on driving until they were out of town.

"You really want to go to the chicken place?"

"Sure, Terry. Why?"

"I mean . . . well, I can afford a lot of trimmings if you want them."

"The chicken place is fine."

"We can go to the Inn if you want."

"I want to go to the chicken place, Terry."

"Okay, if you want to. Anything you say goes tonight, Anne. You know that."

"The chicken place then."

"Okay." They were silent again in strained silence.

"My God," she thought, "what has happened to us? There must be something to talk about. We usually talk so damn much we can't even listen to each other, now all we can do is fight about where to eat." She opened the window, threw out her cigarette and closed it again. He turned toward her.

"Cold?"

"No. I just threw my cigarette out."

"Oh."

"Terry."

"Yeah, honey?"

"Did you . . . did you get everything settled?"

"Packing you mean? Oh sure, it's all ready. Took

all the stuff that's going with me down to the station and sent it off. Except one suitcase, I mean. I can't have too much to carry because of the weight, but it looks better to guys driving by if you have anyhow one bag."

"Are you still going to thumb?"

"Why not? Anne, you aren't going to go over all that again. I thought we had that settled."

"Surely, do what you want to do, Terry."

"What the hell's wrong with you tonight?"

"Nothing. Except . . . except you seem to want to argue about everything."

"I want to argue. Huh! Now can you give me one good reason why I shouldn't bum?"

"No, Terry. Please don't let's fight."

"Besides, if I do bum we can have a big night tonight . . . we can spend all the money we want to. Not that I mean I'm sacrificing anything, don't get that angle now. . . ."

"Please, Terry, don't let's fight," she said in a firm hard voice that stopped him. He smiled at her.

"Okay, honey. You know, s'funny, this afternoon when I was packing things. . . ." He talked about the afternoon all the rest of the way to the chicken place, but she didn't listen. She smiled and murmured when she knew he wanted a smile or murmur from her. But she was watching a picture in her mind . . . a picture of Terry along a lonely dark road, walking heavily and changing his suitcase from hand to hand every few minutes, stopping to squint at headlights coming up from behind him, putting out his hand, then slowly picking up the suitcase again as the car went past into the night before him. Finally she saw a car stop and heard a voice . . . she couldn't tell what kind of voice or what kind of man it came from . . . just a disembodied voice asking "Where to, kid?" and Terry saying eagerly, "I'm going to Pensacola, Florida, but a lift anywhere along the way would help." And then the voice saying "Hop in, I'll get you a couple hundred miles nearer." As the car door shut again and the tail-light faded leaving her alone in the black night she shuddered and forced herself to listen to the real Terry beside her, talking to her.

"Well, this is the place," he was saying. He stopped the car. "I'll go and see how soon they can take us."

She lit another cigarette and watched him go into the little frame farmhouse with its front exterior newly painted white to match the gaudy big tin sign flapping back and forth on a pole out from the upstairs dormer. The sign said:

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The car was parked at an angle and she could see that the side walls of the home of southern hospitality belied the shiny commerciality of the front. The paint was peeling, a coat of about five years ago giving way to a still older coat, all under a grey shadow cast by the two arc lights which were directed at the façade but slipped off unevenly at the sides to pick out a few scrubby pines and a dog house with half a roof and no dog. Terry came out again and got into the car.

"They said it would be about half an hour . . . the place is full now. Do you want to wait out here or in there? The hall's pretty foul in there, but if you're cold. . . ."

"Let's wait out here. I'm not cold when the windows are up."

"How about a drink?" He reached over and got the package from the rear seat. He brought up another box and gave it to her.

"I forgot about this. Since we're celebrating, you know. I mean, well I happened to remember in some tips to the teens thing it said girls like flowers."

She opened the box and took out the corsage.

"Terry, an orchid!"

"Well, they cost more but they last longer. The man said if you put it in a cool place at night you could wear it about a week or maybe more."

"It's lovely. Thank you." She pinned it on her coat, slowly as if to get the right angle and swallowing to get rid of a crying-feeling that would come unbid.

"Well, how about a drink?" He took the bottle from the paper bag and dug at the seal with his finger nail. "I know you don't like it straight very well but I'm afraid this bar is not very well equipped."

"That's all right. I can take it like a he-man if I have to. And right now I can use a drink . . . with or without benefit of seltzer water."

He passed the bottle to her and she drank. As she watched him tip it to his lips she felt the warmth of it rush down into her like a suddenly undammed river.

"Another?" He passed it to her again, but though she held it to her lips she stopped the bottle neck with her tongue so that only a few drops escaped to taste in her mouth. She gave it back to him.

"Enough for me. Now . . . anyhow," she said, curling up on the seat with her back against the door.



watching him drink again, then put the top back on the bottle.

"Who is this boy?" she asked herself, frowning as she searched his high-boned face, strained because he was leaning over the seat to put the bottle in back again. "Who is he and who am I? Maybe I'm getting a little tight on one drink, but I can't recognize either of us."

He sat up again and smiled slowly, questioningly at her. For a moment she looked into the suddenly unfamiliar face of him. Then she leaned forward and waited for him to kiss her . . . hoping to recognize him in the familiarity of the embrace. He held her to him and infolded her lips with his. Finally she drew away and buried her face in the rough cloth of his shoulder.

"God, but I love you, Anne. You know that, don't you?"

She nodded against his shoulder.

"How about you . . . you still feel the same way?"

She answered him by raising her head and looking into his eyes with a tender look.

"Your eyes are wet, you sweet fool," he said, kissing them, then kissing her mouth again. When she drew away she looked at her watch.

"They should be ready for us now," she straightened the orchid and ran a comb through her hair. He came around to help her out and she waited for him, feeling strange that he should insist upon a formality they had long before done away with.

"The perfect little gentleman," she said, as she got out.

He muttered a "Yeah" which told her that she had said the wrong thing.

They went into the farmhouse and were greeted by a tall, Grant-Woodian woman whose belly swelled obviously beneath her print apron-dress. They avoided each other's eyes and the shape of the woman in sud-

den embarrassment, and sat far apart on the old leather-covered couch in the hall to wait.

"It'll be just a couple minutes now," their hostess told them, going off into the kitchen with the heavy walk of a woman near her time. As she opened the kitchen door to go through, a gust of odor-laden heat burst upon them. When she had shut the door again Anne unbuttoned her coat.

"Lord, it's hot in here," she said.

"You're near the stove . . . want to sit over here?" Terry rose and waved his hand at the end of the couch away from the old oil stove which was the only other piece of furniture in the room.

"This is all right, she said she'd be ready soon." Anne watched him wander about the room, examining the stained calendars hung mathematically in the center of each wall. She felt isolated and tried to draw him to her again. "I never saw a stove like this in the flesh before, did you?"

"No," he said, and came back to look at the stove. The pregnant woman came to the kitchen door.

"Okay, it's ready," she held the door open for them, "You wanna come through this way?"

They went through the kitchen where two adolescent girls worked cutting and frying the chicken and

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into a room off the other side. The room was cold and bare except for the inevitable calendars on the wall and in the center a large table covered with not too clean linen and flanked by cane-bottomed straight chairs. In the center of the table was a coke bottle holding three artificial roses, and about it like guards closing in on a prisoner were two white china bowls, one of bread and butter pickles, the other of thick gravy, and a platter heaped with golden-brown fried chicken, and another of thick white bread. The woman brought two glasses, silverware and a pile of paper napkins, throwing them in a heap on the table and, after adding a pitcher of water, she left the room shutting the door behind her.

"Not exactly the Ritz," Terry said, frowning at Anne's look of dismay. "But it *has* got atmosphere, and the chicken is food for the gods. Want to put your coat over here?"

"I think I'll keep it on," she said, sitting down gingerly on one of the chairs. "It's cold as the devil in here."

"Sure is. Want me to go get the whiskey and have a drink to warm you up?"

"No, but we'd better eat before the food gets cold. Shall we use our fingers or forks?"

"Fingers, of course. What this country needs is less newfangled nonsense like forks." She passed him the chicken then took a piece herself.

"Try bread and gravy. The proletariat of North Carolina don't believe in vegetables."

They were silent again, but it was a more companionable silence, punctuated by the sounds of their eating. As Anne reached for another piece of chicken her eyes met Terry's. He smiled at her and touched her hand with a swift gesture.

"Ah . . .," he said, "this is like old times again."

The door opened and the woman who had served them thrust her head and shoulders into the room.

"Some wimmen got their car stuck out here in front and want to know if you'll give 'em a push with your car."

"Sure." Terry got up.

"Better put on your coat, Terry," Anne said.

"I'll just be a second. Excuse me, honey."

After he went out Anne covered the dishes with paper napkins to keep them hot for him. She lit a cigarette and leaned back in her chair. The room seemed even colder when she was alone, so she buttoned her coat and sat hugging her breasts, blowing the smoke onto her wrists where the coat sleeves left them bare. Suddenly for no reason she found that she was crying. For a moment she made no effort to stop, then she heard the heavy whine of the motors in the front of the house and looked about for a handkerchief. She was dipping a napkin in her waterglass to put on her reddened eyes when Terry came back.

"Gosh, what's the matter, Anne?" he said, coming to her and patting her shoulder awkwardly.

"Something in my eye . . .," she offered lamely.

"Something in your eye, nothing." He bent over and kissed her forehead, his soft full lips cool against it. "Want to get out of here?"

She nodded and gathered her things together. When they stopped in the hall to pay the woman Anne forced herself to look at her. She wondered what sort of man was the father of this child, whether he loved the woman and she loved him in the same way that Anne and Terry loved. It was hard to imagine love when she looked at the woman with her straggly hair and hear her voice whining a thank you to Terry.

"I wonder what she looked like when she was my age . . . whenever that was?" she said to herself.

Terry pulled on his coat and they went out to the car.

"Are you all right now?" he asked her.

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"I'm all right . . . just a combination of circumstances back there."

"I'm sorry I had to leave, but. . ."

"That was all right, silly. I understand that."

"You need a drink." He fished for the bottle. When they had both drunk of it he looked at her with half-closed eyes a moment, then began screwing the top on slowly.

"You said, 'I understand that' as though that was underlined. Anne, do you feel the same way I do about all this mess?"

"If you mean by 'mess' what is usually called life."

"Yeah. Hell, look at us. Two people in the prime of life for mating purposes but we can't mate because of a lot of rules set up by a lot of people who don't know and don't care about us. Sometimes I wonder whether civilization is a triumph over the savage state."

"I suppose they had rules in the savage state, too."

"I guess so. I guess they couldn't do what they wanted to do anymore than we can. Life or society or whatever the hell it is gets you coming and going." He put the bottle on the back seat and settled himself closer to her, his arm lightly about her shoulders.

"Got a cigarette, Terry?" He got cigarettes for them and settled again.

"Look at me," he said, blowing out the smoke with a quick gust of breath. "I don't want very much . . . nothing extravagant, nothing that will hurt anybody. I just want to marry you and live in the deep South somewhere near water and both of us try to do some decent writing and painting. . ."

"And have ten little naked, sunbrowned babies running about?" she added with a smile.

"All right, that's what you want."

"Don't you?"

"Sure, the more the merrier as long as you can take it. And not have too much money . . . just enough to be comfortable and a little stuck away in case one of the kids break a leg or we want to take a trip or something."

"It sounds like heaven."

"And is as easily obtainable." He turned around and switched on the ignition key. "Where do you want to go now?"

"I'm not particular."

"Shall we go to the Shack and see what's up there? Some of the fellows said they'd be around tonight."

"All right."

"You don't seem to want to spend my money tonight. Can't you think of a way to splurge?" he said

as he started the car.

"I'm a girl of simple tastes, sir," she answered and they were quiet again. Finally she laughed sharply and turned to him,

"For some reason we don't seem to be able to talk when the motor's running."

"Gotta keep all your attention on driving these things. I still think the horse is here to stay." They were silent again until they reached the parking alley of the Shack. Then he spoke:

"That woman was certainly pregnant."

"Uh-huh."

"You still want ten children?"

"Maybe I'll make it an even dozen."

"Kiss me before we go in." They kissed and then he let her open her door herself, sliding out after her.

"I see we're back on our old footing," she said as he bent over to lock the door.

"Sure, if you're strong enough to have ten children you're strong enough to do your own little odd jobs, I guess." He took her arm and hugged it to his side. She looked up at him.

"I wish you didn't have to go," she said.

"But . . . I do."

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They went in and found a large table of Terry's fraternity brothers, who gallantly rose in a body as Anne and Terry joined them.

"Brothers," Alex, the president, rose and addressed them, his long blonde cowlick bobbing up and down in his eyes as he nodded his head in rhythm to his words. "Assembled brothers, we will now have a wake for our dear soon-to-be-departed."

"An Irish wake!"

"Naturally, an Irish wake, Tony. . . ." Alex grabbed the sleeve of the little waiter who stood grinning politely at them, "Tony, you may keep the beers coming until Dublin town is burned."

"Or we all pass out!"

"Or we all pass out." Alex gave the waiter a shove. "Commence with the first round."

"Let's have a speech from the corpse!"

"Give him the gool old speech song, boys." They sang it in garbled harmony:

"Here's to Terrence tried and true  
He's a bastard through and through,  
So speech, Brother Terrence  
Speech, Brother Terrence, speech!"

"Gentlemen mourners," began Terry, standing up by his chair, his hand on Anne's shoulder. "There is little I can say on such a sad occasion as this. In fact, it is pure flaunting of convention for the corpse to say anything. All I can say is that I wish I had more than nine lives to give for my country. . . ."

"So you could spend one of them with Anne?" someone yelled.

"I see my subtleties are not lost. And that, dear brothers, brings us to my last words. I leave in your charge the apple of my eye . . . take care of her as brothers . . . and only as brothers."

"Incest is out," warned Alex.

"Keep her sweet and pure for me until the day, a year hence, when I come out of the clouds in my little model A bomber complete with fluid drive and modern plumbing to claim her for my own."

"And don't think we won't take care of her, Brother Terrence," Alex told him as he sat down. "Now, if those possessing small silver coins will entice the juke box, we can settle down to a quiet evening of beering and dancing with the widow."

Anne danced with them all, the sober ones, the happy ones, and the ones who had to lean on her to insure any measure of stability. After their first dance Terry sat at the table, watching her with a smile and steadily draining every glass set before him, leaving her to his

friends with a generous pride. It was while she was dancing with Alex that she cried again. Alex had come to her with a glass of beer in one hand, rescuing her from one of the looser-jointed brothers.

"You're getting behind in the beer," he told her, and she drained the glass in two gulps . . . glad of its cool bitterness after the dancing. A slow piece came on the nickleodeum and he took her in his arms. He danced smoothly and she detached her mind from her body, feeling only the rhythm of the music as she said over and over to herself . . .

"I love Terry . . . he's the nicest looking one here and I love him . . . I love him for a million reasons and he loves me."

"Look, sister," Alex said close to her ear, "you're a swell dancer without concentrating, but must you keep your eyes steadily on that man of yours? Just say 'yes' or 'no' or 'really' once in a while to my diverting chatter."

"I'm sorry, Alex."

"That's all right, I just felt a little silly talking to myself." He pulled her closer and did a series of languid dips. "You're pretty sunk over young Terry, aren't you?"

"Oh, Alex, yes, I guess I am. I'll miss him so damn much." It was then that the tears came to her eyes.

"Let's dance in the other room," he said and led her into the deserted side-room. He gave her his handkerchief and went off for beers. When he came back she was sitting down in the booth.

"I've got another hanky if you want it," he told her, putting down the beers and sliding in opposite her.

"I'm not having hysterics, Alex, just a slight overflow." She smiled at him and took the cigarette he held out.

"You want to talk about it?" he asked.

"You're awfully sweet, Alex," she said, "I'm glad you were around when the mask slipped."

"Helpful little Alex they call me," he said. She looked at him, tall and bony with his funny blonde cowlick always in his eyes. He wasn't handsome as Terry, but there was a certain maternal tenderness in the maleness of him that Terry never had.

"You know we'll look after you," he said, "I mean, if you want to go out we're all of us at your beck and call. I hereby offer myself as your willing slave and a number one stand-in for Terry."

"Thanks, Alex, I don't mind the fact that I'll be a manless woman."



"You know, Anne, he's just got to go. You wouldn't want to stop him, even though you could."

"He could wait until he's drafted."

"Not Terry. You know him as well as I do, Anne. You know he's got to be in the thick of things at the first instead of waiting to be invited formally. At least he didn't go to Canada when he wanted to."

"Yes, that's some consolation. But, Alex, if the war comes here what's the difference, he'll go."

"Nobody knows about the war. Maybe his early training will keep him from going . . . they'll need instructors. And even if he didn't go now, if war came he'd have to go. You couldn't get married now even if he stayed, could you?"

"No, I promised my father I'd stay and graduate . . . it would be silly to stop this near the end. We might have married in June, though."

"There's still the other side . . . Terry's need to go so he'll be happy inside himself. You wouldn't want to marry him in June before he's fulfilled that obligation to himself, Anne."

"I guess not. It's a hell of a mess, Alex. I wish all this war hadn't come, then there'd be none of this."

"It gets you coming and going, kid."

"Terry said that a little while ago."

"I guess we all feel that way." He got up. "Shall we dance, madame?"

"All right." She stood up and took his hand. "Thanks, Alex, you make me feel better."

"Any time I can help, Anne, you know." He leaned over and kissed her lightly, his cowlick brushing her cheek. They stood apart and saw Terry in the doorway.

"I believe this is my dance," he said, "I also believe this is my girl."

"Right," Alex said, and walked out.

"Well, you might have waited until tomorrow if you feel that way." Terry's eyes were bloodshot and narrowed. "Why were you kissing him?"

"I don't know exactly, Terry. It didn't mean anything."

"Yeah, not a thing. Either you're a two-timing bitch or you're tight."

"If either of us is tight it's you."

"I can hold my liquor, thank you. Let's get out of here before you kiss every damn one of them."

"Terry, please. . . ."

"I said let's get out of here."

"All right, Terry."

In the other room Alex helped her into her coat and whispered, "I'm sorry."

"That's all right, no harm done," she whispered back. Terry took her arm roughly.

"As I believe I mentioned before, this is my girl," he said.

"Okay." Alex turned away and then went out of the smoke and noise into the cold air. He helped her into the car silently, got in himself, and drove out onto the main street.

"Oh God," she thought, "we're right back where we started. Even worse. Why must this happen tonight?" She sighed heavily and as if at a signal Terry spoke.

"I'm sorry, Anne."

"It's all right, dear."

"No, but really. I don't know why I got so nasty."

"It's all right, dear."

"Love me?" He put his arm around her and she snuggled against him.

"Of course." He brushed the top of her hair with his lips and she poked him gently in the ribs. "I hate one-armed drivers."

"Even me?"

"Oh, especially you."

"Where do you want to go now?"

"What time is it?"

He looked at his wrist watch above her head, pulling her tight against him so that her face was burrowed in the tweedy tobacco smell of his pocket. She closed her eyes and held her breath at the deliciousness of her love.

"Twenty after ten."



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"I'm afraid I still don't care where we go," she said, reluctant to have her head released from the tight nearness of him. She sat up a little, "As long as we go together."

"Do you want to drive around?"

"Um-hmm."

They drove for a few minutes, companionably quiet, her head on his shoulder. The car stopped and she looked up.

"Where's this?"

"The castle hill. All right?" She nodded and lifted her lips to his.

After awhile he held her off and looked into her face.

"Anne, do we have to wait?"

"Wait?"

"You know what I mean. I want you so damn much. Our last night, too."

"Terry, you know that won't work."

"It'll give us a memory to hold during this year."

"But it might be the wrong kind of memory. If anything should happen . . . I mean, I might hate you for it, and hate myself too."

"Nothing will happen. I'll take care of that."

"No, Terry, please. Not like this . . . in a car, like a couple of bums or something."

"It won't hurt you, Anne. You know I wouldn't hurt you."

"I know . . . but I want it to be different the first time, please." He answered her with a long hard kiss.

"Anne?" he said.

"No, Terry."

"All right." He moved away and lit cigarettes for them. "Want a drink?"

"Whiskey on beer. . . ."

"You've already done whatever damage can be done. 'Beer on whiskey, pretty damn risky. Whiskey on beer, coast is clear.'" He brought up the bottle and handed it to her. She took a deep draught and gave it back.

"My poor orchid is getting slightly wilted." She unpinned it and examined the crushed petals in the dim light.

"I guess you should have taken it off. But tonight orchids grow on trees. Think nothing of it."

She put the flower in its box and tossed it on the back seat.

"You know, we haven't spent five dollars of my fortune yet." He put back the bottle.

"You can use it for bus-fare."

"Maybe I will, if it'll make you any happier."

"Oh God, Terry . . . must you go?"

"Yes." He pulled her to him and kissed her again. When his head lay on her bare breast he asked her, "You'll wait for me, won't you?"

"Yes, Terry."

"Promise sure?"

"As sure as anything."

"That's not very sure . . . not today."

"I promise, Terry. I'll wait at least a year. Then if things are different. . . ."

"They won't be for me. Will they be for you, Anne?"

"I'll wait."

"Will they be different for you, Anne?"

"No."

He lay quiet a moment, feeling her heart-beat in his ears.

"You know I have to go even though my reasons may not seem very logical, don't you?"

"Yes."

"Flying isn't dangerous now, anyway. Don't worry about me."

"I know."

"And will you write at least every other day?"

"Yes. If you do."

"I will." He pulled her head down and kissed her briefly. "You . . . you still won't come to me tonight?"

"No, Terry."

"All right. I won't force myself. It's all right."

"I'm sorry. In a way, I want it as much, even more, than you do. But. . . ."

"I understand, Anne. Let it go."

She looked at her watch.

"It's nearly eleven anyhow. We'd better start back."

He sat up and took her face between his hands.

"I'll always love you, Anne."

"And now, my love, goodbye," she laughed in a queer way. She was shivering uncontrollably when he started the car. She tried a cigarette, but it tasted stale and she threw it out. She curled up on the seat miserably and watched the road go under the front of the car as if flowing into a cavernous mouth.

They drove up behind the dormitory and kissed once more. As they walked around to the front she asked him: "Are you going to take the bus?"

"I don't think so. Not at first, anyhow. I want to be alone in the dark walking for a while."

"When are you going to start?"

"In about an hour. Soon's I take the car back and get my stuff."



She said "Oh" in such a strange voice that he held her arm tighter and looked at her.

"What's the matter?" he asked.

"I think I'm going to be sick." She tried to laugh but the laugh stuck in her throat.

"You shouldn't have mixed drinks."

"I guess not." They reached the door and he took her hands in his. "I'm sorry, Terry, but I *am* going to be sick. I've got to run. Goodnight!"

She heard him call "Goodbye" after her as she went in and quickly signed her card. "Goodbye" still rang in her ears as she ran up the stairs, her hand over her mouth. When she got to the bathroom she was sick.

As she put on her pajamas she thought crazily, "It's not beer and whiskey that don't mix . . . it's liquor and love. Liquor and love don't mix." She was sick

again and then she went to the window and threw it open.

"I forgot the orchid," she said suddenly. She looked around the room at her clothes flung on the floor. "I could phone him and he'd have someone bring it to me tomorrow so I could keep it to remember. I could phone him and tell him goodbye."

But she leaned on the window-sill instead, looking out at the buildings flat like stage-sets against the night, the wind rustling through the ivy on their walls like giant footsteps moving through a long-napped carpet. She watched the night for a few moments, then blew a kiss into it and whispered: "Goodbye."

She pulled the shade even with the window, turned out the light, got into bed and cried herself to sleep, a towel beside her pillow in case she should get sick again.



# Empire Training Scheme

*By William Ash*

Pilot Officer of Royal Canadian Air Force

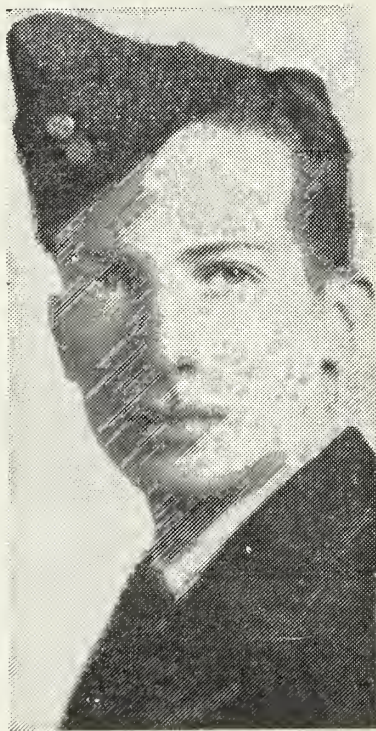
*Pilot Officer William Franklin Ash hitch-hiked from his home in Dallas, Texas, to Windsor, Canada, last June, and joined the Royal Canadian Air Force. He received his wings March 17, 1941, and a week later was made highest-ranking officer out of his class, the first to be trained by the RCAF for this war. He addressed the Canadian Parliament as representative of the Force, and was honored by a reception given by the Governor-General of Canada in April. He is now "somewhere in England" following the line of duty.*

WITH ENGLAND producing planes at the rate of more than 3,000 a month and with the United States supplying additional machines, the need for pilots to fly these aircraft becomes more apparent than ever. It was to meet this need that the Empire Training Scheme was conceived and developed, with England supplying the financial support, Canada the airports and many of the training planes, and the whole Empire the flying and ground personnel. This was to be no emergency measure to meet the desperate requirements of these last few dark months but a permanent organization for all times, England's perpetual insurance against the almost fatal unpreparedness of 1938. For this reason very few pilots trained by the scheme have as yet been sent across to active service but most of them have become instructors and been put back into the system. Now, though, the first stream of airmen destined for operational squadrons are passing through the eastern ports toward hard-pressed England, or are being flown across the Atlantic in the bombers America is contributing.

These first pilots have not been rushed through their courses despite England's need, and all of them have had around a hundred and fifty hours in the air. They will get another seventy-five hours in combat practice before they see any action and no one will face the luftwaffe with less than two hundred hours. No airforce in the world offers a better oppor-

tunity for studying the art of air-war before practicing it than England's.

A consideration of the training syllabus of one of the service flying training schools will illustrate quite plainly the varied courses and experience that are necessary to turn out a service pilot. In these stations the trainees have already had fifty hours or more in elementary aircraft and those with no flying ability have already been weeded out. First they are introduced to the more advanced trainers, North American Harvards or Yales and in some schools the Fairey Battle fighter-bomber which has earned a deserved retirement from active service after valiantly facing the "blitz" in France, and the young airmen learn the intricacies of a more complicated instrument panel and the qualities of the faster planes. Where Fairey Battles are used the pilots are given height tests with full war-load as soon as they have mastered the new craft—flying up to 17 or 18,000 feet without oxygen they return to the air-drome and are required to make three successful landings. There are many cross-country flights to teach them air navigation and if they can pinpoint themselves across Northern Canada with its myriad lakes they need



have no fear of ever being lost anywhere. Instrument flying is another requirement occasioned by the strategical use of clouds in attack or defense and by the necessity of flying in all weather. Under the



hood with no guide but his instruments the student pilot is required to take off, fly a triangular course of at least a hundred miles and come out over the home airport.

Having learned to fly an aircraft almost automatically, the pilot in training must now learn to do something with a plane in the air beyond just keeping it airborne: he learns formation flying, attacks in formation, airfiring, first with a camera gun and then with the Brownings and real .303 ammunition; he learns dive bombing, dropping almost vertically from 5,000 feet to 2,000 feet and reaching an incredible speed (since the Battle has no dive brakes) before pulling out.

All this training within the space of a few months puts quite a strain on any young man unused to the regimen of war flying. He must fly three or four hours a day seven days a week and this in addition to his ground courses in navigation, armaments, wireless telegraphy and further instrument practice in the link trainer; but hundreds of Canadian boys, and Americans, too, who have crossed the border to enlist, are completing their training and receiving their "wings." And soon these hundreds will be thousands and these thousands of skilful young pilots in the superior aircraft the United States and England are providing will sweep German planes from the skies and the swastika, crushed to the ground, will no longer be the scourge of Europe but a sign of the good luck of the English, Canadian and American boys in opposing the forces of injustice.

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## THE STORY ENDS

(Continued from Page 13)

What success we have had was due in great part to the co-operation of the campus writers and illustrators. There could be further co-operation, but we have been satisfied and more with what we have had. We have tried to answer the plea for a magazine the students could read and understand; we can honestly say that if the ARCHIVE has not been that this year it is not the fault of the magazine. We have given you what you asked for, sometimes at the expense of our own wishes.

To next year's staff we leave our experience, our files and our hopes for their success. To the campus we leave our thanks for their support. To Duke we leave the ARCHIVE.



## The Curtain Falls

On May Day weekend Duke Players completed their 1940-41 season; they had presented four plays, three of them last season Broadway hits, one of them strictly Little Theatre mediocrity. As in other years, the Players made the most of each production, both from a technical standpoint and from that of acting; as in other years, they received little support for their fine efforts.

First production of the year was Clare Boothe's Nazi-attacking comedy *Margin For Error*, previously reviewed in this magazine. Its only fault was a minor one: the roles might have been somewhat more effective with a more mature cast.

The second, and most successful, production of the year was the difficult *Family Portrait*, a beautiful play handled by the Duke Players in a surprisingly beautiful manner. Harriet Goldberg, a newcomer to the Duke stage, *became* rather than played Mary, the mother of Jesus. Although the cast was large, there were no lapses in it. Everyone from five-year-old Sherry Lewis to Miss Goldberg made his part live in a way never before seen by this reviewer in an amateur company. *Family Portrait* was the high point of Duke Players' productions under A. T. West.

The winter production, *The Torchbearers*, gave the Players a breathing spell and their audience an amusing but trite spectacle. It is to be hoped, however, that for whatever reasons *The Torchbearers* was chosen, such a poor vehicle will never be used again. It was a low spot in a season which otherwise was excellent; the Players do not deserve to be so treated.

In May the Players pulled in their belts and went to work on one of the most difficult plays of the modern theatre: Maxwell Anderson's *Key Largo*. *Key Largo* was excellently done; it is a fine play and the Duke Players added much to their prestige by their performance of it.

Few Little Theatres, college or community, can equal the quality of Duke Players; we might venture to say that no completely amateur theatre in this country is doing the work done here at Duke. The policy of presenting past successes from the Broadway stage is an excellent one . . . assuring the Players of vehicles worthy of their talents and giving an audience which might

otherwise miss these plays in any but reading form a chance to see them well done. It is to be hoped that the Players will also adopt a policy of presenting either one long or several short plays each season written by members of the Duke community. It is to be further hoped that the Duke community will awaken to the value of the Duke Players and give them the support they deserve.

## *Ave Atque Salve*

This, then, is the end of a life,  
Or, better, of a way of living;  
This is the end of the sixteen years of preparedness;  
Now is the time;  
*Hurry up please it's time*  
Now is the time to start trying your wings.

Now is the time to say goodbye . . .  
Take one last look at the chapel at night,  
The chapel that makes you believe there is a God,  
Or that *it* is the God,  
Strong, omnipotent, *THERE*.

One last feeling of tradition . . . a pastless tradition  
But nevertheless tradition,  
Among these Gothic angles and quadrangles;  
And, little more than a mile away,  
The old part, the woman part, the classic feminine  
simplicity  
In which you led a non-simple life.

And the sky:  
This is what you will miss most,  
Not the friends you made or the library full of books  
you meant to read but never could because of  
books you had to read,  
Not the pajama parades and the singing on Sundays,  
Not the buildings with the young ivy trying so hard  
to be grown up,  
Not the things that made up your everyday world  
here;  
You'll miss them, yes,  
But the sky,  
You'll miss that most of all.

Nowhere else does a sky arch like this  
In everchanging majesty above the pettiness of  
earth;  
Nowhere else does it move, blue, green, rose, black,  
grey,  
Every color . . .

Cloudless, full of cottonwisps, or hard bulging  
malevolent clouds . . .

There is a sea somewhat like it about Bermuda.  
But nowhere else is there such a sky.

So it will be the sky you'll remember;  
You won't talk about it  
Because it's not the sort of thing alumnae discuss;  
You'll say, yes, the English department is one of the  
best,  
The football team went to the Rose Bowl while I  
was there . . .  
You should have seen the Goody Shop before . . .  
But you'll remember the sky.  
And whatever else you regret . . .  
For you do regret and will come to regret more  
about these years,  
You'll never wholly regret them,  
Because of the sky.

So look up into it once more,  
Forget the morning paper, and try not to think of  
it full of bombs:  
This last look  
Is for  
Your future peace.  
*Now fly!*

—KIT.

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# **The 1940-41 Archive Staff**

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● Actual color photograph—James R. Callis inspects a leaf of fine, golden tobacco.

*"Lady—*

**money talks in buying  
lighter, milder leaf!**

**"And Luckies pay more to get that lighter leaf!" says  
James R. Callis, warehouseman of Willow Springs, N. C.**

**I**T'S like this: year in and year out, I see Luckies pay higher prices to get the finer, milder tobaccos. So I choose Luckies for my own enjoyment, same as most other independent warehousemen, buyers and auctioneers!"

In buying tobacco, you get what you pay for. Luckies pay the price to get the lighter, the naturally milder leaf. So smoke the smoke tobacco experts smoke. Next time, ask for Lucky Strike!

**WITH MEN WHO KNOW TOBACCO BEST—  
IT'S LUCKIES 2 TO 1**

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